

















**LANDS OF THE ANDES**

*Also by T. R. Ybarra*

**YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS**

*INVITATION TO TRAVEL SERIES*  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF LOWELL BRENTANO  
ASSISTANT EDITOR, RALPH HANCOCK

# Lands of the Andes

PERU AND BOLIVIA

By T. R. Ybarra

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# Foreword

**I**N THIS book emphasis has been laid deliberately on the parts of Peru and Bolivia and the things in them that, I think, have the strongest attraction for foreigners in general and can be seen by them without undue hardship.

By making copious use of planes and automobiles, to the virtual exclusion of other available means of transportation, foreign visitors can get a cursory view of *all* the main points of interest in those two republics and be home again in the United States within five weeks. But theirs will be a hard trip.

By omitting *some* of the high spots in both countries they can "do" Peru and Bolivia without inhuman hurry in six weeks, including the time spent in the journey by air to and from the United States. But, if none of the prime attractions is omitted, a minimum of eight weeks will be needed for a United States-Peru-Bolivia-United States journey. And, if steamships are used from a North American starting point to some South American port on the Pacific, and again on the return to the United States, another four weeks or so must be added to the total duration of the trip.

No definite outline has been provided of a tour to Peru and Bolivia, since, I think, individual tastes vary too much to make such a thing welcome or practical. However, in the general arrangement of the book such an outline is implicit. This arrangement conforms to the itinerary that the majority of American visitors touring Peru and Bolivia will naturally follow: Lima and its surroundings; the Oroya railroad and Huancayo; southern Peru (Arequipa, Lake Titicaca, Cuzco, Machu Picchu); La Paz, in Bolivia, and its surrounding district including Tiahuanaco; and, finally, other interesting Bolivian cities (Potosí, Sucre, Cochabamba).

This is a book for tourists—not so much for tourists interested mainly in the mere externals of travel, but for those who seek to absorb in the course of their travels something of the color and rhythm in the lives of people in foreign parts. To readers who feel, in perusing it, that it has too much historical and other background, I can only say regretfully that I feel it has too little; and to those who find in it too little straight guidebook material, I can only say that I find in it too much.

PART ONE

Peru



# 1: INTRODUCTION

**P**ERU has three magnets for foreign visitors.

The first among them makes her unique in South America proper. It gives her a pre-eminence with which nothing in North America can compare—with which, in the entire American hemisphere, only Mexico and parts of Central America can compete.

This magnet is the existence, within Peru's borders, of extensive remains of a civilization that flourished long before the earliest Spanish adventurers landed on Peruvian shores, combined with vestiges of other and remoter civilizations, created by races of whom there is hardly any valid record whatsoever beyond these mute witnesses of their dead glory. Of those remoter civilizations, the most famous remains are a group of awesome ruins not in Peru but in Bolivia, close to the Bolivian-Peruvian frontier; but this fact is merely a freak of history. Not only was what is now Bolivia once called Upper Peru, but that group of ruins on Bolivian territory is unique there, whereas similar relics of a mysterious past are to be found all over Peru.

When, in the sixteenth century, Francisco Pizarro and his conquering Spanish comrades leaped from their ships to the soil of the Inca empire, it stretched unbroken for hundreds of miles along the western coast of South America. It embraced all of what is today Peru, which formed its central and most highly developed section. On the north, it included much of the land known to us now as Ecuador; on the east, much of what is today Bolivia, and parts of Brazil; on the south, much of the Chile of our time.

It was a realm of high culture. It was an organization brought to amazing efficiency by its rulers, members of a dynasty that reigned



uninterruptedly over it through several centuries. It was an empire where, in an atmosphere of serenity and tranquillity, law and order and the arts flourished unchecked. It was a land of far-flung highways constructed with astonishing skill—of mighty fortresses, Cyclopean in size and strength—of noble cities, rich in grandiose palaces and splendid temples, the massive walls of which sparkled in an unbelievable wealth of golden ornamentation.

This empire of calm and seclusion, mystery and enlightenment, bathed by the rays and softened by the worship of the sun, the Spaniards discovered and assailed and overthrew. On its ruins they built another Peru, a Spanish Peru.

That is Peru's second magnet for foreigners. Spanish Peru rose to almost unmatched prominence in the vast Spanish empire of the Americas, which, from California and Mexico and Florida to Chile and Argentina and Patagonia, gave allegiance to the kings of Spain and gold to their coffers.

Under Spain, Peru became the southern center of that empire, just as Mexico became its center in the north. In Peru that lordliest Spanish official in South America, the King's viceroy, overshadowed all those around him. In Lima, vested with an authority almost kingly, he surrounded himself with a pomp almost a counterpart of the pomp of Madrid. Being thousands of miles distant from that august citadel of Spanish might, he conducted himself sometimes as if Peru were indeed his kingdom and he himself a monarch inferior to none.

Around the viceroy in Lima rallied Spanish nobles of equal pride. They built for themselves grandiose palaces in that city and elsewhere in Spanish Peru that still overawe all who see them. They added to the land's Inca flavor a Spanish spirit that delights the foreign visitor.

Later, Inca Peru and Spanish Peru were blended into still another Peru, the Peru of the Peruvian Republic, the Peru of freedom and struggling democracy and developing modernity and unimpaired native charm. That is Peru's third magnet.

Any one of these three magnets alone would be a potent lure. Combined, they are irresistible. And of the three, the lure of Inca and pre-Inca Peru is the most original and subtle and strong.

It impels the imagination to probe among ruins that will not talk

and tombs from which no corpses rise in resurrection. All three Perus are sure to fascinate those who crave the joys and thrills and more recondite satisfactions of travel in the strange places of the earth. But it is only amid the memories of Inca and pre-Inca Peru that one feels constantly, hauntingly, in overwhelming impressiveness and mysteriousness—daily, hourly, at every turn and step—the spell of a dead empire brought home to one by immense and silent structures of enduring stone; by the ruins of monuments and forts and roads which, though tarnished and crumbling, remain eloquent; by sudden mental flashbacks that re-create abruptly in one's mind palaces shining in splendor and temples gleaming in gold.

To every foreigner without exception all this must needs say something, even though that something be vague. To many, it will speak as if it were alive—and survive always in a special shrine of memory as the core of the charm of Peru, the heart and soul of enjoyment in a journey to that land, the imperishable legacy of a Peruvian sojourn.

## 2: PERUVIAN FACTS

**I**F YOU love salt water there is a delightful stretch of it between the United States and Peru—the Caribbean, with bright flying fish skimming over its waves and glorious sunsets painting its skies; the Panama Canal, where marvels of engineering keep palm trees from getting too glamorous and palm trees keep marvels of engineering from getting too overwhelming; and the Pacific, over which you can have yourself taken, if you are so minded, by a steamer with its dining saloon perched on a cool upper deck, and a smoke room swept by delicious breezes and enlivened by planter's punches, where relaxation becomes an art requiring the undivided attention of the artist.

But in this day of ours, when the plane's the thing, you may prefer to fly to Peru. In that case, you will find all ready for you huge and rapid aircraft that will transport you in hours instead of days or weeks straight down to Lima, Peru's capital and metropolis, while pretty stewardesses beg you to tell them what they can do for you, and solicitous stewards bring you nice meals on trays, and efficient officers in white toggery, emerging from a closed-off compartment in the bow, full of mysterious mechanical gadgets, smile at you pleasantly as if to assure you that all is for the best in the best of all possible air-minded worlds.

You may or may not stop at Balboa, in the Panama Canal Zone. If you do, you will hear the first outbursts of Spanish around you, to remind you that you are in Spanish America; and in the refreshment room of the airport you will be able to buy doughnuts, to remind you that you are still under the Stars and Stripes.

If you don't make the Balboa stop, you'll be allowed only a few glimpses of the Isthmus of Panama—not of the Canal itself, doubtless, for when you are over it it will still be, in all probability, a top military secret—and a few glimpses of the mountainous interior of Colombia and Ecuador, crisscrossed by big winding rivers—or, if you fly along the Pacific coast, you will have fleeting views of that ocean's lazy silver swell. And then, all of a sudden, the stewardess will be handing you formidable documents for you to sign by order of the Peruvian government, and somebody will remark, in the world-weary tone of voice of a veteran who has been everywhere and seen everything, that we'll be in Lima in twenty-five minutes. And, sure enough, you will be suddenly opening your suitcases to gratify the whim of a polite but insistent official, with a foreign face and a foreign getup and a foreign way of saying things, and the sign on the wall of the airport into which you have suddenly dropped will prove to you that, only twelve hours or thereabouts after losing sight of the United States, you are in Lima, Peru.

But I'm rushing matters. Before you go to Peru, by sea or air or any other way (it is possible to get there by rail or road from Argentina and Bolivia and Chile, if you happen to be down in any one of these countries when the craving for Peru hits you), there are a lot of things you *must* do to make your visit to that country possible, and a lot more you *ought* to do to make it smooth and comfortable. First, as to those indispensable keys for unlocking international doorways, passports:

Every foreigner entering Peru must have a passport issued by the governmental authorities in his own country, on which must be stamped a visa duly signed by a Peruvian diplomatic or consular representative there. United States passports cost \$10 each. They are obtainable at passport offices in the principal American cities. Except in special cases, they are valid for two years from the date of issue and their validity may be extended one or more times, but the total period of validity cannot be more than four years after the original date of issue of the passport. The charge for each renewal is \$5.

Charges for Peruvian visas vary. Sometimes a visa is obligingly issued by a Peruvian official stationed abroad without charge. The

regular visa issued by such an official is valid for a stay of thirty days in Peru. If a foreigner wishes to stay there longer than that he must get permission to do so after his arrival.

Within twenty-four hours of their arrival on Peruvian soil foreign visitors must register with the police. Full details as to procedure for doing this are imparted to foreigners immediately on their arrival. Since photographs are sometimes demanded by Peruvian officials, it is well to lay in a small stock of these (passport size) before leaving for Peru; otherwise obtaining them there may cause vexatious delay.

In addition, every foreign visitor must have vaccination and health certificates, issued by some authorized physician in his own country, and also a good-conduct certificate from the police authorities of the city where he resides regularly. Before leaving Peru, travelers must get a permit of departure from the local authorities. This can be done usually through the offices of aviation or steamship companies or travel agencies.

At Lima there is an embassy of the United States located right in the heart of the city, with an ambassador and a complete set of secretaries and assorted attachés—also an American consulate general. Other United States consular officials are stationed at the Peruvian cities of Arequipa, Mollendo, Salaverry, Oroya, and Iquitos.

In Peru the climate varies according to altitude—and varies sharply. In and around Lima, the capital, semitropical weather is the rule. Rain almost never falls there, but the Humboldt Current off the coast keeps the temperature from becoming oppressively hot. During the cooler months (June–November) the coastal climate is damp but still largely without rainfall. Usually the temperature some miles inland from Lima is decidedly warmer than it is nearer the Pacific. People in Peru do not speak, as a rule, of summer and winter, but of the dry and wet seasons. The dry season runs, roughly, from November through April, the wet season from May through October. The best season for visiting Lima and other points on or close to the Peruvian coast is from January through April.

On the plateaus and mountain slopes of the Andes it is cool the year round. Here, too, there is little rain. Arequipa, one of the principal goals for foreign visitors to Peru, has a wonderful climate—sunshine that is not too warm nearly every day and nights of deli-

cious coolness. In high places like Cuzco the weather is really cold in the winter months and cool pretty much all through the year.

And here is a piece of advice you will never regret having followed: In preparing for a visit to Peru, *take along warm clothing*. If you don't, you'll be sorry—and shivery. Medium-weight clothing, such as would be suitable for spring and autumn in the United States, is absolutely necessary, also a light-weight overcoat. And there are times in the Peruvian mountains when a heavy-weight man's overcoat or a woman's fur coat will be found welcome. During the winter months in this region women visitors will not find light fur pieces superfluous except on especially sunny days. Men's Palm Beach suits and the like, and women's summer dresses, are out of place in the sections of Peru favored by foreigners.

In the Montaña region of eastern Peru—most emphatically not to be recommended to the average traveler—tropical clothing of the flimsiest sort is the next best thing to the costume popular among the wildest of the wild tribes of the region, viz.: no clothes at all.

Even in Lima, which now and then does its bit toward jacking up charges levied on foreigners, expenses will be found gratifyingly low. (This is being written in late 1946.) And when foreign visitors exchange the Peruvian capital for other Peruvian cities they will find prevailing prices much lower, almost always, than corresponding prices in the United States. This applies particularly to hotels and restaurants. Railroad and taxi fares also are conspicuous for their reasonableness.

But the foreigner is advised to take with him all the clothing, shirts, underwear, and suchlike that he can possibly jam into his baggage, since the cost of such things in Peru often runs into high figures.

In a general sense, this may be said of expenses in Peru: If money is no object, travelers can easily find many ways to get rid of big quantities of it, and enthusiastic native assistants to help them in so doing. If, however, they are bound to some sort of budget, they can get along comfortably in Peru on much less than they would have to pay in the United States.

The best way to carry travel funds is in the form of traveler's checks, especially those issued by the American Express Company. These are exchangeable at Peruvian banks into Peruvian money and

are also accepted at most hotels and even at some of the shops in Lima and elsewhere in Peru.

Among foreign banks doing business in Peru are the National City Bank of New York, W. R. Grace & Co., and the Royal Bank of Canada, all with main offices in Lima. Peruvian banks include the Banco de Crédito del Perú, Banco Popular del Perú, Banco Internacional del Perú, etc.

Peru's unit of currency is the sol. It is divided into 100 centavos. Its value fluctuates. For some time up to late 1946 it was equivalent to slightly more than fifteen American cents.

Peruvian hotels run all the way from very good to very, very bad. In Lima, the Gran Hotel Bolívar is first-class—well appointed, luxurious, of the sort expected by travelers accustomed to the leading hotels of the United States and Europe. The Gran Hotel Maury, also in Lima, is old-fashioned but it is filled with the real tang of Peru.

In Arequipa, the Hotel Quinta Bates, operated for more than forty years by an English-American hostess known affectionately as Tía (Aunt) Bates all over South America, is one of the prime attractions of that attractive city.

There are also other establishments conforming to a considerable degree to present-day standards of comfort and efficiency as understood by the average American traveler. Among them are the new tourist hotels recently built by the Peruvian government and managed by the government-backed Compañía Hotelera del Perú. These are scattered through the country, largely in regions of special interest to foreign visitors. At the present writing there are fourteen of them, each bearing the name of the place where it is situated. Twenty-six more are under construction or projected.

At the Bolívar in Lima, a good room with private bath cost, late in 1946, about \$4 daily, without meals. With meals, it cost \$5 and upward. At the Maury, in the same city, a room with bath could be had for as little as \$3.50 per day, one without bath for slightly less, both of these prices including three good meals daily. Prices at the Lima Country Club (which is also a hotel open to nonmembers) correspond roughly to those at the Bolívar. At other hotels in the Peruvian capital prices are lower; and in other Peruvian cities they

are usually far below those charged by Lima hotels. This applies to hotels of all categories. It may be safely said that, for some years anyhow, charges in Peruvian hotels of all degrees of merit or lack of it will continue to be agreeably less than those of all hotels in the United States, no matter what their rank may be.

In this book, two asterisks (\*\*) before the name of a hotel means that it is up to fairly exacting modern standards in management, comfort, and appointments. One asterisk (\*) before the name of a hotel means that it is good judged by rather less exacting standards. No asterisk at all means that, from the standpoint of what the average tourist expects nowadays, it is deficient in up-to-dateness, conveniences, cleanliness, service, or some of the other things most prized by present-day travelers.

In certain places in Peru, it will be observed, the only accommodations listed are of this unasterisked variety. And they should be taken by foreign guests (except in unpardonably flagrant cases of badness) with the same stoical shrug of the shoulders bestowed upon them by the average South American guest. Hard thoughts about hotels that are unsatisfactory should be dismissed with the philosophical remark of a South American who endured a night at one of them: "Now that I have stayed at this bad hotel, how much better the next good one will seem!"

It must be borne in mind that all the above is subject to change. In Peru, as in the rest of the countries of this world, what is true today may be pleasantly (or painfully) otherwise tomorrow.

In addition to food corresponding in a general way to what is eaten in the restaurants and homes of the United States and Europe, Peruvian cuisine includes a number of dishes prepared to meet local tastes. Some of these are of high merit. They may be identified on menus in Lima and other Peruvian cities by the phrase *a la criolla* added to their names. Appetizers, soups, and egg, fish, and meat concoctions often have added to their names on bills of fare phrases such as *a la Limeña*, *a la Arequipena*, *a la Chiclayana*, etc., signifying that they are prepared according to the tradition of Lima, Arequipa, Chiclayo, or other places in Peru. Many of these will undoubtedly meet with favor from Americans, particularly from those with a leaning toward gastronomic adventuring and a contempt for



stomach-coddling. But it is well even for them—and doubly so for the less venturesome—to remember that most of these dishes, if really prepared as Peruvians like them, will be so rich in condiments, particularly pepper, as to be far too snappy for the average non-Peruvian palate.

With regard to drinks, much wine, both red and white, is produced in Peru. It is often pleasant to the taste and always easy on the pocketbook. Even at first-class restaurants, a quart bottle of native wine costs less than one dollar, and half bottles of popular brands are usually to be had also, at correspondingly lower prices. Chilean wines, South America's best, are favorites among the Peruvians, but they cost twice as much, roughly, as the local vintages. European wines are obtainable at still higher cost.

From southern Peru come great quantities of the so-called *pisco*, a sort of grape brandy. Produced around the city of Pisco, it can be bought all over the country at prices ranging from two or three cents per drink at ordinary dramshops to ten or twelve cents at high-class restaurants or cafés. Pisco is strong, very strong. But, then, so is whisky. To many foreigners it is too raw and peculiar to be palatable. As a rule, however, it improves on acquaintance. It tastes like something out of a sewer, but you get used to it.

In some cafés and restaurants pisco is served in the form of pisco sour, a mixed beverage that somewhat disguises its rawness without impairing its potency.

Beer of good quality is brewed in Peru. For visitors from abroad who are not keen on voyages of discovery among native beverages there are cocktails such as are consumed in the United States—mainly Martinis and Manhattans. Well-known brands of whisky, rum, and brandy are available at the leading Peruvian drinkeries. They cost more than the native product, but usually they are no more expensive than they are in the United States.

Foreigners in Peru should be cautious about drinking water. Before taking any they should always find out whether it is without harmful qualities. Whenever there is the least doubt, they should drink mineral water—indeed, it is a good general rule, especially in parts of Peru not frequented by foreigners, to drink only bottled mineral water, which is abundant and cheap all over the country.

Peru has about two thousand miles of railroads. Like some other Latin-American countries, she has no big rail line traversing her territory from north to south or east to west. Only two of the Peruvian railways penetrate deeply into the interior from the coast, the Central Railway and the Southern Railway of Peru (of which you will hear more later on). Aside from these, the Peruvian railroad system consists largely of short lines from ports on the Pacific to important points situated some miles inland. Most of these have been built primarily to provide access from oil and mining centers to coastal outlets, or to stations on a main railway. Some of the principal rail lines in Peru, including the world-famous Oroya railroad, will be dealt with in detail further along in this book.

In Peru there are about twenty thousand miles of roads more or less suited to motoring. Of these, about one thousand miles are paved. The Peruvian government is actively extending the country's road network and steadily adding to its modernized portions. Most important of all the links in this network is the Pan American Highway (for data concerning it see Chapter 18, "Elsewhere in Peru." Other motor routes, such as those from Lima to Oroya, Cerro de Pasco, Huancayo, Arequipa, and Cuzco, are described in the chapters devoted to those places and the districts around them.

Peru is a grand place for shopping. Those interested in articles made from the beautiful and valuable fur of the vicuña, an animal found in no other country except Bolivia, will be in their element in Lima and at the great Indian fair held Sundays at Huancayo. The principal articles made of vicuña fur are rugs, coats, and mats. Another Peruvian quadruped, the alpaca, likewise grows fur from which many useful and ornamental articles are made.

Peruvian silverware is a delight. Much of it is hand-wrought with a high degree of taste and charm. Silver articles are often based by the Indian craftsmen who produce them on old designs handed down through generations from the days of the Incas, and also on old Spanish styles.

Then there are Indian textiles, in a great variety of designs and colors, reflecting the traditions of different parts of Peru. Especially alluring are the hats worn by Indian women, their brightly colored shawls, and gay Indian bags, all of which are to be found in many

shops throughout the land. You can get also amusing cloth dolls, dressed by the Indians making them, down to the smallest detail, in costumes characteristic of various sections of Peru.

Arequipa specializes in articles of leather, such as ladies' bags, gloves, and pocketbooks.

Don't hesitate to bargain when you go shopping in Peru. It is both customary and expected. You will be often astonished at the wide gap between the price first asked and the one eventually accepted. Shop, if you possibly can, in the company of residents who know the ropes. Even in shops like those on the main business streets of Lima, where some salesmen know English and love to air it, a knowledge of Spanish is of immense value to the traveler—particularly for bargaining.

In Peru, the business of helping foreign visitors to be comfortable and happy is advancing steadily. Lima and other Peruvian cities have private tourist agencies, where polite employees, often acquainted with the English language, are eager to impart useful travel data to all who ask for it. Besides, the Peruvian government has established in Lima a brand-new department called the *Corporación Nacional de Turismo* (National Corporation of Tourism), with handsome new offices in a handsome new building on a handsome avenue, the main object of which is to foster the tourist business by every means in its power.

The metric system is official in Peru for weights and measurements. Just to remind you: one meter equals about thirty-nine inches, one kilometer about five eighths of a mile. Various nonmetric units are also in use unofficially among Peruvians, such as the *arroba* (about twenty-five pounds) and the *quintal* (about one hundred pounds). Peru's *vara* and *libra*, also sometimes used, are roughly equivalent respectively to the yard and pound of the United States.

Peruvians love the lottery. There are several lotteries in the land, of which the most important and lucrative to the lucky are those of Lima, Callao, Arequipa, Cuzco, and Trujillo. Drawings are held every week. So strong is the lure of the lottery that it is a common thing for Peruvian householders to set apart a certain amount in their budgets for lottery tickets. Foreigners without a prejudice against this sort of thing are advised to look before they leap in the lottery game—to find out all about the dates of drawings, etc.,

before they buy a ticket—and to tempt fortune only if they are going to stay for some time in Peru, since otherwise, should they win, the collection of their winnings may entail much boresome correspondence.

Peruvians like sports. Excellent opportunities for tennis and golf are provided in Lima and other cities. Polo is played at the Lima Country Club. Most Americans will be surprised to learn that baseball is popular in Peru, especially among members of the Japanese colony, from whom a number of the country's competing baseball teams are wholly or partly recruited.

Good swimming can be enjoyed at the various beach resorts on the Pacific shore near Lima. The Lima Country Club and Lawn Tennis Club have swimming pools. Fishing is good in some of the streams near Lima. In addition to the above, sport-lovers in and around Lima can indulge in soccer football, cricket, sailing, shooting, hiking, and kindred outdoor joys.

Peru is one of the few lands in Latin America where bullfighting, complete with star bullfighters expressly imported from Spain, and all the trimmings of a genuine Spanish *corrida*, may still be enjoyed—or, rather, quite the reverse, in all probability, by spectators from North America. Every once in a while a local impresario engages a Spanish matador, or more than one, with teams of *banderilleros* and picadors, for a few weeks of bullfighting in Lima, to the intense delight of local *aficionados* (fans), who turn up in great numbers and explode into wild enthusiasm at the slightest provocation. Native Peruvian fighters also stage more modest (and cheaper) spectacles, which sometimes make up in assorted thrills what they lack in technical excellence.

Some Peruvians have also remained faithful to another diversion that, in the United States, is almost invariably regarded with coolness and disdain—cockfighting. Cockfights of a lively and sanguinary nature are announced at short intervals in Lima and elsewhere. For details consult the head porter at your hotel—or, better still, one of the bellhops.

### 3: PERUVIAN LAND

**P**ERU'S Sierra, one of the three regions into which the republic is divided topographically, is the home of the llama.

Say Peru to almost anybody and he or she will think at once of the llama. That strange quadruped typifies Peru to many people all over the world. The llama looks like a miniature, incorrectly designed camel. It is described by one writer as "perpetually wearing the expression of an outraged spinster." It is amazingly sure-footed and patient and can subsist on very little food and drink.

Most of the llamas of Peru are in the southern part of the country; and most of them are white in color with brown or black spots. They carry burdens up to about one hundred pounds in weight without complaint. But if these burdens are made heavier, or if they note a tendency in their human employers to lengthen regular working hours for llamas (which belong, apparently, to an invisible llamas' Labor Union), they turn around and spit. They were doing that away back in the days of the Spanish conquest of Peru, as is proved by one of the old Spanish chroniclers, who wrote in 1544:

"If the beast is tired and urged to go on he turns his head around and discharges his saliva, which has an unpleasant odor. These animals are of great use and profit to their masters, for their wool is very good and fine, particularly that of the species called *pacas* [alpacas]; and the expense of their food is trifling, as a handful of maize suffices them and they can go four or five days without water. Their fleece is as good as that of the fat sheep of Castile."

All four species of the llama family—llamas, vicuñas, alpacas, and guanacos—are addicted to spitting. But, since the vast majority

of foreign visitors to Peru will know them only from a distance and solely as an ingredient of local color, they need not worry about this unpleasant propensity.

Of the four species of the llama family, the llama itself and the alpaca have been domesticated for centuries. In recent years the vicuña, which bears the most valuable fleece of the entire family, has been dwindling in numbers in Peru to such an alarming extent that it is now protected by special laws.

The Peruvian Sierra falls naturally into two parts: the western half, along gradually rising Andean slopes, and the *puna*, a series of high, rolling uplands, 12,000 feet or more above the sea, over which rise huge peaks, some of them covered by eternal snow. Among these peaks the condor, the eagle of the Andes, may be seen flying in isolated haughtiness, sometimes far above the snow line.

Peru's total area is 532,000 square miles, in round figures—about twice that of Texas. She is bounded on the north by Ecuador, on the east by Brazil and Bolivia, on the south by Chile. The capital of the country, Lima, has around 628,000 inhabitants, according to recent official figures. Since these were published, Lima's population has undoubtedly increased. No other city in the land comes anywhere near the capital in size. The next to it, Arequipa, has 100,000, and the third, Callao, about 80,000 inhabitants.

Besides the Sierra, already mentioned, the republic has two other sharply defined topographical regions: the coastal plain and the Montaña of Eastern Peru.

At its narrowest, the coastal plain is only about 20 miles wide. In the north it reaches a maximum width of 120 miles. Parts of it, especially along its northern strip, are absolutely without trees, shrubs, or bushes, except where the mesquite and a sort of eucalyptus, introduced some years ago by the Peruvian government, have managed to survive the deadly effects of atmosphere and soil.

On this coastal plain it seldom rains. At times, indeed, three or four years elapse there without a shower. To the south of it, however, moisture from mountain breezes, by creating fog and mist, raises the humidity, tempers the heat of the atmosphere, and causes entire valleys to blossom into fertility.

In this region there are pretty country places and rich plantations of cotton, sugar, and coffee. Also, particularly around Lima, the

need to provide food for many hungry metropolitan mouths has brought into being intensively cultivated farming belts, where crops are bountiful and variegated, and thousands of cows and other meritorious quadrupeds contemplate passers-by, native and foreign, with pensive and philosophical detachment.

Besides Lima, some of Peru's important cities are on the coastal plain. Sometimes they were built by their Spanish founders a few miles inland from the Pacific (as in the case of the capital), as a precaution against buccaneers and other anti-Spanish persons. Off the coast lie a number of islands closely akin to near-by parts of the mainland in climate and general characteristics. Among these are the Chincha group, famous because of the big deposits of guano that cover them.

Roughly paralleling the coast at a short distance inland the tremendous range of the Andes stretches, in tawny and wicked majesty, right across Peru. The great Andes chains, known in Spanish as *las cordilleras de los Andes*, or simply, lumped all together, as *la cordillera*, cross into Peru from Chile and Bolivia in the south and traverse the entire length of the country right up to the frontier of Ecuador.

The highest peaks of the Peruvian Andes are surpassed in height in South America only by a few to the south; in other parts of the world they are overtopped only by the Himalayas of Asia and the mountains of the Caucasus between Europe and Asia. As for North America, it is simply not in the running with Peru in the matter of mountains. At least half a dozen of Peru's peaks are higher than Mount McKinley, mountain king of North America. The monarch of them all in Peru is Huascarán, which rises to a height of more than 22,000 feet. (None of the Peruvian peaks, however, equals Aconcagua, in the Andes between Argentina and Chile, which attains a height of just short of 23,000 feet above sea level.)

A few miles inland from the coastal plain the Sierra begins. It includes great mountain chains paralleling one another and enclosing a bewildering maze of ridges and plateaus, cut asunder by deep gorges and blooming valleys. The general altitude of the Sierra region runs between 4,000 and 10,000 feet above the sea.

To the east lies the Montaña, much of it virgin soil, holding bright promise for the future. Here are primeval forests, many of them

trackless and some still unexplored; and dense jungles; and silent plains, practically uninhabited.

Peru has few big rivers. All of them are in the Montaña region. They include the Marañón, Huallaga, and Ucayali, all three navigable, streaming through areas of mystery to unite on Peruvian territory and help form the mighty Amazon.

Across Peru's coastal plain flow a number of rivers, which, starting from the mountains and meandering westward in a more or less dispirited manner, enable vegetation to sprout along their banks. But even when their waters are at their highest, most of these streams are puny and intermittent in their flow; sometimes, in fact, they dry up completely before they have finished their job and don't reach the Pacific Ocean at all.

Of the country's lakes, the biggest and best known is Lake Titicaca. Situated 12,500 feet above sea level, it is the highest lake of any size in the world. It covers an area of some 5,500 square miles and is about 130 miles long and from 40 to 50 miles wide. It lies partly in Peru and partly in Bolivia. (For further particulars, see Chapter 14, "Over the Andes.")

Another lake in Peru is that of Junín, also known by its rather more complicated Indian name of Chinchaycocha. There is also the lake of Lauricocha, sometimes credited with being the source of the great Amazon River.

It used to be said that in Peru the people lived off the land and the government off the mines. Today, most Peruvians still live off the land, but the rest of that saying is outdated, because from twentieth-century Peru comes a product that has outstripped in value everything else that is mined or harvested there, and the taxes from which beat anything derived by the Peruvian government from any other source. This product is petroleum. And that's the cue for more statistics—I'm sorry:

In 1920 Peruvian production of crude petroleum was less than 3,000,000 barrels yearly. In 1934 it had risen to nearly six times that figure. In the next ten years it averaged nearly 15,000,000 barrels annually. In 1944 Peru was thirteenth on the list of the world's oil-producing countries. Nowadays drilling oil wells has more importance in Peru than working mines. Both in oil production and in mining operations one foreign nation has won commanding impor-



tance in relation to all other competitors. That nation is the United States.

To the United States goes the lion's share of the profits from Peruvian oil. So does the lion's share of the profits from the richest Peruvian mines—while the Peruvian government collects lucrative taxes from both sets of profits and something like four fifths of Peru's population continues to live, like their ancestors, off the land, without so much as a smell of profit from oil, copper, gold, silver, or any other form of Peruvian mineral wealth.

Peru's main oil deposits are along a narrow strip of the coast starting a short distance from the frontier with Ecuador and running southward to the vicinity of the port of Paita. The richest fields, those around Talara, are owned by the International Petroleum Company, an offshoot of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. This company has in operation at Talara, according to recent reports, considerably over 2,000 wells, from which it extracts nearly 40,000 barrels of oil daily. It also has a big refinery with a capacity of 15,000 barrels per day and storage space for 2,000,000 barrels.

The growing importance of Talara as an oil center is responsible for its being a stop for some planes on the air line from the United States to Lima and points south. And the presence there of quite a number of American oilmen and their wives and children has caused modern bungalows and tennis courts and gardens to sprout amid a country-club atmosphere that is strangely incongruous in the surrounding desolation, typical of Peru's arid, shrubless coastal strip. In this same district are a British-owned oil field and one controlled by the Peruvian government, which have the peculiar names of Lobitos and Zorritos, meaning, respectively, Little Wolves and Little Foxes. Oil has also been found in the Montaña, Peru's eastern section, stretching toward the Amazon. The total value of Peruvian oil exports in 1943 was around \$15,000,000.

Peru's production of copper also brings in around \$15,000,000 annually (according to figures covering recent years up to 1943). The principal copper-mining center is the neighborhood of the city of Cerro de Pasco in the mountains inland from Lima. There, since the beginning of the present century, an American company, the Cerro de Pasco Mining Corporation, has been busily digging copper out of the mountain slopes several thousand feet above sea level.

So high are these, in fact, that the terminal station of the railway at Cerro de Pasco, over which big quantities of copper are transported to the junction with the Central Railway of Peru at Oroya, is said to be the highest station in the world. In addition to the rich deposits around Cerro de Pasco, there are others in this same region. In 1943 Peru's total copper production was over 33,000 metric tons.

Next in importance to copper among the metals found under Peruvian soil are silver and gold. These, so dear to the greedy Spaniards of four centuries ago, were being mined by the subjects of the Inca rulers of the land hundreds of years before any Peruvian had set eyes on a subject of the king of Spain. A considerable part of Peru's silver output is a by-product of the copper mined by the American company operating at Cerro de Pasco.

Gold is mined pretty much all over the country; and it also is largely a by-product of copper-mining activities. Other valuable metals found in Peru include vanadium and bismuth (in both of which Peru is the world's principal producer), lead and zinc.

A product as typical of Peru as that exotic, long-necked beast of burden, the llama, is guano, or bird manure. Of this odoriferous commodity—the first cargo to reach England some hundred years ago almost drove the inhabitants of Southampton into open country—there are enormous deposits on the Chincha group of islands and other islands off the Peruvian coast. At one time guano achieved such high importance in Peru's economy that it was actually the main source of revenue of the nation, during periods when civil turmoil and financial disorder had well-nigh emptied the national treasury.

But guano is not what it used to be. Today it lags far behind other Peruvian products. Trade in it is a monopoly of the Peruvian government. Owing to fear that the deposits, if too greedily depleted, might soon become exhausted, the islands on which the deposits are heaped are worked turn and turn about, each of them getting a long rest after each period of exploitation. Owing to dwindling world demand, total production of guano had dropped in 1943 to 70,000 tons.

Peru's principal agricultural product is cotton. This is grown mostly in the southern part of the coastal district, with the port of Pisco as the principal outlet for cotton exports. There are a number

of large cotton estates and many small holdings on which thousands of Peruvians grow cotton in a modest way. In recent years there has been a tendency for the acreage of these small growers to become absorbed in that of the big cotton plantations.

The government has ambitious projects for better irrigation of the coastal cotton belt; and it is maintained by some experts that in Peru's Amazon basin—that breeding ground of high hopes for the future—many thousands of acres will be under cotton one of these days.

Peru's cotton production was over 1,300,000 quintals (one quintal equals about 100 pounds) in 1944. Exports of Peruvian cotton in 1943 totaled over 35,000 metric tons, valued at around \$10,000,000. Owing to the development of Peru's industries, a growing proportion of the country's cotton crop is used for home manufactures. There is steady increase in the manufacture of cotton by-products, among them cottonseed oil.

Next to cotton in importance among Peru's crops is sugar, which is also cultivated mostly on the coastal plain, though there is a lot of it also in the valleys that cut into the Andean cordilleras. Some of the biggest sugar plantations are near Lima. As in the case of cotton, small sugar-growers tend to become absorbed by the big fellows. Indeed, it was computed recently that ten big estates accounted for more than nine tenths of the country's total sugar production. This, in 1943, reached a total of more than 400,000 metric tons. Great quantities of Peruvian sugar go into the making of various kinds of rum. The value of Peru's exports of sugar in 1943 was around \$15,000,000.

Other agricultural crops are corn (maize), the staple food of Peru's Indians, and *quinua*, or Peruvian wheat. Potatoes are also grown, likewise beans, barley, and rice. Cinchona bark, from which comes quinine, is another product of Peru, as is also coca, the basis of cocaine.

There is a big trade in wool, notably around Arequipa. It comes mostly from sheep, llamas, and alpacas. There are millions of head of livestock in the country, principally sheep, cattle, goats, horses, mules, and swine.

Much progress has been made in recent years in various forms of manufacturing, among them the making of textiles. Other articles

manufactured locally are leather goods, cement, flour, beer, candles, soap, chemicals, drugs, cigars, cigarettes, processed foods, hats (including straw hats of the kind popular among Peruvian Indian women), and toilet preparations.

Recent estimates of the amount of American money invested in Peru place it at about \$70,000,000, of which a big percentage is represented by the capital behind American oil and mining companies.

And that, so far as statistics go, will be all for the present.

## 4: PERUVIAN PEOPLE

ONCE, in Lima, I asked the driver of a car for hire, who had constituted himself my regular guide:

"Is this car yours?"

"Yours and mine, señor," he replied with a polite bow. Flowery, of course. But pleasant. In the weeks during which he motored me all over Lima and its environs he was always efficient and never discourteous.

"Is this Peruvian drink, pisco, good?" I inquired of him one day.

"Marvelous!" he answered, rolling his eyes.

"Where can I get a few bottles of it to take home to friends in the United States?"

"You can get it nowhere, señor," he told me, "because *I* will get it for you."

He did. That was just one of the little favors to me that had nothing to do with his work as my self-appointed private chauffeur. He expected tips, naturally. And he got them. But his hints were conveyed with the flourish of a Spanish grandee.

All over Peru the foreigner will be impressed by the good manners of the Peruvians. These he will find imbued with elegance and sophistication among the caste descended from the Spaniards who used to rule in the land; but he will also find courtesy none the less genuine even among persons of the humblest social rank, who often yield nothing to aristocrats when it comes to innate politeness and spontaneous expression of it.

Much is expected by Peruvians in return for the politeness with which they are so lavish. Consequently, they are inclined to shy at informality of address from foreigners—which, though not in the

least out of the ordinary in other countries, particularly the United States with its addiction to practical terseness and businesslike brevity, often antagonizes natives of a more leisurely land like Peru, where it seems sheer bad manners. A slight application of tact, a little effort, and the deplorable result of rubbing Peruvians the wrong way conversationally will be easily avoided.

Like others of Spanish blood or those reared in Spanish environment, the people of Peru like to give a flowery touch to their talk and writing that is likely to seem superfluous to visitors from more reticent regions. But it would be a mistake to think them insincere just because of this habit. They don't like our diction, either. We believe their speech overornamented; they believe ours underornamented. That's all. Behind Peruvian floweriness there is much sincere good feeling and eager friendliness. The verbal bouquets of Peru have not only prettiness but perfume.

In Peru, as in other sections of South America, most of the good things of life are for the few and most of the deprivations for the many. The sharp and deep cleavage between the upper and lower classes of the population is everywhere apparent; and it may be truly said that there is scarcely any middle class.

Some of the affluent members of the small Spanish-descended minority send their children abroad to be educated; and, at home, available college training and the bulk of higher-grade schooling is largely a perquisite of this class. For those belonging to other strata of the population, education, if it figures at all in their lives, stops in the lower grades of the public schools; and in a deplorably large percentage of cases it is nonexistent.

During recent years much progress has been made in the number and quality of the schools provided by the Peruvian government, and there is no doubt that this has made a valuable contribution toward the decrease of illiteracy in the republic.

Cleavage of class in Peru hits the foreign visitor at the moment of his arrival and continues to obtrude itself upon him until the moment of his departure. It is as conspicuous as the Andes. And, if one is to believe the archpessimists, it will be equally durable. But there is no need for such a dark diagnosis. In view of the past of obscurantist Spanish despotism out of which South American republics of today, including Peru, have emerged, the progress made by them,

however incomplete, is more worthy of praise, it seems to me, than greater progress in lands not so badly handicapped by their yesterdays.

And now for some statistics, those noxious but necessary little serpents that are constantly crawling into the thoughts and snapping at the typewriter keys of authors:

Peru's official census of 1940 placed the country's population at 7,023,111. An unofficial estimate in 1944 boosted this to 7,500,000. It may be broken down as follows:

Indians	about 4,000,000
Mixed Indians and whites	" 2,600,000
Whites	" 800,000
Chinese and Japanese	" 45,000
Negroes	" 45,000
Miscellaneous	" 10,000
	<hr/> 7,500,000

Spanish is the official language of Peru. It is spoken by all educated Peruvians, also by many Peruvians who have had little schooling or practically none at all. Many Peruvian Indians still speak among themselves the ancient Quechua or Aymará language. In some districts there are numerous Indians who speak no Spanish whatsoever.

Peru's Quechua and Aymará Indians of the Sierra usually are able to speak Spanish if they live in the bigger towns; but some of them, especially in lonely rural regions, still talk nothing but the ancient languages of their ancestors. These Indians are descendants of the tribes that formed the majority of the inhabitants of the Inca empire overthrown by Spain. As a rule, they are apathetic and stolid, inured to hardship, indifferent to the cold of their bleak upland homes. They are often physically strong, with big torsos and "lungs like bellows," which enable them to exist in the thin mountain air without fear of *soroche*, Peru's brand of mountain sickness, which frequently prostrates those unaccustomed to high altitudes.

These Sierra Indians wear homespun garments, live in miserable hovels with tumbledown thatched roofs. They eat dried mutton or llama meat and corn, also potatoes—which, one is told in Peru,

originated in that country—and rough cakes kneaded from quinoa, or Peruvian wheat. They raise little crops on bits of land clinging to the steep slopes, or they follow trains of llamas. At all hours they chew their favorite coca leaves, which provide a welcome stimulant, but eventually have a harmful effect on the chewer. On feast days the average Peruvian Indian gets drunk. He does so by drinking *chicha*, the favorite national hard liquor. It is made of sugar or corn. Don't try it.

Quechua Indians are docile and long-suffering. The Aymarás, on the other hand, are more up and coming. They have the reputation of making good soldiers. Most of the Quechuas live in the lower parts of the Sierra, most of the Aymarás around Lake Titicaca. The latter are stocky and hardy. They stand extreme cold without difficulty and can walk incredible distances without fatigue. The Quechuas are also strong, especially the women.

The Indians of Peru's Montaña region speak neither Quechua nor Aymará, but strange tongues of their own. They are in a very primitive stage of civilization; many, in fact, are practically jungle savages.

Peruvians of Spanish descent, of pure white blood, though they total only about 10 per cent of the country's population, remain, nevertheless, what they always have been in the past: the tail that wags the Peruvian dog. From their ranks come most of those in high governmental office and the great majority of the members of the professional classes. They are concentrated mostly in the principal cities of the republic, particularly in Lima. But wherever one goes in Peru, one is sure to find some of them, with the courtly manners, ingrained politeness, distinction of bearing, and clean-cut features that proclaim descent from ancestors who came to the New World from Spain.

The Indians of Peru's coastal plain are mostly half-breeds. Along the coast are found the great majority of the Negroes of Peru. Their ancestors were introduced into the country by the Spaniards when Peru was the leading Spanish colony in South America; and most of them, as in the case of their brethren in other parts of the Americas, were slaves serving white masters. Slavery was abolished in Peru in 1855.

Among the foreigners resident in Peru the Italians occupy a place



of prominence. They are active in banking and business in general. They number several thousand. As elsewhere in Spanish America, the Italians in Peru have become pretty well assimilated. Unlike residents of some other nationalities, they tend to break away from their foreignness and identify themselves with the life, customs, and thoughts of those among whom they have come to live.

Recent estimates place the number of British in Peru at 2,300 and that of the Americans there at somewhat over 1,000. Before World War II the Germans in the country were important and influential, especially in the export and import business. Since the defeat of the Axis, however, their noses are decidedly out of joint and they are lying low and saying nothing—or next to nothing.

Chinese first appeared in Peru in 1849, when some thousands of them were imported, many of them as indentured laborers to help work the rich guano deposits on the islands along the Peruvian coast. They went to live at that time mostly on these islands, where there was already a small native population. After the guano deposits began to decrease in value, the Chinese emigrated to the Peruvian mainland. There they have risen to local importance as small farmers, artisans, shopkeepers, and owners of rural property; also, especially in Lima, they operate Chinese restaurants known as *chifas*.

The Japanese in Peru, of whom there is quite a colony, are mostly on the coastal plain or just behind it. Some became shopkeepers, and some, having taken up farming, branched out so successfully that their original small holdings of land became big estates, on which they employed many native Peruvians as laborers. This situation brought complaints before World War II from dissatisfied Peruvians, who accused these Oriental landowning magnates of being harsh in their methods as employers and usurious in financial dealings.

During World War II there was much excited talk about subversive activities in Peru by local German and Japanese residents. Some alarmists declared that many of these people were militarily organized, given to secretive and intensive drilling, and were all set to overthrow the Peruvian government in the interests of eventual invasion of South America by Axis armies from across the Atlantic

or Pacific. Impressed by the possibilities of danger inherent in the situation, the Peruvian wartime government cracked down hard on Germans suspected of pro-Axis machinations in Lima and elsewhere in the country; and it took cognizance of the lurking threat to peace by moving a number of Japanese settled along the coast to new places of residence farther inland, where, it was thought, they would be less of a menace.

In the long run, nothing really serious came from the flood of rumors about wartime plotting by Germans and Japanese in Peru. Whatever plans extremists among them may have had were knocked to pieces by the triumph of the United Nations.

Some of those rumors—as I can attest from having heard them vociferated or whispered in the cafés and homes of Lima before and during the war—were lurid enough for mystery novels. And some of them sounded so plausible that a New Yorker whom I met in Lima shortly before the outbreak of hostilities in Europe decided to make a trip in person in order to see for himself what was going on in and around a near-by Pacific inlet, which, he had been assured, was practically a military and naval outpost of Nazi Germany. He returned to Lima with all the Sherlock Holmes drained out of him. "If that inlet is a Hitler base," he sputtered, "so is Coney Island!"

Peru has had fifteen constitutions. The first was promulgated in 1823. It was followed by one devised by Simón Bolívar the Liberator. Nobody could make head or tail of it. Bolívar was better at liberating than at constitution-making. So Peru pigeonholed it and worked out another constitution—and another—and eleven more. Meanwhile, the land was grievously handicapped by the constant emergence of dictatorial snipers at law and order, for whom there was no closed season for constitutions. They were particularly prevalent in the opening decades of Peru's independent existence. But later years brought marked improvement. The republic's latest constitution, the one under which the present Peruvian government operates, was promulgated in 1933.

The president is elected for a term of six years. He used to be eligible for a second term immediately following his first one, but according to the constitution of 1933 he is now limited to a single

term. Obviously, this rule is designed to make the going difficult for dictators, who dislike nothing so much as having the continuity of their dictatorships interrupted.

Legislative authority is vested in a Congress composed of a Chamber of Deputies of 140 members and a Senate of 48 members. Like the president, the members of these bodies are elected by direct vote for a term of six years. Members of the Chamber must be at least twenty-five years of age, those of the Senate at least thirty-five; and all of them must have been born in Peru and be possessed of the right to vote. In addition to a cabinet of eleven members the president is assisted in his administrative duties by an Economic Advisory Council, made up of experts in various specialized fields.

For governmental purposes the republic is divided into 23 departments. These, in turn, are subdivided into 114 provinces and 873 districts. Each department has at its head a prefect and each province a subprefect.

Peru has twelve judicial districts, in which superior and minor courts administer the laws. Above all these is the Supreme Court of the Republic, with headquarters at Lima. It consists of judges selected by the Peruvian Congress.

According to the constitution, all male citizens over twenty-one years of age are entitled to vote at presidential and other elections, provided they know how to read and write. Religious liberty is guaranteed by the constitution. The religion of the republic is Roman Catholic, and all churches and convents are under state protection. In Lima there is a Roman Catholic archbishop, under whom are thirteen bishops stationed at other important cities. Peruvian laws make civil marriage obligatory. The state authorizes absolute divorce.

Some years ago Peru set out to overhaul her labor laws and produced a highly modernized new code of labor legislation. One of its features is a social insurance law requiring insurance of all employees in concerns employing five or more workers, including agricultural concerns.

Peru has no nation-wide federation of labor such as exists in the United States and other countries. But of late a number of local labor unions have become increasingly important and effective.

Growing interest in the welfare of Peruvian working people has

been shown in projects (some brought to completion) of model housing developments for workers. Restaurants for workers have also been opened in the Peruvian capital, at which they can get well-balanced meals at extremely low cost.

Peru has five universities. Of these, the oldest and most famous is that of San Marcos at Lima, founded in 1551, eighty-five years before Harvard. The others are the Catholic University, also at Lima, and the universities of Cuzco, Trujillo, and Arequipa. All are now under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Education of the Peruvian government. Also under this ministry are the rest of the educational institutions of the country, with the exception of private schools. Since the advent of the Ministry of Education in 1934, the total number of students of all grades has increased in a gratifying manner—in the primary schools it has nearly doubled.

Elementary school education is free and obligatory for children between the ages of seven and fourteen.

According to recent statistics, there are in Peru more than 6,000 schools, government-aided and private, served by about 11,000 teachers and attended by about 500,000 pupils. Higher institutions include 47 state secondary schools, with 12,500 students, and 100 secondary schools conducted by members of religious orders, with 10,000 students. In addition, there are seven rural schools for the Indian population, seven normal schools, and commercial and other special schools.

Strenuous efforts are being made in Peru to further the cause of education in general. A vigorous campaign against illiteracy—which, unfortunately, is high in the land—was initiated in 1943. Duly authorized by a governmental decree, it enlisted the services of numerous teachers in the republic's schools and a considerable body of volunteers.

Much attention is being paid by the Peruvian government to educating the Indian section of the republic's inhabitants. The 1941 educational laws gave evidence of an enlightened consciousness of local educational problems and of a sincere desire to solve them along practical lines. For instance, in communities inhabited by Indians still speaking predominantly the Quechua tongue, elementary instruction is given in the lowest grades first in that tongue, and Spanish instruction is postponed until pupils are promoted to

higher grades. Plans have also been made for fitting Indian students for vocational, industrial, and commercial pursuits.

Other features of the ambitious Peruvian official program to raise standards of education in the country are the recent establishment of institutions for the training of teachers and the creation of traveling units of educational experts. The job of the latter is to visit Indian villages all over the republic, in order to open schools and give instruction in modern sanitation, etc. Other plans envisage steady development among Indian pupils of pottery-making, weaving, metalworking, and kindred activities, in which their forefathers were proficient in the days of Peru's Inca empire. A government department has been especially created for the installation and operation of experimental farms for teaching Indian farmers modern methods in agriculture and stock-raising.

The literature of Inca Peru, if there was any, perished when the Spaniards swept over the land, sacking its temples and obliterating its ancient civilization. The first body of writings that can be called distinctively Peruvian came in the wake of the Spanish conquest. Zealous Spanish historians, some more remarkable for imagination than for accuracy, delved into the Inca past of the country or produced narratives of the conquest, often based on their own personal experiences under Pizarro and other Spanish leaders.

Unique among these chroniclers was Garcilaso de la Vega, since he was not of pure Spanish blood, but of mixed Spanish and Inca parentage. Of the latter he was so proud that he used to sign himself Garcilaso *Inca* de la Vega, to call attention to the fact that his mother was a princess of that royal Inca dynasty whose rule over the land the Spaniards had brought to abrupt and bloody termination.

After Peru had become Spain's foremost colony in South America, colonial writers continued to get into print with historical and other works. One production, by a native Indian writer or writers, is the Quechua drama *Ollanta*, which contributed toward keeping alive the old Inca language and traditions. At first it was supposed that this drama was written far back in the past, but recent research has assigned it to the last half of the eighteenth century, when the Spaniards had long been masters of Peru.

Many volumes that would have been invaluable to present-day students of Peru's literary past were destroyed in two fires that rav-

aged the National Library in Lima—one at the time of the Chilean occupation of the capital, at the end of the War of the Pacific in the 1880's, and the other in 1942.

Among Peruvian writers who have been active since their country became an independent nation there has been a noticeable tendency to lean for inspiration on the rich inheritance of fact, tradition, and legend made available to them by Incas and Spaniards. Others have turned to modern trends of literary thought, looking largely to Europe for their models. Hardly any have given attention to the literature of the United States. This is because most Peruvian intellectuals, like their colleagues in other parts of Latin America, refuse to admit that literary merit—or, for that matter, culture of any kind—can possibly come out of the land of *los yanquis*, which, to them, is devoid of the graces of the spirit and ensnared in the worship of materialism.

Two Peruvian writers of recent years who have won celebrity beyond the frontiers of their own country are Ricardo Palma (1833–1919) and José Santos Chocano (1875–1934). The former produced salty satires; his *Tradiciones Peruanas*, steeped in the flavor of Peru, contributed particularly to his renown. Chocano ranks high as a poet all over the Spanish-speaking world.

Among present-day Peruvian writers is the young novelist Ciro Alegría, whose novel *Ancho y ajeno es el mundo* won for him a prize in a recent competition held in the United States.

## 5: PERUVIAN HISTORY

**T**HROUGH the streets of a sixteenth-century town strode a man in a dream. The town was Panama, set squarely in the center of the new empire that tough conquistadors had just won in the New World for the king of Spain—a town of roistering and brawling, of reeking dramshops, where Spaniards wrapped in cloaks and girt with swords told one another excitedly of adventure and carnage and gold—especially gold. They told of El Dorado, which many of them had sought; of the gold of Mexico and the Caribbean, which a few of them had found.

But the thoughts of that man were not of those places, of the gold vainly sought or triumphantly found in them. His dream was of a mysterious land to the south, far beyond any region to which any Spaniard had as yet penetrated. It was a land, he had heard, of high civilization—a thing that he scorned—and of wealth surpassing any discovered as yet in Spain's new empire—a thing for which he hungered and thirsted, which was the goal of his life and the heart of his dream. Craving for riches had fired him with the resolve to exchange the Old World for the New, to barter his miserable existence as a swineherd in his native Spain for the roistering and brawling and dreaming of Panama, to achieve—though he was a nobody, without influence or money—what no Castilian hidalgo of high lineage and resounding title and well-filled pockets had achieved: the conquest of that golden realm south of Panama. Its people, he had been told, were called Incas; its name, according to rumors devoured avidly by him ever since his landing in the New World, was Peru.

Already he had the backing of two other Spaniards, adventurous like himself—one a soldier, Diego de Almagro; the other a priest, Hernando de Luque—the latter of whom had persuaded owners of well-stuffed moneybags to advance the price of a ship, of supplies and weapons and ammunition.

To the water front of Panama strode that man in a dream. There a ship was tugging at her hawsers. From her sides cannon protruded. From her deck rough men with black beards motioned him to hurry. On her masts sails strained under the breath of the Pacific breeze. . . .

Up and down the beach of a desolate Pacific islet paced that man. Around him, in an agony of emaciation and disease, hollow-eyed comrades languished, corpselike. Starvation stalked them. Death reached out for them. From the beginning of their voyage bad luck had dogged them, until at last they had been driven by adverse winds to this desolate beach. Now the golden realm to the south, which had treacherously beckoned them, seemed a hateful, merciless mirage.

From Panama a relief ship had just arrived. It had brought a message to the captain of that starving band of Spaniards, peremptorily ordering him to return at once to Panama and let hallucinations deceive him no longer. In the uttermost extremity of mental and physical suffering his despairing companions clamored to him, as he stopped his pacing and stood before them, to abandon his crazy project and sail back northward.

They did not know him.

Striding proudly forward, he unsheathed his sword, drew a line with its blade in the sand at his feet, stepped across that line. Erect, with flashing eyes, he commanded those of his men who were cowards to return to Panama, to security and obscurity, and those who, like himself, were true Spanish conquistadors, despisers of death, to step over that line as he had just done, and march with him to the conquest of the marvelous empire of the Incas of Peru. In fiery words he painted that empire, its splendid palaces, glowing with emeralds and rubies; its myriads of beautiful women, its temples encased in massive walls of burnished gold. Set afire by his eloquence, thirteen gaunt, famished Spaniards stepped across the line to face with



him the certain dangers and probable disasters of further advance southward. . . .

In an empire of mystery, unknown to the world, knowing nothing of the world, an emperor in resplendent raiment was seated on a throne of gold. He was surrounded by nobles wearing lofty head-dresses of gorgeous, many-hued feathers; by princesses in fine garments wrought from the fleece of mysterious animals; by courtiers and warriors and slaves. He turned to a messenger who had just been brought into his imperial presence and bade him speak.

In the northern part of the empire, reported the messenger, strange men from an unknown country had just landed. They wore accouterments of shining metal. They carried fire-spitting weapons. At their head strode a fierce captain in a plumed helmet, brandishing a long sword. How many men, asked the emperor, had he with him? Few, replied the messenger, very few. The emperor's lip curled in disdain. Nobles and princesses, warriors and slaves whispered and sneered. How many exactly, inquired the emperor, were these strange followers of that fierce captain? They numbered, answered the messenger, thirteen. . . .

In the northern part of the emperor's dominions, on a beach near a port called Tumbes, the emperor's subjects, flocking around those strangers, marveled at their beards, at their outlandish armor and weapons. Soon an envoy of the emperor presented himself, richly attired, obviously a man of high standing in the Inca realm. He asked to be taken to the commander of the strange foreigners. Standing before the latter, the envoy stated the name of his sovereign and his own, asked that of the fierce captain.

"Francisco Pizarro," answered the Spaniard.

The envoy told of the power and wealth of his imperial lord, of the realm's impregnable fortresses and huge armies. Pizarro, with his thirteen comrades clustered around him, told about the king of Spain across the ocean, mightiest of monarchs—of the religion symbolized by the Cross, which he, Pizarro, meant to substitute in Peru for the worship of the sun god. The Peruvian listened in silence. Bowing himself out of the presence of the Spaniard, he set forth on the return journey to his emperor.

Loaded with treasure, some of it peaceably acquired, some seized

to the accompaniment of brutality and even murder, Pizarro and his thirteen companions again boarded their ship and sailed northward toward Panama. . . .

Broiling in the heat of the tropics, Panama swaggered and quarreled, gambled and philandered and drank. But three men there—the adventurer Pizarro, the soldier Almagro, the priest Luque—their heads close together in anxious conversation, turned unseeing eyes on its pageantry and deaf ears to its din. Their faces were somber. Their talk was glum. Despite tall tales told by Pizarro of the riches to be won in Peru, despite the samples of those riches brought back by him and displayed all over Panama, his partner Almagro had been unable to enlist more soldiers for another expedition, because his other partner, Luque, had failed to wheedle from owners of moneybags the additional doubloons needed for the venture.

Had all Pizarro's perseverance been futile?

"No!" he exclaimed. And "No!" growled his two comrades. They decided to play a last trump card. One of them, they resolved, must go to Spain and beg co-operation for the conquest of Inca Peru from the king of Spain himself. For this desperate mission the man chosen was Francisco Pizarro.

Accompanied by Pedro de Candia, a Greek, also by a llama, a quadruped hitherto unknown to Europeans, which he had brought with him from Peru, Francisco Pizarro departed from Panama for Spain. The year was 1528.

Pizarro, the Greek, and the llama landed at Seville. There he was promptly arrested and ignominiously lodged in a debtors' prison, because of a bill that he had failed to pay before his departure from Spain as a penniless swineherd a few years earlier. But this setback proved trifling. There was indignation among Spaniards at such an affront to a man who had come laden with treasures from a new realm and prodigal of information about the existence there of further enormous wealth. Peremptory orders came for his immediate release. He proceeded without further delay to Toledo, where the king-emperor Charles V was sojourning with his court. (Whether or not the overdue bill was ever paid is not on record.)

And now Francisco Pizarro, the ex-swineherd, who had never

learned to read and write, gave proof of the resourcefulness and dauntlessness that were to stand all through his life at the top of the list of his traits. Instead of being overawed at appearing before the most powerful ruler in Europe, surrounded by haughty and sophisticated courtiers, the former swineherd maintained, according to the American William Hickling Prescott, most renowned of Pizarro's chroniclers, "his usual self-possession and showed that decorum and even dignity in his address which belong to the Castilian." The American historian continues:

He spoke in a simple and respectful style, but with the earnestness and natural eloquence of one who had been an actor in the scenes he described, and who was conscious that the impression he made on his audience was to decide his future destiny. All listened with eagerness to the account of his strange adventures by sea and land, his wanderings in the forests, or in the dismal and pestilent swamps on the seacoast, without food, almost without raiment, with feet torn and bleeding at every step, with his few companions becoming still fewer by disease and death, and yet pressing on with unconquerable spirit to extend the empire of Castile and the name and power of her sovereign; but when he painted his lonely condition on the desolate island, abandoned by the government at home, deserted by all but a handful of devoted followers, his royal auditor, though not easily moved, was affected to tears.

The battle was won. The indomitable ex-swineherd had stepped into the exclusive little company of Fate's chosen instruments. The rays of kingly favor now shone upon him as brightly as the rays of the sun god on the worshipers in Peru's golden temples. And not only Pizarro found approval from Charles V. So did the llama. The monarch was particularly interested in that highly original beast and in the "fine fabrics of woolen cloth which were made from its shaggy sides." Charles V was engaged in costly wars, and the samples brought to him by Pizarro of the riches that might be extracted from Peru and transferred to Spain's depleted royal treasury were sufficient to assure to Pizarro the favor that he so ardently coveted.

An agreement was drawn up between royal Spain and Pizarro. It granted him authority over the still unconquered land of the Incas equivalent to that of a Spanish viceroy; and Charles V, moreover,

bestowed upon the man who in his youth had slaved under the most miserable conditions a coat of arms entitling him to membership in the proud nobility of Castile.

Sailing again from Seville in 1530, he voyaged across the Atlantic to Panama. (There is no record that his erstwhile shipmate, the llama, accompanied him; apparently the beast stayed behind in Spain, thus becoming, perhaps, the more fortunate of the two.) Among those who had thrown in their lot with Francisco Pizarro were four of his brothers, two of whom were to play leading roles in his coming campaigns—and only one of whom, Hernando, was legitimate.

Back in Panama, Francisco told his partners, Almagro and Luque, of the extraordinary favor shown him by the King. Luque (to whom Charles V had blandly promised a bishopric in Peru after the trifling formality of that country's conquest had been gone through with) listened with pleasure. Not so Almagro. That tough warrior felt that he had been double-crossed; that Pizarro had taken for himself the lion's share of present honors and future rewards, in violation of the agreement between them. He was furious. But mutual friends finally calmed him. There was at least partial reconciliation.

With a small flotilla, a force of soldiers placed by no chronicler above two hundred, of whom twenty-seven had horses, and with only two small cannon, Pizarro again sailed southward over the Pacific. Again he landed at Tumbez in northern Peru. Deeming that place unsuitable as the first foothold of Spanish royal power in the Inca dominions, he founded a few miles away a town called by him San Miguel de Piura (it still survives as one of present-day Peru's principal cities under the name of Piura).

When Francisco Pizarro first trod Peruvian soil, the dominions of the Incas, with Cuzco as their capital and center—the word in the Quechua language means navel—were at the highest point of territorial development and artistic achievement. The remarkable organization and complex civilization and masterful power of the Incas had first forcibly subjugated and then benevolently assimilated all that had gone before them in those regions. The Inca empire stood at its pinnacle; and, of that empire, Cuzco was the proudest city and holiest shrine.

The Inca power wielded from Cuzco was a despotism. The Inca rulers stood apart from their subjects, immeasurably above them all, in unapproachable eminence and sanctity. Around the ruler's throne rallied the nobles of the realm, core of the imperial Inca strength; and below, far below, were the ordinary people, born to toil unquestioningly for their overlords, without hope of bettering their lot, from birth to death.

But, though despotic, Inca rule was mild. The emperor was solicitous for the welfare of his subjects; and the latter, without money (entirely unknown in ancient Peru) and deprived of every prospect of climbing higher, were at least immune from the evils emanating from riches and ambition.

Some years before Pizarro's appearance in Peru, Huayna Capac, one of the most powerful and enlightened of its rulers, had died at Cuzco, his capital, amid peace in seemingly unshakable stability, prosperity in unthreatened fullness, and concubines in astonishing numbers. Huayna Capac's reign had been followed by civil war, in which two of his extremely numerous progeny, Atahualpa and Huáscar, had contended for mastery. Atahualpa had emerged victorious. And it was he who was ruling over a realm weakened by recent fratricidal discord when Francisco Pizarro came ashore for the second time at Tumbez.

On the twenty-fourth of September 1532, Francisco Pizarro, with about two hundred Spaniards, armor-clad and iron-souled like himself, marched out of San Miguel de Piura to match himself against the might of the Inca empire, with its thousands of square miles of territory, millions of inhabitants, huge armies, strong fortresses, and awesome advantages of terrain. After some days of progress inland, the Spanish leader learned that Atahualpa, the Inca monarch, was not far away with a big army. He dispatched one of his officers, Hernando de Soto (later to become famous as the discoverer of the Mississippi River), to get more precise information. De Soto returned to his chief accompanied by an emissary of the Inca, bearing rich presents and an invitation from Atahualpa to Pizarro to visit him at Caxamalca (today the city of Cajamarca in the republic of Peru).

Pizarro accepted the invitation and ordered his men to march toward Caxamalca. A few days later they reached it, and paraded, with

streaming banners, through its streets. Thousands of Atahualpa's subjects looked on in wonder at the strange men from across the sea, at their peculiar trappings and outlandish armament, and above all at their horses, so unlike the llamas and vicuñas of the Peruvian uplands.

Atahualpa received Hernando Pizarro, Francisco's brother, and a few other chosen Spaniards, including De Soto, in the courtyard of his royal headquarters. He was surrounded by ornately attired Peruvian nobles. The Spaniards remained mounted on their horses. From the saddle Hernando Pizarro invited the monarch to visit the Spanish camp and meet the Spanish commander. Atahualpa accepted the invitation.

When Francisco Pizarro heard of the results of the meeting with Atahualpa, he resolved upon the most audacious act of his whole audacious career. This incredible feat was remorselessly carried out.

Soon after Atahualpa's appearance as a guest of the Spaniards, the latter, at a signal previously agreed upon, sallied forth from various hiding places in the heart of Caxamalca and treacherously assailed the Inca troops, great numbers of whom were cut down in ferocious hand-to-hand combat. Some Spaniards, hewing their way through the bodyguard of Peruvian nobles around Atahualpa, daringly seized that monarch and rushed him a prisoner to a near-by building. Outside the carnage continued unchecked, until finally the Inca soldiers were utterly crushed.

The captive monarch showed resignation. "It is the fortune of war," he sighed. He now offered, as the price of his release, to fill the entire big room where he was imprisoned with treasure. Pizarro accepted the offer.

Atahualpa immediately ordered his subjects all over his empire to collect every possible ounce of gold, every golden ornament and utensil, to strip even the gold-encrusted walls of the land's most sacred temples, and sent them, together with other precious materials, to Caxamalca. They obeyed. Gold, silver, and precious stones, in quantities beyond the most glittering of Spanish dreams, poured into the city. Each consignment, as it arrived, was stacked in the room that Atahualpa had promised to fill. Soon the room was gorged with treasure. Pizarro declared that the terms of the agreement had been fulfilled.

Then, instead of releasing Atahualpa, he had that unfortunate monarch brought to trial under the most paltry, trumped-up charges, and condemned to death. The last of Peru's Inca sovereigns was publicly executed in the main square of Caxamalca.

Pizarro and his fellow conquerors then marched onward to Cuzco, the Inca capital.

All over the stricken realm the Spaniards looted and destroyed and assassinated. Always they sought gold and often they found it, also silver and valuable gems in fabulous quantities. To them Peru was the dream of El Dorado come true. And the unhappy inhabitants of the golden land of the Incas were now compelled to pay in cruelest measure for this unlucky blending of Peruvian supply with Spanish demand.

Francisco Pizarro and his comrades now launched themselves upon a series of vindictive civil wars.

First, he and Diego de Almagro, those foes masquerading as friends, fell out as to the boundaries of the areas held by them under the grant of the king of Spain. Pizarro tried to get rid of his rival by persuading him to commute his claims on Peruvian territory by taking for himself what is now Chile, far to the south of the central empire of the Incas. But after enduring cruel hardships, which taxed even the iron soldiery under his command almost beyond endurance, Almagro returned northward to reassert on behalf of himself and the "men of Chile," as his adherents now came to be called, his right to rule over some of the fairest districts of Peru, including its ancient capital, Cuzco. In fact, he went so far as to seize that sacred city, where he took prisoner two of Francisco Pizarro's brothers—Hernando (the only one, it will be remembered, of legitimate birth) and Gonzalo. Almagro further strengthened his position by defeating near Cuzco a force sent against him by his former commander, Francisco Pizarro.

After his double triumph, Almagro, taking with him his prisoner Hernando Pizarro, marched with part of his men toward Lima, where his former partner in conquest and crime was making his headquarters. Profiting from Almagro's absence from Cuzco, Gonzalo Pizarro escaped from prison and managed to join his brother Francisco at Lima. Some of Almagro's followers now urged their

commander to have his remaining prisoner, Hernando Pizarro, executed; but for various reasons Almagro kept refusing this blood-thirsty suggestion, a leniency that Hernando was later to repay with no trace of gratitude.

Outside Lima, Almagro and Francisco Pizarro met in prearranged conference. They exchanged hard words. It looked as if a battle must ensue then and there. But hostilities were postponed. Negotiations between the two resulted eventually in the release of Hernando Pizarro by Almagro, who thereupon returned to Cuzco.

Hernando Pizarro, now the most uncompromising of Almagro's enemies—despite the fact that the latter had persisted in sparing his life while he had been a prisoner in the Almagro camp—placed himself at the head of several hundred Spaniards and followed the chieftain of the “men of Chile” to the vicinity of the old Inca capital. On the field of Las Salinas Hernando and Almagro fought a furious battle, one of the many in the history of Peru as remarkable for the smallness of the forces engaged as for the magnitude of the issues involved. Almagro was completely defeated and made a prisoner. Hernando Pizarro, coldly forgetting the various reprieves from execution accorded to him by the vanquished warrior, caused Almagro to be beheaded in the great square of Cuzco.

The defeat and death of Almagro placed his adherents beyond the pale, as far as Francisco Pizarro and his brothers were concerned. The “men of Chile” were now haughtily excluded from all employment. In some cases they found themselves reduced to abject want. A dozen of them, it is said, living in the same house at Lima, had among them only one cloak, the distinguishing garment of the Spanish cavalier; and each of them took his turn in wearing it, while the others stayed at home, since they disdained to show themselves on the street without that unmistakable badge of their noble rank.

Finally, losing all hope of redress for their grievances while Francisco Pizarro ruled in Peru, they entered into a conspiracy against his life. In broad daylight, in the heart of Lima, his capital, while he was dining surrounded by friends in his palace on the main square, these “men of Chile,” bursting through the door of the palace and brushing aside opposition, attacked Pizarro in one of its inner rooms.

Brave as always, the grim conquistador fought almost single-



handed against his infuriated adversaries. But at last numbers told. He fell to the ground, pierced by uncounted sword thrusts. It is said that in his dying moment he dipped his hand in his own blood and feebly made the sign of the cross.

Thus died Francisco Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, after having overcome, to the closing minutes of his bloodstained life, plots and cabals and mutinies, hostile monarchs and hostile armies, disaffected friends and irreconcilable foes, only to succumb at last to those murderous impulses in others that he had so often felt in himself. He was buried in the cathedral of Lima; there his mummified remains may be seen today.

William Hickling Prescott, most renowned of Pizarro's chroniclers, dug deeply and discerningly into the character and motives of this hardest of Spain's iron leaders of conquest in the New World. He sums up the conqueror of Inca Peru in a masterly analysis, from which I quote these passages:

It is hardly necessary to speak of the courage of a man pledged to a career like that of Pizarro. Courage, indeed, was a cheap quality among the Spanish adventurers, for danger was their element. But he possessed something higher than mere animal courage, in that constancy of purpose which was rooted too deeply in his nature to be shaken by the wildest storms of fortune. It was this inflexible constancy which formed the key to his character and constituted the secret of his success. . . .

Pizarro was eminently perfidious. . . . By his perfidious treatment of Almagro Pizarro alienated the minds of the Spaniards. . . . By his perfidious treatment of Atahualpa he disgusted the Peruvians. The name of Pizarro became a byword for perfidy. . . .

Pizarro himself cannot be charged with manifesting any overweening solicitude for the propagation of the Faith. . . . Conversion of the heathen was a predominant motive with Cortés on his Mexican expedition. . . . It was his great purpose to purify the land from the brutish abominations of the Aztecs and substitute the religion of Jesus. This gave to his expedition the character of a crusade. It furnished the best apology for the Conquest and does more than all other considerations toward enlisting our sympathies on the side of the conquerors.

But Pizarro's ruling motives, so far as they can be scanned by

human judgment, were avarice and ambition. The good missionaries indeed followed in his train to scatter the seeds of spiritual truth, and the Spanish government, as usual, directed its beneficent legislation toward the conversion of the natives. But the moving power with Pizarro and his followers was the lust for gold. That was the real stimulus of their toil, the price of perfidy, the true guerdon of their victories. This gave a base and mercenary character to their enterprise; when we contrast the ferocious cupidity of the conquerors with the mild and inoffensive manners of the conquered, our sympathies, the sympathies even of the Spaniards, are necessarily thrown into the scale of the Indian.

But, as no picture is without its lights, we must not, in justice to Pizarro, dwell exclusively on the darker features of his portrait. There was no one of her sons to whom Spain was under greater obligations for extent of empire; for his hand won for her the richest of the Indian jewels that once sparkled in her imperial diadem. When we contemplate the perils he braved, the sufferings he patiently endured, the incredible obstacles he overcame, the magnificent results he effected with his single arm, as it were, unaided by the government—though neither a good nor a great man in the highest sense of that term, it is impossible not to regard him as a very extraordinary one.

Nor can we fairly omit to notice, in extenuation of his errors, the circumstances of his early life; like Almagro, he was the son of sin and sorrow, early cast upon the world to seek his fortune as he might. In his young and tender age he was to take the impression of those into whose society he was thrown. And when was it the lot of the needy outcast to fall into that of the wise and the virtuous? His lot was cast among the licentious inmates of a camp, the school of rapine, whose only law was the sword, who looked upon the wretched Indian and his heritage as their rightful spoil.

Who does not shudder at the thought of what his own fate might have been in such a school? The amount of crime does not necessarily show the criminality of the agent. History indeed is concerned with the former, that it may be recorded as a warning to mankind. But it is He alone who knoweth the heart and the strength of the temptation and the means of resisting it that can determine the measure of the guilt.

Pizarro's death was followed by more tribulation and bloodshed for unhappy Peru before the sway of royal Spain could be asserted unequivocally over the ruthless men of the sword who were devastating and impoverishing the rich land that they had conquered for their king. After Francisco Pizarro's assassination only one politically prominent brother of his, Gonzalo, remained in Peru; for Hernando had gone to Spain to defend the part played by him and his kinsmen in the civil war against Almagro, and obtain, if he could, further royal favors for the Pizarro family. At the Spanish court, however, Hernando met with icy disfavor. His protestations of innocence and continued loyalty to his sovereign were disregarded; and he was summarily thrown into prison, where he stayed twenty years.

Meanwhile, in Peru, Gonzalo Pizarro, his brother, got delusions of grandeur. His arrogant attitude toward the high officials sent across the ocean by the royal Spanish government drew steadily nearer to open rebellion. After initial successes against ambitious rivals, Gonzalo, in whom the heady wine of seemingly limitless authority finally swept away the last remnant of caution, crossed the invisible line between loyalty to the king and assertion of his personal ambition. And he did so as definitely as those thirteen Spaniards commanded by his brother Francisco had crossed the visible line drawn by their chief with his sword on the beach of the desolate Pacific islet on which they had been stranded on their way to conquer Peru.

The issue was not long delayed. And it was what might have been expected. Under the impact of the soldiers of the king's loyal captains, Gonzalo Pizarro and his rebellious companions were overwhelmingly defeated. The defeat occurred in 1548, in a valley bearing the jaw-breaking name of Xaquixaguana. Gonzalo, adjudged rebel and traitor by those who had defeated him, was beheaded, according to the old Spanish custom. Thus ended, seventeen years after the landing of Francisco Pizarro on Peruvian soil, the career of the Pizarros as factors in the history of Peru. The rule of the king of Spain now stood supreme on the ruins of what had been the golden empire of the Incas. It was to continue there—aloof, intolerant, cold, and unshaken—for more than two and a half centuries.

One hundred and fifty years ago Spanish power in Peru still stood supreme and apparently impregnable. But, to the south and to the north and in Peru itself, clouds were forming.

From the thirties of the sixteenth century until the twenties of the nineteenth, just short of a full three hundred years, Peru was the heart of Spain's domination of South America proper. There a long line of proud Spanish viceroys asserted, in an unbroken procession, the will of the king of Spain. In all of South America there was nobody so important as the representative of the Spanish king in Lima. And nowhere in South America was there such an assemblage of blue-blooded, stiff-necked Spanish cavaliers as those who surrounded him. In all Spanish America only Mexico rivaled Peru; and only Mexico City disputed with Lima first rank among Spanish-American cities.

At times the unhappy descendants of the conquered Peruvian Incas attempted to end their enslavement to the Spaniards. Always, though, they failed. They continued to be cruelly oppressed and exploited. Many, condemned to labor in the mines from which their ancestors had extracted fabulous treasure, perished from overwork and starvation.

Peru was shut off from the world. Almost every right known to Americans of today was denied to these subjects of Spain. They could not leave the land without special permission, which was almost always refused. The Spanish Inquisition watched with hawk's eyes for the slightest sign of religious nonconformity and sometimes punished nonconformists with death. Commerce was hobbled and discouraged and thwarted. No trade was allowed except with Spain. The lowliest native of Spain, deeming himself superior to all persons born in Peru, no matter how high in lineage and station and culture they might be, lost no chance to show how he felt toward them.

Finally, early in the nineteenth century, discontent, long latent in many parts of Spanish America, exploded into violent action. But the ancient land of the Incas was not destined to engender the decisive elements of the rebellion against Spanish rule that suddenly flared forth at that time. These elements sprang to life in regions north and south of Peru and gradually converged on that country.

In the north, the spontaneous South American rising against Spain began in Caracas, Venezuela; in the south it originated in Buenos

**Aires, Argentina.** These two movements might have remained local, and might never have been used to weld the South American cravings for independence into one coherent whole, if they had not produced the two right men for that tremendous task. In the north appeared Simón Bolívar, and in the south José de San Martín. The achievements of these two great South American liberators have given to their names matchless luster and imperishable glory in the lands that they liberated or helped to liberate.

In Argentina, San Martín became the chief of the local anti-Spanish forces. He was by that time a veteran officer, having served in the Spanish armies that battled against Napoleon in the first years of the nineteenth century when that ambitious genius tried to subjugate Spain. Having broken the hold of Spain over his native Argentina, he conceived the grandiose idea of taking his troops across the icy barrier of the Andes and carrying the fight to the Spaniards on the Pacific side of South America, first in Chile and then in Peru.

This audacious project he brought to brilliant consummation. After massing and drilling an army in secrecy on Argentine soil, he got it over the mighty mountains in 1817, in spite of terrible hardships. Then, deploying his soldiers on the plains of Chile, he won complete victory on the fields of Chacabuco and Maipu, ably aided by Chile's national hero, Bernardo O'Higgins. Having occupied Santiago, the Chilean capital, he put an end forever to Spanish authority in that part of the world.

That left San Martín free to achieve the second part of his plan. With the brilliant co-operation of Lord Cochrane, an able and recklessly valiant British soldier of fortune, he now moved his forces northward. After Cochrane had won success against the Spaniards at sea, and San Martín had done equally well on land, the Argentine liberator marched his men into Lima, the Peruvian capital. The people there received him with acclamation, and a Peruvian government that had been formed in defiance of Spain bestowed upon San Martín the title of Protector of Peru.

Meanwhile, far to the north, Bolívar had been equally active. Like San Martín, he had soon given strength and direction to the movement for independence that had originated in his native city of Caracas in Venezuela. Again and again Bolívar seemed to be hopelessly beaten. But he never despaired. Despite every setback,

he succeeded in placing himself, in 1819, at the head of a regularly constituted, anti-Spanish Venezuelan government. In that same year, two years after San Martín's crossing of the Andes in the south, Bolívar resolved to duplicate that feat in the north.

At the head of a small army he surmounted the northern range of the Andes between Venezuela and New Granada (now Colombia), reached the plains on the other side, won a brilliant victory at Boyacá, and marched into Bogotá, New Granada's capital.

After returning to Venezuela and definitely destroying Spanish power there by winning the battle of Carabobo, Bolívar was ready to bring his far-flung plans to complete fulfillment by getting his victorious troops from Venezuela and New Granada to Peru, there to join hands with San Martín. With the co-operation of another Venezuelan, Antonio José de Sucre, a man possessing a blend of ability, modesty, and chivalry that made him akin to San Martín, Bolívar embarked on the campaigns that were to be the culmination of his sensational military career.

Bolívar and San Martín met at Guayaquil. What happened at their meeting remains to this day largely a mystery. That the meeting was unsatisfactory was shown by its aftermath. From the colloquy between South America's two greatest heroes no joint plan emerged for the annihilation of what still survived of Spanish power in South America.

San Martín returned in dejection from Guayaquil to Lima. Soon after, he was back in his native Buenos Aires; from there he was soon forced into exile by his ungrateful compatriots. Only once more in his life did he tread Argentine soil. Exiled again, he withdrew in somber disillusion to France, where he died, neglected and almost forgotten, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the French Channel coast.

With the withdrawal of San Martín from the field, the opportunity to free Peru from the Spaniards without further division of the glory was thrown wide open to ambitious Simón Bolívar. He proceeded to Lima, where he was acclaimed with the same enthusiasm lavished shortly before by the city's inhabitants on San Martín.

Despite having been worsted in Peru by San Martín and Cochrane, the Spaniards in that land were still far from being crushed. In the mountains behind Lima, under the king of Spain's viceroy, La Serna, and a French military adventurer named Canterac, they

massed an army that, though many times greater than any ever assembled by Pizarro or Almagro or any other Spanish conquistador in Peru, was nevertheless puny in comparison with European armies of the period. But, as in the days of Pizarro, though the armies now massing for battle were small the issues that their battles were to decide were great.

And never was the stake greater in Spanish America than on the field of Ayacucho. There, high up in the snow-covered Andes of Peru, Sucre, carrying out plans previously made in conferences with Bolívar (who was detained by politics in Lima), met the troops of La Serna and Canterac in December 1824. A furious and spectacular fight ended in the total rout of the Spaniards and the capture of both the viceroy and the French adventurer who had led them.

Peru was now free. The flag of Spain—except where it still waved over a few isolated die-hards—was everywhere swept away by the new banners of the triumphant soldiers of independence.

Bolívar returned northward. His bright career soon took a turn as bitter for him as San Martín's misfortunes had been to that luckless liberator. In Bogotá, a plot against him nearly ended in his assassination; and shortly afterward a cruel end came to Sucre, his most trusted lieutenant.

The latter had been sent by Bolívar to head the government of the region that, originally part of Peru, had been renamed Bolivia in honor of the liberator from the north. Sucre stayed only a short time in the Bolivian capital, the name of which had likewise been changed in his honor from Chuquisaca to Sucre. The Bolivians would have none of him; they rose in rebellion. Wearied of dissension, Sucre turned over the government of the new republic to others and set out to rejoin Bolívar. But on the way an irreconcilable adherent of Spain fired at him from ambush, in a lonely defile among the Andes, and stretched him dead on the ground. When Bolívar heard of this he despairingly exclaimed: "They have killed Abel!"

Soon afterward, in 1830, Bolívar, like San Martín, died in exile from his native land of Venezuela—in Colombia, disillusioned, broken, and penniless, in a borrowed nightshirt.

After Bolívar's departure from Peru, quarrels among her political leaders went from bad to worse. Trouble between two veterans of

Ayacucho, Generals La Mar and Santa Cruz, resulted in the ousting from the country of the latter. Santa Cruz thereupon made himself dictator of neighboring Bolivia and decided to form a confederation composed of that country and Peru. He invaded Peru. There the young and popular General Salaverry had meanwhile become dictator. Santa Cruz defeated Salaverry in the battle of Socabaya, captured him, and had him shot on the main plaza of Arequipa.

After that cruel act he joined Bolivia in uneasy union with Peru. This combination was not to the liking of Chile, where people thought it gave too much power to Santa Cruz. So the Chileans attacked him, vanquished him in battle, drove him into exile, and put an end to his confederation.

For years militarism stayed in the saddle in Peru. One general after another occupied the presidential chair, to the great detriment of peace and the national treasury. At times near anarchy prevailed. A welcome interlude of normality intervened when General Gamarra, president not long after Santa Cruz, *actually finished his term*—doubtless to the astonishment of all Peruvians, particularly himself. Gamarra got himself a second term at the end of the 1830's; but when he invaded Bolivia from Peru, in emulation of Santa Cruz's invasion in the reverse direction, the Bolivians defeated and killed him.

Then militarism in Peru went stark mad. Within a single year, *eight* military chieftains tried to grab dictatorial power. Not until the advent of General Ramón Castilla was there anything faintly resembling political stability. Castilla, a soldier of determination and brains, ruled with a strong hand—indeed, his ascendancy in the land may be considered a turning point in Peruvian history, the first emergence of something like public order since the winning of national independence. After a short interval out of office, Castilla headed a revolt that gave him a second term, which was followed by a third. The bulk of the national revenue during his regimes was obtained from guano, which was developed at this period.

In 1864 Peru got into trouble with Spain. A Spanish fleet bombarded Callao and seized the precious guano islands, thus laying the Peruvian treasury flat on its back. Conclusion by Peru's president, Pezet, of a treaty with the Spaniards, which was looked upon in Peru as ignominious surrender, precipitated another revolution.



General Mariano Ignacio Prado, brought to power on a tide of anti-Spanish feeling, allied his country with Chile, Bolivia, and Ecuador and re-embarked on the war against Spain. That brought more bombardment to Callao. Lasting peace between Spaniards and their South American foes, including Peru, was not concluded until 1879, after negotiations in which the United States acted as mediator,

In the late 1870's the guano era reached culmination. Fat revenues from guano made Peru's government hurl itself into wildly extravagant expenditures. Public works of impressive nature were blue-printed. The brilliant American engineer Henry Meiggs was encouraged to bring to fulfillment daring dreams of railroad-building among the pinnacles of the Andes. Coolies in thousands were imported from China, to do some of the work that, Peruvian dreamers believed, would soon be available all over the republic. All this, laudable enough in itself, was done, however, with complete scorn of prudence.

And, to the menace of internal financial catastrophe, there was now added a black threat from abroad.

For some time trouble had been brewing in the rich nitrate fields along the Pacific coasts of Peru, Bolivia, and Chile. As the value of nitrate as a fertilizer became steadily more apparent, the rival claims of those three republics to sovereignty over those fields grew constantly more insistent and contradictory. Finally they culminated in a three-cornered war in 1879, with Peru and Bolivia lined up against Chile.

In that conflict the soldiers and sailors of Peru fought with extraordinary heroism. Some of them, notably Admiral Grau and Colonel Bolognesi, are enshrined forever as national heroes in the hearts of their countrymen. But their valor was not enough. In fight after fight the Chileans were victorious. Eventually, having landed strong forces on Peruvian soil, they put an end to Peru's resistance by winning decisive battles in 1881 in the suburbs of Lima.

Peru was forced to acknowledge defeat. She ceded to Chile, by a treaty signed in 1883, the province of Tarapacá, rich in nitrate, and (subject to a future plebiscite) the provinces of Tacna and Arica, with their valuable nitrate deposits. And Bolivia, Peru's ally in the war, lost to Chile her only outlet to the sea, the port of Antofagasta on the Pacific. There was no final settlement of the Tacna-Arica dis-

pute until Chile and Peru agreed to put the question up to arbitration by the United States. After more haggling, the problem was solved in 1929 by allowing Chile to keep the province of Arica. The chairman of the American commission that did preliminary work toward the solution was General John J. Pershing, who visited South America in 1926.

Though at times Peruvian attempts toward achieving better conditions in the land continued to meet with only moderate success, the republic continued, during its second half century of existence as an independent nation, to advance along the road of modern progress. Neither political instability nor financial confusion could wholly stop this advance, though at times one or both of them brought disheartening setbacks.

In the eighties and nineties of the last century, Presidents Cáceres and Piérولا initiated financial reforms. There were a number of revolts; but, fortunately, none of them lasted as long as some of those staged in Peru's first fifty years of national existence, nor did they result in such heavy loss of life. One of the most important occurred in 1914, when Colonel Oscar Benavides led a military uprising against President Billinghurst that ousted the latter from the presidency.

Augusto B. Leguía, president from 1919 to 1924, did good work on internal improvements in the country. He also promulgated a new constitution, lengthening the presidential term to five years (later it was extended still another year). Leguía was re-elected in 1924.

In 1930 President Leguía resigned and left Peru, following an uprising led by Colonel Sánchez Cerro. This touched off a new series of revolts, recalling in their frequency and detrimental effect on the country the steady succession of such disorders during the opening decades of the republic's existence. Those bad old days were further recalled with most unwelcome vividness when President Sánchez Cerro was assassinated in 1933 at the Lima race track. He was succeeded by that same Colonel Oscar Benavides who had already been president some years before.

Benavides soon showed dictatorial tendencies not at all palatable to many Peruvians, most particularly those banded together under Víctor Raul Haya de la Torre in the so-called APRA (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana, or American Popular Revolutionary

Alliance), an organization that still plays a prominent role in Peru's politics. It was not long before Benavides was practically a full-fledged dictator. He went after the APRA hammer and tongs; during his tenure of office it was outlawed and hundreds of its members were jailed.

In 1936 a candidate for the presidency backed by Benavides was beaten at the polls, whereupon the dictator, refusing to abide by the result of the vote, serenely continued in office.

Like Leguía, he was active in initiating reforms. Under him Peru embarked on an ambitious program of public works, in which road-building was especially important. The Peruvian section of the Pan American Highway, destined to link North and South America, was completed during his term as president (or, rather, dictator).

Benavides finally stepped down in 1939. Dr. Manuel Prado succeeded him. While Prado was president a boundary dispute arose with neighboring Ecuador, which at one time threatened to culminate in hostilities. But it was settled peaceably in 1944.

In January 1942 the Prado government broke off relations with the Axis powers. It took strong measures against both Germans and Japanese in Peru. Hundreds of the former were deported and German banks were liquidated. Steps against local Japanese included forcible transfer of some of them from strategic areas on the coast to inland districts. In February 1945 Peru declared herself in a state of belligerency against the Axis.

As President Prado's term drew near its end and the election of 1945 loomed ahead, Peru's always excited political factions got busy, including the APRA. The election was held in June, 1945. It resulted in the accession to the presidency of Señor José Luis Bustamante.

## 6: SPIRIT OF LIMA

THE best thing in Lima is Lima. Lima illustrates more vividly and humanly than does any schoolbook the truth of the old maxim: "The whole is greater than any of its parts."

Lima has a spirit that hovers over it everywhere. It has a charm that leaps out at you suddenly a dozen times a day—from a street cry, from a street name, from the stones of a crumbling old Spanish palace, from the smile of a tripping young Peruvian girl. In Lima, the city's the thing. Lima is its own best "sight." Like Seville. Like London. From the moment of your arrival you become a willing slave to the spirit and charm of Lima.

I have an idea that a homesick Limeño in a foreign land misses most of all the cries of Lima's sellers of lottery tickets. They are of all ages, from seventy or more to seven or less; they are of both sexes; they have no melody but lots of vigor in their voices; and their insistent announcements of "*Para hoy, Arequipa!*" and "*Para mañana, Lima!*"—meaning that today there will be a drawing of the Arequipa lottery and tomorrow one of the Lima lottery—are an integral part of the spirit of the city, something that is closely woven into the texture of Lima's animated daily life.

They are, literally, everywhere—in every street, in every square, on the threshold of every shop, at the entrance of every theater. Indeed, often they penetrate into the interior of shops, dangling their tickets before the eyes of customers, and asking the latter pleadingly if they would not like to win a fortune. Frequently they enter restaurants hoping to tempt diners to try their luck in the lottery, for which purpose they hold strips of tickets strategically between the diner and his food. I know one restaurant in Lima, wide open to the

street, where a dozen or more of these vendors offer tickets to every customer at every meal, while the waiters growl swear words and flap menacing napkins at the persistent intruders, but only half-heartedly; there must be a superstition that it is unlucky to interfere with purveyors of lottery tickets during business hours—of which, for those purveyors, there are twenty-four a day.

*"Para hoy!" "Para mañana!"* I commend to incurable slaves of statistics the task of computing how many times per week those cries are heard in the Peruvian metropolis. Without them, Lima would not be Lima. I feel sure that if I should sneak up behind a glum Limeño pensively promenading on Fifth Avenue and suddenly shout in his ear: *"Para hoy!"* he would burst into nostalgic tears.

You sense the spirit of Lima as you stand beside the graceful old fountain in the middle of the Plaza de Armas, the heart of the city's Spanish section, still keeping for itself commanding importance despite serious competition from newer plazas; as you face the bronze figure of Francisco Pizarro, conqueror of Peru and founder of its capital, who, plumed and armored and holding a huge drawn sword, seems to be urging his horse forward to trample and crush you (later I shall have more to say about this statue); as you gaze on the grand old cathedral, on the site of the one into which the body of Pizarro was carried after he had been assassinated across the way—you can still see it in the open coffin in which it has lain for more than three centuries.

You taste the charm of Lima as you walk from the middle of the Plaza de Armas to the venerable buildings fringing one side of it, whose arcades, called by the Spaniards Arcade of the Button Makers and Arcade of the Letter Writers, are still called so by their successors, the Peruvians of today. (But the short street between them, known in colonial times as the Alley of the Carpetmakers, now has another name—it was from one of its houses that the murderers of Pizarro, with naked swords, rushed forth to do their bloody job.)

Turn from the Arcade of the Letter Writers into the Girón Unión, the city's main shopping thoroughfare. Its five blocks, busy and crowded and riotous with color, give you a concentrated foretaste of what lies before you in Lima: bygone centuries and the present moment; dead things elbowing things alive; twentieth century tempering sixteenth; Spanish dignity and modern rush; laughing and

flushed youth jostling pensive old age; dark shadows; flashes of light.

Pick your way (watch out for the traffic!—it is temperamental and in an awful hurry and scornful of the nervousness of foreigners accustomed to broad sidewalks and broader roadways) between solid rows of gay shops. Some of them have no front door or front wall, but are open across their entire width—100 per cent show windows. Overhead, signs jut out at right angles to your line of vision—some of them are strung straight across from one sidewalk to the other. With their announcements in blue and red and green and yellow lettering, they give a fantastic and incongruous oriental touch to the street, making you wonder whether you are in Shanghai instead of South America. Here and there, in the interests of advertising, there is a big picture of a llama, the national quadruped of Peru, wearing the disapproving expression reserved by all llamas for everything and everybody—Boston looking at Chicago.

Little dapper traffic policemen raise warning hands and blow imperious whistles, in close teamwork with traffic lights. Pretty Peruvian ladies wave cordially from one sidewalk to equally pretty ones on the other. Peruvian males, halting abruptly, throw their arms around each other amid exuberant conversation in the pleasant act of greeting indigenous to Peru and South America in general. Monks plod along in pious thought. Beggars plead for a penny. Severe Spanish mansions look coldly down on all this undignified excitement—onto the façades of some of them shops have been grafted, which penetrate right into what used to be the sacred premises of proud and noble Spanish cavaliers and their ladies, who despised commerce, and, had they known that it was one day to take over their homes, would have thrown a series of proud and noble fits. Walk into the patios of these palaces. Nobody will stop you. Nobody will mind. Even the ghosts of dead Spanish grandees, if they happen to be about, will gravely incline their ghostly heads at you, faithful to the rules of Castilian courtesy—though they would probably much prefer to run you through with their spectral swords!

Right in the midst of all these Old World memories and New World hustle, opposite the gorgeous baroque front of the church of La Merced (of which you will hear more before long) is the statue of Ramón Castilla, that meritorious Peruvian general and president

who ended slavery in Peru and financed his administration principally from sales of guano to Europe. The statue is truly South American in style—largely epaulets. Behind it is a modern bank building, of distinctly churchy architecture, as if the architect who designed it and the bankers who financed it hoped, by creating an edifice of that kind right across the street from a famous church, to find for themselves a short cut to salvation.

It is on the Girón Unión that the foreign visitor usually gets acquainted for the first time with Lima's system of identifying streets. It is a most original form of double talk. It is also charming. Likewise maddening.

In the central section of the city, a succession of street blocks, five or thereabouts, is called a *girón* or *jirón* (pronounced hee-rón). In almost all cases the name of each girón is plainly marked at each corner where it intersects another thoroughfare.

*But*—here's the catch—every one of the individual blocks comprised in it has a name that is used constantly by the inhabitants of Lima, to the exclusion of the name of the girón of which it forms a part. This custom, a proof of the affection felt by Limeños for the old traditions of their city, would be quite all right with foreigners if only the name of each block were disclosed on street signs along with the name of each girón. But it isn't.

Take, for instance, the Girón Unión. It is composed of five short blocks called respectively Mercaderes, Espaderos, Merced, Baquíjano, and Boza. But nowhere is the name of any one of these displayed on lamppost or wall. You are expected to *memorize* those names. That is easy enough in this particular case, since every foreign visitor in Lima is sure to circulate on the Girón Unión several times a day during his stay there. But it is pretty rough on foreigners to be expected to memorize some fifty or sixty other names for city blocks, which fall trippingly from the tongue of every Limeño, and appear over and over again in Lima's newspapers to denote the addresses of residents. Yet if foreigners stay in Lima any length of time that is exactly what they are expected to do.

In the new sections of the city this system is not used. Modern Lima's fine, long, tree-shaded avenues, which run far out into the suburbs, sometimes for several miles, have succeeded in sternly discouraging attempts to tack separate names onto each of their dozens

of blocks. Which is lucky. If new Lima had compelled Limeños to burden their already heavily taxed memories with hundreds of additional street names (without benefit of street signs) they undoubtedly would have started a revolution. And as for the foreign visitor . . . !

The spirit of Lima speaks not only from the local system of giving names to streets but also from the names themselves. For example, that block called Espaderos, part of the Girón Unión, recalls the fact that three centuries ago the swordmakers of Spanish days fashioned and sold their wares there. To the street of Guitarreros would-be purchasers of guitars used to repair; on that of Polvos Azules, blue indigo powders were offered for sale; and the street of Siete Pecados (Seven Sins) was renowned as the abode of seven frail young señoritas who brought to colonial men-about-town much pleasure and trouble. The street of Siete Jeringas got its name because a colonial medical practitioner cured a man who had been stabbed on it by inflicting upon him in rapid succession seven enemas; and the street of Mata Siete (Kill Seven)—it is strange how often the numeral seven bobs up—owes its name to this hair-raising yarn about it: One night a gang of seven thieves, having decided to rob an old mansion, dug themselves a passage leading into it. But a Lima woman who had observed them crawling into the passage concealed herself near by with an ax, and as each of the seven emerged laden with booty she discreetly decapitated him!

The Street of the Egg recalls the fact (or rumor) that on it a hen laid an egg of unparalleled size, from which emerged a veritable giant of a chicken. Then there is Barbones (Bearded Men), where was located the headquarters of a monastic order whose members let their beards go to unheard-of lengths; and Patos (Ducks), immortalizing the fact that when Pizarro laid out the city of Lima, part of its site was occupied by marshes popular with duck-hunters; and, finally, Ya Parió, named because of the following tale, handed down from the eighteenth century: An expectant mother residing on the said street was expectant considerably more than the customary number of months, a phenomenon that aroused the keenest interest and anticipation among her neighbors, who, when she finally had her baby, dashed excitedly along the street shouting, "*Ya parió!*" ("At last she has given birth!")



At the end of the fifth and last block of the Girón Unión (the pet name of which, fondly kept secret by the Limeños from inquisitive foreigners, is Calle Boza) you come to the Plaza San Martín, as clear an expression of the spirit of new Lima as the Plaza de Armas, at the Girón Unión's other end, is of the spirit of old Lima. In the middle of it is the equestrian statue of the Argentine general José de San Martín, revered by all Peruvians as one of their country's two liberators (the other was the Venezuelan Simón Bolívar). It is the work of the celebrated Spanish sculptor Mariano Benlliure—and, to my mind, it is one of the best equestrian statues in the world. If ever a sculptor succeeded in combining dignity with movement, Benlliure did when he made that statue. At night, rays of electric light thrown upon it from around its base give it added dignity and life.

By this time you will have had enough of walking. In further sight-seeing you will undoubtedly avail yourself, as a rule, of the help of something on wheels—for Lima, like Washington, is a city of magnificent distances.

#### "Taxil"

Lima's airport is at Limatambo, about twenty minutes by auto from the center of the city. The main railway station is Desamparados, meaning in Spanish the Helpless Ones—which has nothing to do with train passengers, but merely alludes to the fact that there used to be an orphanage in the neighborhood. It is one block from the Plaza de Armas. Here one starts for and arrives from Oroya, Huancayo, Cerro de Pasco, Ancón, etc. Callao trains also use this station.

And now for a grim and somber pronouncement: Visitors in Lima must register absolutely without fail within twenty-four hours of their arrival at the Departamento de Inmigración, in the Exposition Palace, Paseo Colón, which isn't as bad as it sounds. Their passports, usually taken up by a Peruvian official immediately after they first set foot within the limits of Lima, are returned to them when they register at this place. Before their departure they must get a departure permit, but this can be obtained as a rule through air travel offices, travel agencies, and the head porter at one's hotel, without a personal appearance by the traveler at the Departamento de Inmigración or anywhere else. Full details as to just what must be done

to justify and legalize your presence in Lima are handed to you immediately after your arrival in the city.

Among Lima's hotels the \*\*Gran Hotel Bolívar is the most modern and best appointed. It is on the Plaza San Martín. The \*\*Country Club also meets exacting present-day requirements, but it is in the suburb of San Isidro, about four miles from central Lima. The \*Gran Hotel Maury, one block from the Plaza de Armas, an old and tried veteran, is popular with Peruvians and foreigners willing to sacrifice a little modernity for the sake of a lot of picturesqueness and flavor. Other hotels are the Richmond, Plaza, Gran, Comercio, Royal, and Pullman. In the suburb of Miraflores there is the Hotel Leuro, and in that of San Miguel the Bertolotto. A big ultramodern hotel was being built in 1946 on the Avenida Nicolás de Piérola, near the Plaza San Martín, and it was said then that there would soon be another on the Paseo de la República.

Both the Bolívar and the Maury operate restaurants that rank high in Lima, the former leaning toward the cosmopolitan in its cookery, the latter catering more to local gastronomic tastes. Other good restaurants are La Cabaña, in the pretty gardens fringing the Paseo de la República; Chez Victor; Trocadero; and Raimondi, very Peruvian. Rough and ready food, some of it Italian, can be enjoyed at the restaurant of Juan Romano, across from the Bolívar. Light meals more or less American in style are served at the Pan American Tea Rooms. Afternoon tea may be had at Au Rendezvous, on the Girón Unión, and the Country Club. On the Girón Ucayali, near the market, are several Chinese restaurants, serving dishes like those at similar places in the United States.

Sea food is a great specialty of Lima. *Camarones*, local shrimps, are prime favorites; in order to eat them many Limeños would be willing to travel many weary miles over the most difficult country and in the worst weather. *Choros a la marinera*, mussel soup of a most original and delectable character, is something to make a gourmet stand up, wave his napkin enthusiastically over his head, and call for cheers from everybody present. But he'd better not; there's too much dignity lying around in Lima—and fellow diners might misunderstand.

Taxis are many and cheap. One of the principal stands is on the Plaza San Martín. It is useless to set down here tariff rates, since they

are subject to sudden change. The price of a drive should be agreed upon beforehand with the driver. In any case, it won't be high. City taxis may be hired for excursions to places at a considerable distance from Lima.

Busses circulate at headlong speed through even the narrowest of Lima's streets—also to Callao, Chosica, and other towns in the vicinity. Foreigners favoring travel in these vehicles are advised to avoid them in rush hours, when they become shockingly overcrowded.

Streetcar lines crisscross the city. The line of most interest to foreign visitors is the one to Callao, starting from the Avenida Nicolás de Piérola (Colmena Derecha), beside the Plaza San Martín. Around noon and in the late afternoon its cars get crowded, but the fact that passengers form in single file before boarding them avoids jostling and pushing. Some cars, after traversing Callao, continue to the pleasant bathing resort of La Punta. Other streetcars run from the Plaza San Martín to Miraflores, Chorrillos, and Barranco.

Don't miss Lima's market. It is on the Girón Ucayali, near the local Chinatown. Though not as colorful as the one at Huancayo or as exotic as the one at La Paz in Bolivia, it is one of the sights of the city.

## 7: CITY OF THE KINGS

LIMA was founded by that dour and bearded Spanish conquistador, Francisco Pizarro. He named it La Ciudad de los Reyes, the City of the Kings, in honor of the three monarchs of Biblical renown. But it was soon called, by everybody who mentioned it, Lima, a corruption of the Indian word Rímac, the name still borne by the river that trickles through the city.

Old Lima, Pizarro's Lima, has nothing tangible about it of Inca Peru. It is Spain incarnate. By founding it, the Spaniard who had destroyed the Inca empire turned his back on ancient Cuzco, thereby relegating the latter to purely archaeological and historical and provincial importance, as if, by so doing, he wished to shake off the thought of the destruction inflicted by him on the Inca realm of which Cuzco had been the rich and holy metropolis. In Lima Pizarro lived from 1535, when he founded it, until 1548, when he was murdered in it.

Around old Lima another Lima has arisen. It has wide avenues and handsome modern buildings, reflecting all that is up-to-date and enterprising in the republic that has supplanted the Spanish colony of centuries ago, where beat the haughty heart of Spain's domination of South America. But stilled though that heart is, it is in old Lima, not in new Lima, that the visitor from abroad must seek the city's soul—in old Lima, with its relics of Spanish might and Spanish glory; its Spanish churches and Spanish atmosphere; its dilapidated but still magnificent Spanish palaces; its sudden evocations of days when, behind the ornate balconies and stern walls of those palaces, Spain's mastery over Spanish America flourished and flowered and withered and vanished.

Lima, to my mind, has the biggest and best collection of old Spanish colonial mansions in the whole length and breadth of Latin America. A few of them have been restored to something like the importance they enjoyed when in their corridors and high-ceilinged rooms Spanish noblemen kissed the hands of Spanish ladies; and one of them, the Casa de Aliaga, on the plot of ground granted by Francisco Pizarro to one of his comrades, Aliaga, at the time of Lima's foundation more than three hundred years ago, is still proudly kept up in its original glory and still proudly inhabited by members of the Aliaga family. (It is on the Calle de Palacio, leading out of the Plaza de Armas.) But most of these mansions, fallen grievously from their splendor, are now perverted to commercial uses, or reduced to serving as dwellings for a humble and poverty-stricken tenantry. There they stand, however, untouched in their arrogance, like needy Castilian cavaliers in broken footwear and tattered cloaks. Pass under their sagging balconies. Enter their tarnished portals. Think of the glory that was theirs before the vicissitudes of history brought to them humiliation and decay. And then step back into the tumultuous traffic of Lima's modernized streets.

Of most renown among Lima's numerous Spanish mansions, the Torre Tagle Palace owes its excellent state of preservation partly to the fact that, after having been long inhabited by descendants of the Spanish grandee whose name it bears, it was acquired by the Peruvian government and transformed into Peru's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The work of restoration, carried out in a zealous and at the same time intelligent manner, has kept almost intact the original character and beauty of the building.

The principal feature of the striking street front are two magnificent dark brown wooden balconies—unsurpassed examples of the favorite form of embellishment incorporated into mansions of the Spanish nobility in Peru—from which the Torre Tagle ladies and their friends could watch what was going on in the street before their palace without being seen themselves. Over the magnificent main doorway, grandly proportioned and richly adorned, are the coat of arms and motto of the Torre Tagles.

The palace was built in the early eighteenth century by the Marquis of Torre Tagle, one of Spanish Peru's most prominent aristocrats. He expressly imported for its construction rare woods and

costly fabrics and furniture from other parts of the Americas and from Europe. These he lavished with princely generosity on the home that he had resolved should be the grandest in all Lima. Its architectural style is the Spanish Churrigueresque baroque so common in Lima's churches.

Inside is a fine patio (there is another just behind it) surrounded by a pillared second story reached by a noble stairway. On the side facing the street are splendid high-ceilinged apartments, formerly used by the Torre Tagle occupants of the palace. These are the scene nowadays of grand official receptions tendered by Peru's Minister of Foreign Affairs to visiting foreign dignitaries of sufficiently exalted standing.

In Lima there are other grand old palaces that, I think, are quite as good as—perhaps better than—that most famous combed-and-brushed and generally spruced-up survival of the city's colonial epoch which I have just described. One of these, unhonored and unsung, is just across the street from the Torre Tagle mansion. Then there is the well-known Casa de Pilatos, on the Calle Zavala. This is a severe structure dating from the sixteenth century, once the property of the noble lords of Valle Umbroso. They belonged in Cuzco, where their family home is still one of the show places of that venerable city. There is nothing ornate about the Casa de Pilatos. It seems to be administering stony rebuke to the ornamental domicile of the Torre Tagles, a few blocks away.

Other impressive old Spanish palaces are to be found on the Calle de la Vera Cruz, close to the Plaza de Armas; on the Calle Boza and Calle Baquíjano, parts of Lima's main shopping thoroughfare, the Girón Unión; on the Calle Valladolid, also near the Plaza de Armas; on the street called Polvos Azules; on the Calle San José (two of them on the corner of this street and the Calle Aldabas); Calle Monopinta, near the Hotel Bolívar; Calle Zamudio; Calle Negreiros; on the square of San Marcelo; and in the now dilapidated quarter across the river Rímac, which a couple of centuries ago was the abode and resort of some of Lima's fashionables.

The names of the noble Spaniards who used to own these grand residences are, in themselves, miniature poems, sonorous and melodious, compact expressions of the haughty soul of Castile. Here are a few—be sure to roll *all* their syllables, without allowing any final

vowels to stay silent, otherwise you will miss the full effect: Torre Velarde, Valdelirios, Casa Calderón, Mozobamba del Pozo, San Juan de Lurigancho, Polentinos, San Javier y Casa Laredo, Villahermosa de San José, Montealegre de Aulestia. In these grandiloquent titles is enshrined part of the essential spirit of Spanish Lima.

Foreigners visiting Lima who can read Spanish will be richly rewarded if they browse among the volumes of *Tradiciones Peruanas* (Peruvian Traditions) by the famous Ricardo Palma, who wrote in a most delicious style and became so steeped in the old lore of Lima that he has won for himself unique and affectionate reverence among his fellow countrymen. They will also derive both pleasure and profit from the *Guía Azul* (Blue Guide) by Edith Palma, which contains scores of valuable and entertaining pages dealing with Peru's capital. A recent edition of this book contains a condensed section in English.

The imposing statue of Francisco Pizarro, with waving plumes, drawn sword, and spirited horse, facing the Plaza de Armas in front of the cathedral, is by an American sculptor, Charles C. Rumsey. It was presented some years ago to the city of Lima by his widow, Mary Harriman Rumsey, daughter of the famous railroad magnate and multimillionaire E. H. Harriman, and is a replica of the statue donated by her to the city of Trujillo in Spain, Pizarro's birthplace. In several books about Lima Mrs. Rumsey is erroneously mentioned not as the donor of the statue but as its sculptor. Refutation of this mistaken claim is amply provided by the name C. C. Rumsey plainly engraved just under Pizarro's bronze horse. Limeños of a joking turn of mind like to ask visiting foreigners: "What is wrong with this statue?" The answer is: "Pizarro can never sheathe his sword because the sculptor has forgotten to give him a scabbard." Which reminds one of that equestrian statue in front of the Royal Exchange in London showing the Duke of Wellington without any stirrups to help him stay in the saddle.

Diagonally across from the cathedral on the Plaza de Armas is the Palacio Legislativo, or Legislative Palace. It is on the site of the residence built for himself by Pizarro at the time of the foundation of Lima in 1535, in which he was assassinated six years later. The modern building is a most imposing edifice of gleaming white marble, guarded by soldiers equipped with sabers and wearing resplendent

blue and red uniforms and burnished metal headgear, like that of dragoons in European countries. It is the official residence of Peru's President and also houses important government departments. Its interior, decorated with lavish magnificence, well repays inspection. Permission can be obtained at the entrance on the Calle de Palacio (don't be afraid of the saber-carrying plumed guards there—they are most polite). One of the principal attractions inside is the fig tree said to have been planted by Pizarro in person. It still produces fruit, but no Peruvian will eat any of it, since it is supposed to be accursed.

Across from the Palacio Legislativo, beside the cathedral and the Sagrario Church, stands the Archbishop's Palace, also of gleaming white stone, with fine enclosed wooden balconies imitating most felicitously Lima's old Spanish architecture.

From here the busy Girón Junín leads to the Plaza Bolívar, a small square of irregular shape, filled with the charm of colonial Lima. In the middle of it is an equestrian statue of Simón Bolívar. On this plaza is the former headquarters of the Spanish Inquisition (the building with the classic portico). In the years during which that dreaded tribunal functioned under Peru's Spanish rulers it tried hundreds of individuals for heresy and condemned some of them to execution. Inside are various relics of those days and a fine Spanish *artesonado* ceiling.

Also on the Plaza Bolívar is the Congressional Palace, the meeting place of Peru's Chamber of Deputies, and now also of the Peruvian Senate, which used to meet in the old Palace of the Inquisition across the way. The Congressional Palace was the meeting place of the Pan American Conference of 1938–39, the United States delegation to which was headed by Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

The Plaza Dos de Mayo is connected with the Plaza San Martín, a few blocks distant, by the broad thoroughfare impressively named Avenida Nicolás de Piérola but called by the Limeños, with delightful casualness, "La Colmena" (the Beehive), on account of its swarming traffic. In the center of this square rises a big column commemorating the war of 1886, in which Peru became involved against Spain. Around the base of the monument are figures of heroic size representing Ecuador, Chile, and Bolivia, Peru's allies in that conflict, which was waged on the sea and included the bom-



bardment of Callao and other South American ports by Spanish war-ships.

From one side of the Plaza Dos de Mayo (so named because Callao was bombarded on May 2, 1866), the handsome Avenida Alfonso Ugarte leads to another important square, the Plaza Bolognesi, dominated by a soaring column commemorating the Peruvian national hero Colonel Bolognesi, who won immortal celebrity among his fellow countrymen by sacrificing his life in the heroic defense of Arica against the Chileans in the War of the Pacific.

On the Plaza Jorge Chávez is a striking statue by the sculptor Baroni, executed in highly modern and daring style, of the young Peruvian aviator for whom the square is named, who was the first to fly across the Alps. This was in 1912. He lost his life as he was attempting to land in a snowstorm at Domodossola, Italy, after his triumphant flight. Another attractive square is the Plaza Washington, with a statue of George Washington.

Near the Plaza San Martín is the University of San Marcos, the oldest university in the Americas. It was founded in 1551, eighty-five years before the foundation of Harvard—a fact that Peruvians love to impress as often as possible on visiting North Americans. The charter for this venerable institution was granted by Charles V of Spain to the Dominican Order of Friars, who established it first in their church of Santo Domingo in Lima.

At San Marcos education has moved through generations largely in the old classical grooves, with emphasis on instruction in the humanities and on equipping young men for the traditional professions of the law, medicine, etc. Despite continued adherence in general to traditions handed down ever since Spanish colonial days, students at San Marcos have been in the vanguard of many movements in Peru of a liberal and tradition-smashing nature—in which they have conformed to the general pattern of college boys all over the world.

In 1940 the University of San Marcos established a summer school to which students from all the republics of the Americas were eligible. It provided courses in Spanish literature and in Peruvian history, art, and folklore, as well as in other subjects.

Adjoining San Marcos, in the old church of San Carlos, is the Heroes' Crypt, where some of the leaders in the movement for Peruvian independence are buried. The church is also notable for its fine

old pulpit, graceful baroque altars, and the merit of its architecture in general.

At the point where the broad Paseo de la República starts on its lordly course from the edge of the old through the heart of the new city are the Palace of Justice; the Palace of the Exposition, the main architectural feature of the Lima Exposition of 1868, now housing the Immigration Department of the Peruvian government; the Moorish Pavilion, gay and garish, occupied by the Peruvian Touring and Automobile Club; and the Italian Art Museum. Of all these buildings I am willing to speak pleasantly. But for another structure in the immediate vicinity I have nothing but a dirty look—and I think it will be the same with you.

This is the Penitentiary. It was put where it is back in the 1860's, when neither the Paseo de la República nor the pretty contiguous parks had been developed, for which reason there could be little valid contemporary objection to it. But in the attractive architectural and horticultural company that it now keeps it is a most repellent fish out of water. It is ringed by high, bare brick walls and guarded by soldiers with bayoneted rifles, and it exudes a disgusting atmosphere of unfriendliness and sullenness. I was informed in 1946, when I last set eyes on it, that the Peruvian government was planning to tear it down—a consummation devoutly to be wished!

The Girón Unión and the street blocks to the right and left of it are a shoppers' paradise. There a score of shops display the trilogy of wares for which Peru and Lima are famous: articles made from the fleece of the vicuña; silver, largely in Inca and Spanish designs; and textiles woven by native Indian craftsmen and craftswomen. And the best of these is the vicuña rug. You can see vicuña rugs spread out temptingly on the floor or draped alluringly along the walls of some of these shops—most of them are soft and thick and some of them are of singular beauty. There are also vicuña fur pieces and mats and bags, in a variety of styles.

It is not only in the shops of central Lima that this merchandise is sold; sometimes excellent bargains are to be picked up in streets some distance from the Girón Unión, where lower rents make it possible for dealers to sell at lower prices. Once when my wife and I were in Lima we were told of one of these places, almost

in the suburbs, and immediately we taxied to it; we found vicuña rugs and mats of superlative quality spread over several rooms in a big house built around a patio, along the patio's corridors, and even on the pavement of the patio itself. She bought a rug at a figure that to her delight (and mine) left quite a sum untouched in her pocketbook, and she had it bundled up by the polite semisuburban dealer and took it back with her to New York, where we still consider it one of the most beautiful things on the Atlantic seaboard.

Silver in Lima shops includes actual antiques, from both Inca and Spanish days, pieces based on designs similar to those of the Inca and Spanish eras, and articles of modern design originated and worked by present-day artificers, many of them Indians. In all of these categories there are articles of extraordinary attractiveness, fashioned with a skill demanding unending care and patience from those designing them.

Indian textile wares such as shawls, scarves, and bags are also engagingly displayed at many shops in and around the Girón Unión and in others scattered over Lima. You can also buy—or simply contemplate—hats of the kind worn by Indians of both sexes in the various districts of Peru, among which the flat headgear of Cuzco, which reminds one of pancakes, has the strongest appeal for foreigners. And you can also purchase or look at enchanting cloth dolls, draped by Indian dollmakers in garments reproducing faithfully the local Indian costumes of the country.

Veteran shoppers in Lima are accustomed to bargaining before handing over any money to shopkeepers. And shopkeepers there are so hardened to not getting the price originally asked that they would probably consider anybody paying that price without a protest a candidate for having his or her skull examined. Novices will do well to wheedle a Peruvian or a foreign resident of the city into accompanying them when they first sally forth for a bout of shopping, since there is among Lima's shopkeepers a growing tendency to make guileless foreigners pay all that the traffic will bear. I know of one case of a vicuña rug being offered in Lima to a novice from the north at a price *ten times as high* as the price charged for an article of exactly the same sort at a station on the railroad between Arequipa and Cuzco, in the heart of the vicuña district. Fortunately, that foreign novice had just journeyed from Arequipa to Cuzco.

## 8: GAY LADY OF LIMA

*(And Far More Serious Matters)*

**A**BOUT the Quinta de Presa hovers an Old World, eighteenth-century atmosphere compounded of sprightliness and melancholy. It is across the river Rímac, fairly far from the main sections of Lima. It is now one of the city's museums (Lima is rich in them). You can reach it by crossing the stone bridge spanning the stream and proceeding along the Girón Trujillo and the Avenida Francisco Pizarro to the Calle de Presa, at the head of which the Quinta de Presa stands. The lower floor of the Quinta (which means, in Spanish, villa or country house) is now the barracks of the Republican Guard. To get inside, you consult the sentry posted at the front portal, who refers you to a noncom or an officer, who tells you to come right in—all of which is done amid much polite nodding and bowing and touching of military fingers to military headgear.

Over the central façade of the Quinta de Presa, which is particularly bulbous baroque, rise eighteenth-century balconies with slender and graceful pillars. Behind are spacious gardens, with marble fountains and a self-conscious belvedere perched waggishly in a treetop. The museum is on the second floor.

But, as a matter of fact, its eighteenth-century exhibits are not half so famous as the gay eighteenth-century lady who used to live in the villa and walk in its gardens and climb into its self-conscious belvedere. Indeed, that lady is one of the most famous features of Lima, a link between the Lima of yesterday, where she lived and loved, and the Lima of today, which lovingly keeps alive her sprightly memory. Always she is known as La Perricholi, and under

that name her spirit has gone forth from Lima into the rest of the world, to the joy of some people and the disgust of others.

Her real name was Micaela Villegas. She was born either in Lima or in Huancayo, high up in the mountains behind that city; there is dispute about this, as in the case of that other celebrity, Homer. Anyhow, she became, just short of two hundred years ago, an actress of much popularity in the metropolis of Spanish Peru, and there she attracted the covetous attention of the eminent and illustrious Count Manuel de Amat, the king of Spain's viceroy. He met her in the first years of his viceregal rule (it lasted from 1754 to 1769), when he was over sixty and she in her twenties, and he promptly persuaded her to become his mistress, a post that she held against all rivals until he returned to his native Spain.

Besides designing for her the Quinta de Presa and presenting it to her for a residence, he is said to have created also for her special personal enjoyment the Paseo de Aguas, not far from the Quinta, and to have lavished upon her so many other extravagant tokens of high amorous regard that his royal employer in Madrid must have wondered now and then whether the Count's mind was really on his viceregal job. The name La Perricholi is supposed to be a corruption of *la perra chola* (*chola*, in Peru, means a person of partly Indian blood, and *perra* is the Spanish for female dog), applied by the viceroy to his lively unofficial consort during the fits of anger into which she used to drive him, which, according to Lima legend, were both frequent and justified.

She was said to respect none but God; and, judging from her way of life, she did not respect Him much. However, color is lent to the theory of her piety, such as it was, by one popular story about her:

Driving homeward toward the Quinta de Presa one night, at an hour when God-respecting persons should be in bed and asleep, she met a humble priest plodding along on foot, bearing the last sacraments to a dying parishioner. Leaping from her carriage, she made the priest climb into it, and gave her coachman the address of the house to which the priest was bound. The coachman, whipping up the lady's horses (a present from her viceregal boy friend), whirled the priest to the home of the dying man, leaving the impulsive lady to go home on foot, trailing her costly silken skirts in the dirt of eighteenth-century Lima's streets. Like most good popular stories,

this one gets no corroboration from history—really, the exclusiveness of history amounts sometimes to downright snobbery!

Many readers, I feel sure, would like to hear that the Count de Amat, after his return to Spain at the end of his viceregal term, ended his days in doing edifying penance for his life as a gay dog in South America, and that La Perricholi atoned for her enthusiastic pursuit of worldly pleasure by disappearing into a convent. But they didn't. Though over seventy when he got back to Spain, the Count de Amat married a noble Spanish lady very much younger in years and became the father of a son. And La Perricholi, having married a well-to-do resident of Lima, bore him several children, and was transformed, if legend is to be believed, into a humdrum housewife. Which of those two words, in the light of her earlier career, is the less suited to her, I, for one, find difficulty in deciding.

La Perricholi incarnates Peru of the viceroyalty. Her spirit is an integral part of the spirit of Lima. You need not feel called upon to visit her tomb, because she has never died. Besides, nobody knows where it is.

The museum pieces at the Quinta de Presa include a fine gilded and painted carriage, typical of the kind of vehicle used by eighteenth-century Spanish noblemen and noblewomen in Peru. It used to belong to the aristocratic counts of Velarde, and has their coat of arms and family motto emblazoned on its panels. "Come around here," says the attendant who shows the exhibits to visitors—and he leads them to the rear of the carriage and points to a little opening in it, and draws back with the light of the village cut-up in his eyes. Of course, you ask: "What was that for?" And he answers: "In the eighteenth century, señor, the roads around Lima were very rough. And noble carriages used to get very badly joggled. And noble ladies used to get very, very sick."

In the rooms where La Perricholi is said to have slept there are portraits of haughty Spanish dignitaries of colonial days, among them one of Viceroy Amat, her lover. Her luxurious carriage and grand marble bathtub are also on exhibition, as well as silk and velvet garments such as were worn by the Spanish nobility of her time, some of which are reputed to have belonged to La Perricholi herself.

In the garden behind the Quinta a bust was found some years ago,

showing the gay lady in the full bloom of her beauty, with a document beside it attesting that the bust had been made in Genoa, Italy, and given to her by Count de Amat.

Lima is proud of its museums—and with good reason. Most important among them is the Museo Arqueológico (Archaeological Museum). For years it was on the Avenida Ugarte, in the new section of the city, but recently it was combined with the Anthropological Museum and the combination housed in a building on the main square of the picturesque old suburb of Magdalena Vieja, a short drive from the center of the city. The archaeological section has been built up around the Larco Herrera collection, donated by the wealthy sugar-planting family of that name, some of whose members are ardent archaeologists and have a fine museum of their own on their great sugar plantation of Chiclín near Trujillo (see Chapter 18, "Elsewhere in Peru"). It includes also the collection of Dr. Max Uhle, for years director of the Archaeological Museum of Lima and well known as an excavator of Inca and pre-Inca relics.

The exhibits cover the whole range of pre-Inca and Inca culture in Peru and include also relics of the mysterious civilization that flourished in Bolivia through unchronicled centuries before the rise of the Inca empire. Among them are monoliths, idols, pottery of skilled workmanship, masks, articles of gold and silver, textiles of a high degree of artistic merit, and fragments of paintings. Most of them were discovered in districts of Peru where, before the coming of the Spaniards, early civilizations rose and fell, leaving in some cases scarcely a trace of their history beyond what can be gleaned from these and other archaeological finds.

Some of the treasures in the museum were dug up by an American archaeologist, Dr. Bennett, who has long been active in Peru. Among the ancient eras represented in the collections are those of the Chimú, Mochica, and Nazca civilizations, which rose to power and high culture in pre-Spanish Peru, especially in the coastal districts around Trujillo, near Lima, and on the Paracas peninsula.

The anthropological collections at Magdalena Vieja include more valuable textiles, some of them representative of the best period of Peru's Nazca civilization. Here also are many examples of beautiful pre-Inca ceramic work, and an interesting display of foodstuffs such

as were placed by pre-Inca Peruvians in tombs in order that the occupants might not go hungry while in transit to another world.

The National Museum of the Republic is now in the old Quinta de la Magdalena, in Magdalena Vieja, next door to the building in which the Archaeological and Anthropological Museums have been combined.

It is a fascinating place for spending an hour or so. Peru's two liberators, José de San Martín and Simón Bolívar, both stayed at different times in the house that is now the museum. It has been devoted for years to the exhibition of relics connected with their lives and those of other personages famous in Peruvian history. These include valuable documents dealing with the campaigns of the wars of independence, some bearing the signatures of Bolívar or San Martín, garments worn by them, furniture used by them, and gifts made to them by their admirers. The museum is particularly rich in portraits of Bolívar, showing an astonishing divergence in the picturing of his features.

In the garden is a fig tree, which according to a Lima story was planted by Bolívar. This story has such a significant similarity to the one about the fig tree supposedly planted by Pizarro close to the Plaza de Armas—and still to be seen there—that one is tempted to ask: "Has the air of Lima some special quality making the thoughts of great men sojourning there turn suddenly to the perpetuation of figs?"

There are also souvenirs of General Antonio José de Sucre, winner in 1824, of the famous battle of Ayacucho, which broke for all time the power of the king of Spain in South America—and a mirror that once belonged to the forceful, picturesque, and witty Manuelita Sáenz, most renowned of Bolívar's mistresses (he had a full quota of them). Manuelita's fame is particularly bright in Lima, where she sojourned on different occasions with her illustrious lover, and memories of her are still alive among the Limeños—who are prone, for instance, to tell about how she used to ride in colorful glory through the city's streets, wearing a tight-fitting hussar's uniform, complete with trousers, followed by a guard of cavalymen officially assigned to escort her by the enamored liberator.

The Museo de Arte Italiano (Italian Art Museum), on the Paseo de la República, is a white marble building endowed with charming



lightness and grace. It was presented to the city of Lima by Italian residents on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of Peruvian independence in 1921 (the museum, however, was not opened to the public until 1924). The paintings in it are largely modern Italian. It possesses also reproductions of works of sculpture by Michelangelo, Donatello, and other celebrated Italian artists, and examples of old Italian furniture.

In the Parque Universitario, close to the University of San Marcos, is the Javier Prado Museum of Archaeology, which is under the direction of the university authorities. It includes many Inca and pre-Inca relics. Prominent among the exhibits is the figure of an Inca ruler attired in an exact reproduction of the costume and adornments of his day. The man whose name this museum bears was one of Peru's most celebrated archaeologists and savants.

Named for him also and likewise connected with the University of San Marcos is the Javier Prado Museum of Natural History, on the Avenida Arenales, in which are housed excellent collections of the many species of birds and animals indigenous to Peru, among them condors, llamas, and jaguars.

The Pinacoteca Municipal Merino (Merino Art Gallery) is devoted principally to paintings by Peruvian artists, foremost among them Ignacio Merino, for whom it is named. This artist, who studied in Europe under Delaroche, bequeathed his collection of paintings at his death in 1876 to the city of Lima, and it is from this nucleus that the present museum has been developed. Among other Peruvian artists whose work is represented here is Francisco Laso, also a pupil of Delaroche, whose well-known painting of Santa Rosa de Lima is displayed here. The museum also has some canvases by artists of other lands, including the Spaniard Luis Madrazo.

Besides the above-mentioned museums there is also the Prado Memorial Museum in the suburb of Chorrillos, which, being private, can be visited only by special permission of its owners, the Prado family.

Within a few minutes' walk from the Plaza San Martín, at the point where old Lima merges into the Lima of modernity, a tree-shaded expanse of green and pleasant parks, bordering the Paseo de la República, recalls the part of the Champs-Élysées in Paris contiguous to the Place de la Concorde. A short distance beyond, also

on the fringe of the Paseo de la República, is the park known as Parque Juana Alarco de Dammert, named for a lady who was a generous benefactress of Lima.

Somewhat farther from central Lima are the Parque Lamar, named in honor of one of the heroes of Peru's war of independence, and the Parque de la Reserva. The latter brings to the minds of Peruvians proud though melancholy memories, since it derives its name from the fact that the last reserves of troops, hastily assembled from every possible source and reinforced by untrained volunteers, some of them members of Lima's leading families, encamped here in 1881 before being flung, as a forlorn hope, into the final battles of the War of the Pacific against the invading Chileans, which resulted in disaster to Peru and occupation of the Peruvian capital by Chile's army.

Across the river Rímac, in the so-called Barrio del Rímac, inhabited mostly by laborers and their families, is the pleasant Paseo de Aguas, laid out in the eighteenth century by the Spanish viceroy Count de Amat. Provided by him with an ornamental colonnade and grass plots bordering a miniature reservoir, it became in his day and remained long afterward a favorite with the aristocrats of Lima, who used to walk round and round the sheet of water in its center during the fashionable afternoon hours, admiring the fountains and flowers and—if they were young—flirting with their contemporaries of the opposite sex.

Also on the farther bank of the Rímac, far from the busy streets of the central parts of old Lima and the handsome new sections of the city, is the diminutive park called Alameda de los Descalzos, which gets its name from the church and monastery of the Barefoot Friars (Descalzos) situated at one end of it. It is bedraggled, melancholy, down at heel, out at elbows, and, to my mind, the most beautiful of all Lima's parks. Its chipped stone benches and frowsy trees and grimy classical statuary exude an atmosphere, a spirit that for me have a stronger appeal than anything of their kind anywhere else in Lima, old or new. In this sad little park young students pore over study books; amorous couples bill and coo; men and women bent with age sun themselves and meditate; and children of today's Peru play beside patches of unkempt grass, under the protecting eyes of nursemaids descended from the Incas.

In the Spanish era, this faded place was a brilliant rendezvous of noblemen and noblewomen (La Perricholi also used to promenade there), where grandees wrapped in cloaks ogled veiled and lovely ladies. But now it is a forgotten backwater, filled with poignant and wistful charm. In compensation for the neglect that has befallen its walks, half hidden behind the tarnished iron fence enclosing them, the Alameda de los Descalzos seems to have found a peace as deep as that which solaces the humble barefoot monks who kneel in their venerable church just beyond it and pace with saintly eyes along the corridors of their monastery, under the jagged spurs of the hill of San Cristóbal and the crucifix on its summit.

## 9: CHURCHES OF LIMA

**G**AIETY and piety: that's Lima. I don't know which comes more naturally to a typical Limeño or Limeña—smiling or making the sign of the cross. In their city, I was told, there are sixty-seven churches. I cannot confirm this as a certainty because I never counted them. But I am perfectly willing to take my informant's word for it, since in Lima it is difficult to be out of sight of a church steeple or out of hearing of a church bell.

All over Spanish America women bow their heads when they pass a church portal, and men respectfully take off their hats. But that is not enough for the people of Lima. They, men and women, invariably cross themselves before a church, and sometimes they murmur a few words of prayer, while the odor of incense is wafted to them from inside the portal, from carved pulpits and choir stalls illumined by tall candles, from majestic aisles where kneeling worshippers pray before altars shining in golden splendor. In Lima's churches lives part of the spirit of Lima—a quieted, chastened thing, not at all like the exuberant liveliness of the streets outside, but a true part of that spirit, nevertheless.

Lima's cathedral, on the Plaza de Armas, is a large and handsome structure with two big towers. It stands where stood the original cathedral, begun by Pizarro a few days after the founding of the city. That stern Spaniard is reputed to have laid the corner stone of the shrine himself, and to have carried across his shoulders, with a humility rare in his arrogant life, the first wooden beam for its construction.

Pizarro's cathedral, which was small and modest, was soon considered inadequate for a proud and growing city like Lima, for

which reason viceroys and archbishops of later days made of it a much more ambitious place of worship. But an earthquake in 1687, and a second, one of the worst in Lima's history, in 1746, almost ruined it, thus making complete reconstruction necessary. The present cathedral is based on the reconstructed building of the eighteenth century.

Almost at the moment of entering, visitors find themselves before the coffin of Francisco Pizarro, in the first chapel to the right, in which the mummified remains of Peru's conqueror and Lima's founder are plainly visible. Pizarro's dead body was carried to the original cathedral by pious women of the city after he had been assassinated in his palace across the Plaza de Armas. Other chapels in the cathedral belonged in colonial days to leading local families and tradesmen's guilds; one of them is still in the possession of the descendants of Nicolás de Rivera called *El Viejo* (the Elder), first *alcalde* or mayor of Lima. The bodies of several viceroys of Peru are buried in the cathedral.

Adjoining the cathedral, between it and the modern Archbishop's Palace, is the little church known as *El Sagrario*, built in the seventeenth century. It contains the tomb of Melchor de Liñán y Cisneros, archbishop of Lima for thirty years and also viceroy of Peru for three years, a most generous personage who gave away great sums of money for charitable purposes. In this church also are some fine wooden stalls, on which viceroys of Spanish Peru used to hear mass; and on the façade fronting the Plaza de Armas is an old balcony where those same high officials watched religious and other celebrations.

Once upon a time there was a man in Spain with the wiggly name of Churriguera, who became the father of the Spanish baroque style of architecture, which is as wiggly as his name. That is, those who don't like it think it is. When he flourished, the Spaniards were busily building churches and palaces and other buildings in Spanish America, which is why Spanish baroque—or Churrigueresque—has contributed more than anything else to giving a special imprint to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Lima.

Señor Churriguera's architectural ideas were so popular in that period that in some instances religious edifices that had been begun

in other styles in earlier years were remodeled to conform with Churrigueresque rules. There are those who damn him and the variant of baroque named after him from early every morning until late every night, for they don't like anything whatsoever for which he is wholly or partly responsible, believing it to be too intricate and fretful and fussy. Others, though, are crazy about it. Churrigueresque is reflected at its best—or worst, take your choice—in the façades and other parts of many of Lima's old churches.

One of these, near the Plaza de Armas, is the venerable church of San Francisco dating from the early sixteenth century, when Francisco Pizarro granted plots of ground for its construction and that of the adjoining cloisters to the Order of Franciscan Friars. The Franciscans endowed it with such massive walls and generally solid stonework that one chronicler wrote of it: "It seems to have been built to last forever." It was one of the few buildings in Lima that remained largely undamaged by the violent earthquakes that scourged the city in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The sturdy façade has a Moorish touch, and the main portal is highly ornate.

Inside is a fine gold-encrusted altar, and splendid choir stalls showing clearly the excellence attained in Peru during the Spanish period by native Peruvian workers in wood. In the cloisters are paintings depicting scenes in the life of Saint Francis by native Peruvian artists. Other canvases here are attributed by some to Anibale Carracci, Spagnoletto, and Zurbarán, though conclusive proof of this (as in cases of similar claims elsewhere in Lima and other Peruvian cities) is lacking.

In San Francisco's cloisters are some striking mosaics, the work of a Peruvian who, having taken refuge here after killing his wife in a fit of passion, spent years adorning the walls to such good effect that he was eventually pardoned by the Spanish viceroy. Women are not allowed to enter the cloisters except by special permission, usually obtainable at the porter's lodge.

Into the gloomy vaults underneath San Francisco were thrown the heads of Gonzalo Pizarro, brother of Francisco, and Francisco de Carvajal—leaders in the audacious sixteenth-century revolt of Spanish conquistadors against the king of Spain.

In 1551 twelve hooded Augustinian fathers arrived in Peru from the ancient Spanish city of Salamanca and established a humble

church in Lima. Some years later, having acquired ground on one of the most prominent corners of the city, they founded the church of San Agustín, on the spot that it occupies to this day. It is one of Lima's most famous examples of Spanish baroque. It has suffered severely, not only in several earthquakes but in the street fighting of the revolution of 1895.

Fortunately, the façade, one of the best examples of the Churrigueresque style in South America, has survived all vicissitudes. Wrought in stone and adorned with intricate carving over practically every square inch of its surface, it is one of the marvels of the city, irrespective of how those who inspect it feel on the highly controversial subject of baroque in general and its Spanish version in particular. This façade is the work of native Peruvian artists who managed to introduce into its preponderantly European character a certain something of Peru.

Angry nature and turbulent man, in the shape of earthquake and war, have wrought havoc with the interior of San Agustín, from which many of the treasures that long ago ornamented it have disappeared. The most celebrated of all its possessions is the statue of Death, by the seventeenth-century artist Baltasar Gavilán, which is carried through the streets of Lima on Holy Thursday. According to tradition, Gavilán, returning late one night to his home and forgetting that his figure of Death was there awaiting him, was so shocked by its realism when he suddenly saw it that he thought it was the real thing and promptly dropped dead.

The church of La Merced (already mentioned), on the Girón Unión, in the heart of downtown Lima, is of stone reddish in color. Its façade is also conspicuous for the intricacy of its baroque ornamentation, which includes twisted columns and figures of the Virgin and saints in niches over or beside the main portal. Inside is a fine gilded high altar, dedicated to the Virgin of La Merced, for whom the church is named. It was presented by Charles V of Spain to the Mercedarian monks who had built the sanctuary. Another treasured possession of this church is a statue of the Christ of the Conquest, before which, it is said, a Mercedarian said the first mass in Lima in 1535, the year of the foundation of the city. Contiguous to the church is the convent of La Merced, with impressive old cloisters.

Many of the Mercedarians of Peru's Spanish era were nobles of

Spain. After Gonzalo Pizarro and his coplotters had defied royal authority following the conquest of Peru, an act that soon brought them disastrous defeat, the victorious upholders of the king accused the monks of La Merced of complicity in the uprising and deprived them of the rich financial emoluments that had been their perquisite for many years. But other Spanish nobles in Peru, sympathizing with them in their plight, made large bequests in their wills to the Mercedarians, who were thus tided over their difficulties until they regained royal favor.

Often in the evening a small door built into the main portal of the church of La Merced is left ajar, signifying that services are in progress inside. Those entering the church at such times will see it in a phase of solemn and awesome impressiveness, with darkened aisles, dim figures of men and women bowed in prayer, and the golden altar bathed in gleaming, ghostly radiance.

One of the largest and handsomest churches in Lima is Santo Domingo, a conspicuous feature of the city's sky line. The plot of ground where it stands was set aside by Francisco Pizarro himself for the Dominican Order of Friars, who began erecting the church and its adjoining monastery in 1549. Santo Domingo has suffered badly from earthquakes, one of which, in 1746, destroyed its famous tower, which was rebuilt by Viceroy Amat, the lover of that celebrated gay lady of Lima, La Perricholi. Among the treasures preserved in the church is a monstrance inlaid with diamonds.

Santo Domingo owes special fame to the fact that Santa Rosa, the patron saint of Lima and of the Americas, took her vows as a nun within its walls and is buried there. Here also are the tombs of two other Peruvians canonized as saints, the friars Martín de Porres and Juan Masías. The former lived for years in the monastery beside the church, which he used to sweep clean every day with a crude homemade broom. That is why miniature brooms are treasured in many Lima homes of the present, in memory of this humble and charitable monk. Santo Domingo was the first home of the University of San Marcos, the oldest university in the Americas.

The church of San Pedro, with its severely imposing façade, unadorned square towers, and general simplicity of line and mass, seems a silent rebuke to Señor Churriguera. Originally the church of the Jesuits, it was begun by them in 1569. It suffered grievously in



the various earthquakes with which the history of Lima has been punctuated.

The interior is of an ornateness in sharp contrast to the sobriety of the exterior. Within San Pedro's walls lies the body of Viceroy Ambrosio O'Higgins, the Irishman who, before coming to Peru, was the head of the Spanish government in Chile. His son, also named Ambrosio, became famous not by supporting the cause of the king of Spain in South America, as his father had done, but by zealously contributing, as Chile's foremost patriot, to its defeat. This latter O'Higgins, incidentally, died in exile in Lima (in a house on the Girón Unión marked with an inscription) after he had given the best efforts of his life to freeing his native Chile from Spanish rule—the same melancholy end that also befell Peru's liberators, Simón Bolívar and José de San Martín.

In the towers of San Pedro are several bells of remarkable clearness of tone, which have been rung at some of the great climaxes in Lima's history. The most famous is La Abuelita, or Little Grandma. The long life of this bell was almost cut short in 1593 by an order of the Viceroy Marqués de Cañete that all the city's church bells must be melted down and turned into cannon to help defend the city against a possible attack by roving English "pirates," who had appeared in the Pacific. Fortunately, this order was disregarded for some reason in the case of Little Grandma.

Las Nazarenas, a seventeenth-century church, stands on the site of an earlier shrine destroyed in one of Lima's severest earthquakes. After that disaster, a Negro who had been wandering among the city's ruins declared that he had come upon a wall, miraculously undamaged, on which was mysteriously imprinted the figure of a crucifix. So impressed were those who heard his story that eventually a church, the nucleus of the present one, was built around the wall. The Spanish viceroy of that day, the Marqués de Castelfuerte, is said to have aided with his own hands in building it, in emulation of Pizarro at the time of the building of Lima's first cathedral.

The church of San Marcelo is popular among the fashionables of Lima as a place for getting married. That of Jesús María, in the heart of the old part of the city, possesses a richly carved pulpit covered with gold leaf. La Vera Cruz, within a short walk of the Plaza de Armas, is the headquarters of the aristocratic Lay Broth-

ers of the True Cross, whose members belong to old Lima families.

On the other side of the river Rímac is the church of Los Descalzos, named for the Barefoot Friars. It is a picturesque old building, standing beside the monastery belonging to that same monastic order.

The parish church of the suburb of Magdalena Vieja is filled with rich and profuse decoration. That of San Sebastián is where Santa Rosa de Lima was baptized.

Finally—a fitting climax—there is the church of Santa Rosa, built on the site of the home of Lima's revered patron saint. It contains many relics of her short and pious life, which gives it a very special sanctity in the eyes of the devout people of Lima, in whose affections she holds unique eminence.

Enclosed within the premises of the church is a little garden in which she used to pray, and a well into which she threw the keys of the bracelet and belt, both lined with sharp nails, that she used to wear, in order to deprive herself of the means of removing these instruments of self-torture. The garden is closed to visitors except on the thirtieth of August of each year, the anniversary of the birth of Santa Rosa. On that day a multitude of people walk about in it filled with affectionate reverence, piously contemplating the famous well, talking in hushed voices, and devoutly murmuring prayers for the repose of the soul of the Beloved young saint who thus summed up her complete devotion to religion: "I do not want the world. I want only God. I look for Him in my garden. And there I find Him."

## 10:      ROUNABOUT LIMA

**C**ALLAO, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean eight miles from Lima, is the port where the great majority of travelers reaching Peru by steamer first set foot on Peruvian soil. Founded by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century on the site of a native fishing village, it has ever since played an important part in the history of the country. It is connected with the Peruvian capital by railway, electric trolley, cars, and busses. The last named, together with private automobiles and taxis, use a broad, well-paved highway. With its population of about 80,000, Callao is Peru's third largest city, yielding precedence only to Lima and Arequipa. It is built along the edge of a bay that affords protection to shipping from the storms of the open Pacific.

Callao has the typical appearance of a busy ocean port—crowded water front, swarms of seagoing craft, modern docks, offices of big export and import concerns. Some of the latter have been active in the city for generations. Among them are several old-established British business houses. The city has a good club and considerable social life, though its nearness to Lima, which so greatly surpasses it in population and general importance, acts as a brake on the development of a really independent personality for itself, socially and economically.

Set squarely in the heart of the city, on the rim of its bay, is the imposing fortress known as Real Felipe (Royal Philip), an excellent example of Spanish military fortification of the eighteenth century. Named after the king who ruled over Spain and Peru at the time of its construction, the Real Felipe ranked as one of the strongest bulwarks of Spanish power on South America's Pacific coast from its

completion until well into the first third of the nineteenth century.

After the battle of Ayacucho in 1824 had assured the independence of Peru and the rest of South America, the Spanish garrison of the fortress, under the command of the heroic and stubborn Colonel Rodil, put up a desperate last-ditch resistance against the patriots under General Salom, refusing to strike their flag until they were reduced by disease, starvation, and lack of ammunition to an extremity of suffering. Rodil finally surrendered in 1826, after having been besieged for nearly two years—and the hauling down of the flag that had flown over the Real Felipe meant the dying gasp of Spanish supremacy in Peru, established three centuries before by Francisco Pizarro. It also meant the definitive end of Spain's rule in all Spanish America, since the obstinate Rodil was the last Spanish officer seeking to assert that rule there.

The Real Felipe was restored after Rodil's capitulation, but later it suffered severe damage from earthquakes. Another restoration, by the Peruvian government, was carried out with such zeal that the stronghold has been robbed somewhat of its eighteenth-century quality. As a matter of fact, it now looks as spick and span as a boy whose mother has just scrubbed his face and brushed his clothes in readiness for a formal party. Nevertheless, one can still get from the rejuvenated fortress an idea of the principles of eighteenth-century Spanish military architecture and of the uncompromising solidity of eighteenth-century Spanish power in South America. Recently the old stronghold was taken over by the Peruvian army's aviation corps.

Lima has a delightful fringe of beaches to which the Limeños flock in warm weather for swimming and other seaside pastimes. Some are so near at hand that they are practically suburbs. Among the latter is Miraflores, about three miles from Lima proper, filled with pretty residences. Here some of the foreign diplomats accredited to Peru like to live. The beach of Miraflores is packed in the warm season with bathers and those who prefer looking at the ocean to jumping into it. A few miles beyond are Barranco and Chorrillos, also highly esteemed, and La Herradura, best among the beaches close to Lima. Magdalena del Mar is another semisuburban ocean beach, where swimming, fishing, and sailing may be enjoyed.

Somewhat farther from Lima and also on the Pacific coast is Ancón,

a charming old town with an excellent beach reputed to be the safest in the neighborhood of the capital. In the summer season it is thronged with visitors and exchanges its usual calm for almost hectic animation. Near by is a big Inca and pre-Inca cemetery. Peru's section of the Pan American Highway passes through Ancón. The treaty that ended the War of the Pacific between Peru and Chile was signed here in 1883.

About thirty miles from Lima, on the Oroya railroad, is Chosica, a most attractive place enjoying immense popularity with the Limeños, who delight in visiting it for sojourns ranging from a single day to an entire season. Situated at an altitude of nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, Chosica presents a contrast in climate to that of Lima which seems unbelievable in a town at so short a distance from the latter city. It is possible during the winter months on the coast, when Lima is at its dampest and foggiest, for Limeños to transport themselves within less than an hour to weather in Chosica that is dry, sunny, and pleasantly warm.

The town, replete with pleasant country houses, is embowered in groves of orange and other fruit trees, which give it an enchantingly green and friendly aspect. It lies in the midst of an important fruit-growing region, a fact amply attested by the profusion of oranges and other fruits for sale at the railroad station and the varied cries of vendors offering their juicy merchandise to passengers on trains. Chosica is connected with Lima by a good road, over which inter-urban busses travel at regular and frequent intervals.

A few miles away is the resort of Los Angeles, which has a most attractive modern hotel with separate cottages around it, a golf course, swimming pool, and other up-to-date lures for guests.

Around Lima are pre-Inca and Inca ruins that can serve foreigners visiting that city as a sort of preview in preparation for visits to Cuzco and other treasure houses of bygone Peruvian civilizations.

Among the most noteworthy are those of Pachacámac, about twenty miles south of the Peruvian metropolis. They can be reached by a detour from the Lima-Cañete section of the Pan American Highway. The best way to get to them is in a car hired in Lima through a reputable tourist agency or by tourists themselves. In the latter case, definite arrangements should be made beforehand with drivers of cars. (One can take a regular Lima taxicab at any taxi

stand, if desired.) For the trip to Pachacámac and back a minimum of three hours is required.

The route passes through the suburbs of Miraflores, Barranco, and Chorrillos. A pleasant alternate route for the outward or return trip is via the Avenida Costanera, which skirts the coast and affords beautiful glimpses of the Pacific.

Pachacámac was a sacred city long before its conquest in the fifteenth century by the militant Inca Pachacútec. In pre-Inca days its Temple of the Creator-God, of which only scant vestiges remain, was the goal of thousands of pilgrims, some of whom came from homes hundreds of miles away. They were housed at Pachacámac in small huts, of which some remains have been unearthed around the ruins of the temple. It was customary for them to bring offerings to the god, among which were articles of great value. Some of these, dug up in recent years by archaeologists, have served to enrich Peru's archaeological collections.

The conquering Incas not only respected the sanctity of Pachacámac but gave it new meaning by erecting near its great pre-Inca temple a temple to the sun, always the principal Inca deity. This, in its turn, was also visited by multitudes of devout pilgrims.

In addition to the remains of these two temples, recent excavations have disclosed vestiges of walls, tombs, and irrigation ditches. One series of ruins is supposed to be all that is left of the abode of virgin priestesses of Inca times, devoted to the cult of the sun, like those of the famous Temple of the Virgins at Cuzco, the Inca capital.

Excavations at Pachacámac of a truly scientific nature were begun some forty years ago by the celebrated archaeologist Dr. Max Uhle. Besides remains of temples and other Inca and pre-Inca structures, he brought to light great quantities of valuable pottery and other articles. Many of these were added to the collections of the Lima Archaeological Museum, of which Dr. Uhle was the director.

His excavations have been zealously continued by other noted archaeologists, among them Dr. Luis Valcárcel and Dr. Julio C. Tello, who have uncovered traces of buildings at Pachacámac that give invaluable glimpses of ancient Peruvian civilizations and customs. These two savants also have dug up a veritable treasure-trove of pottery and other material, which likewise is now on exhibition at Lima's Archaeological Museum.

At Pachacámac endeavors have been made to restore part of the structures unearthed, but for the most part what has been revealed is painfully scanty.

Unlike Pachacútec and his conquering Inca soldiery, the Spaniards who came after them showed no respect for twice sacred Pachacámac. Instead, having ruthlessly despoiled it of much of its accumulated treasure, they left it to crumble and almost disappear.

Besides Pachacámac, there are numerous other ruins near Lima, but most of them are of interest mainly to those of a strongly archaeological turn of mind, since they involve an investment of time, patience, and trouble that most travelers will be reluctant to make. Prominent among the ruins that will be found rewarding alike by the archaeologically inclined and the average tourist are those of Cajamarquilla, a visit to which may be combined with the trip to Chosica.

# 11: RIDE OF THRILLS

**S**EVENTY years ago an American died who gave to Peru the most extraordinary railroad in the world. His name is legendary up and down the Pacific coast of South America. He made and lost fortune after fortune, and he did it in the grand and spacious manner one would expect from a man who dared dream of driving a rail line up and through the wildest, steepest, and wickedest conglomeration of elemental rock that ever defied engineering skill and superhuman persistence. He never lived to see his work finished. But before he died he saw his railway surmount some of the most terrifying obstacles in its rocky path; and after his death his helpers, unswervingly following his plans, despite heartbreaking delays and accidents well-nigh fatal to further progress, finally pushed the line to completion.

His name was Henry Meiggs. The railway that he saw in his dreams and drove doggedly toward reality, until death snatched him away from the crags and precipices of the Andes that he had determined to conquer, is called officially the Central Railway of Peru. But all over the world it is known simply as the Oroya railroad.

Henry Meiggs was born in Catskill, New York, in 1811. He was the son of a contractor on state projects, whom he aided in his business after obtaining a good education. He soon became affluent, but the crisis of 1837 broke him financially. After engaging in various business activities in New York City and Virginia, some of them of a pretty speculative nature, for Henry Meiggs combined all his life brilliant ability with an audacity bordering on recklessness, he joined the gold rush to California in 1849. On the Pacific coast he not only



got rich but rose high in political prominence, especially in San Francisco.

But disaster again overtook him; he was cleaned out financially, and, turning his back on the American West as he had on his native East, he traveled to Chile in 1855. There he soon made himself locally famous for engineering skill and business daring, particularly by finishing the key Santiago-Valparaiso railroad, which had long lagged behind its construction schedule. Armed now with another fat bank account, Meiggs turn his attention to the plan that was to bring him world-wide renown.

Transferring himself in 1868 from Chile to Peru, he started to survey a rail route from Lima up into the Andes to Oroya. The next year he submitted to the Peruvian government a definite proposition for building a railroad along this route, got it officially accepted, and began actual construction work. In 1871 the line was opened as far as San Bartolomé, forty miles from Lima. From there, Meiggs and his associates, including three brothers, pushed the rails stubbornly forward.

In 1877, with his master work still far from ended, Henry Meiggs died. The railway to which he had given his best did not reach Oroya until 1893—sixteen years after his death and twenty-five years after he had first presented his plan for it to the government of Peru.

During his long residence in Peru, Meiggs, who was likable and sociable, endeared himself to many Peruvians. In Lima they still point out the old Spanish mansion where he used to give gay and costly parties for his friends. Despite the plunging audacity that often characterized his business ventures and engineering conceptions, Meiggs was most systematic in the organization of his personal life. At his death he left an immense number of documents relating to his very complicated personal affairs, some of which I saw in Lima, arranged in the most meticulous order.

His Oroya railroad runs eastward from the Peruvian capital straight into the scowling mass of Peru's mighty Andes mountains. It is the highest standard-gauge railroad in the world. For thrill piled upon thrill, sheer daring construction, breath-taking curves, superb and cruel peaks and crags and gorges, and, above all, for unparalleled "switchbacks" that seem to make one's train climb almost per-

pendicularly up the face of rocky slopes of appalling unfriendliness, it stands unequaled in my experience.

The distance from Lima to Oroya by the Oroya railroad is about 115 miles. The main line ascends to a maximum height of nearly 15,700 feet over sea level. The trip from Lima to Oroya takes about seven hours; the return journey is covered in considerably less time, since it is downhill most of the way. Before reaching Oroya, the line crosses sixty-one bridges and viaducts, and penetrates sixty-six tunnels. Switchbacks, the special feature that has contributed as much as anything toward the railroad's world fame, total twenty-one. Included in this number are several spectacular double switchbacks.

In the heyday of construction work, thousands of laborers were employed on the line. There were numerous fatalities, because of the extremely dangerous nature of the work. Among those who lost their lives in the building of the road were several American engineers who were riding on a locomotive when it got out of control and plunged to the bottom of a gorge. There its rusty remains may still be seen by today's passengers.

Callao is the official starting point of the Oroya railroad. But the great majority of passengers board the train for Oroya at the Desamparados station in Lima. It is proudly marked *tren de sierra*, mountain train, to distinguish it from mere humble locals. It has first-class and second-class coaches. One of the former is equipped with a small kitchen, where breakfast and lunch are cooked for the first-class passengers. When the waiters speak to the cook, ensconced in his greasy little cubbyhole at one end of the kitchen car, they call him *maestro*, as if he were Toscanini.

At first the train runs through flat, fertile territory close to the river Rímac, which winds and foams over its rock-strewn bed on the way from Lima to the Pacific Ocean. From the window, passengers contemplate a belt of rich farmland where corn, sugar, cotton, and fruits of various kinds are grown in big quantities, largely to supply the near-by metropolis. At some of the stations bales of cotton are stacked high, awaiting freight trains to take them away; and on both sides of the line pretty villas and tumbledown huts peep out of groves that sometimes almost hide them from view. Lively motor traffic is visible on the paved road, the Central Highway of Peru,

which often parallels the rails, interspersed with strings of donkeys and pedestrians, mostly Indians, trudging along in native garb.

The train ascends gradually but constantly. Soon the first low mountains, outposts of the lofty Andean range, appear along the horizon.

Beyond Chosica the mountains begin to close in. They are rocky and mostly bare, but they still show spots of bright green where their slopes are tilled by industrious Indian farmers. In the narrow valley, through which the locomotive of the *tren de sierra* puffs and wheezes, the Rímac still goes foaming along, its progress more and more impeded by big rocks in its narrow channel. On the highway beside the railway an occasional horseman is seen, wearing voluminous cloak and high riding boots; and now and then a bus goes careering along, packed with passengers, mostly Indians, whose baggage, fantastically variegated, is piled on the roof in true Peruvian fashion.

The train emerges into a landscape more mountainous in character, on which cactus plants are ranged in sparse clumps. The rails climb at a steadily steeper angle. The scenery assumes greater grandeur. Superb gorges, with towering rock walls that seem about to engulf and destroy the intruding train, follow one another in sinister succession. Far overhead, tawny peaks pierce into the thinning air. Already a few of the passengers, especially children, show signs of *soroche*, Peruvian mountain sickness. An employee of the railroad, carrying a large receptacle of goatskin with a tube attached to it, puts its mouthpiece between their lips and solicitously pumps oxygen into them.

Now the train is climbing in deadly earnest. It jolts over the Verrugas viaduct, highest and most celebrated on the whole line—575 feet long, 250 feet above the river rushing turbulently below. At way stations Indian vendors, men and women and bright-eyed children, offer fruit and flowers for sale. Some of the women wear straw hats resembling Panamas, with big square crowns; the farther one gets from cosmopolitan Lima the more picturesque the Indians become.

Occasionally a rural policeman paces up and down a station platform, wrapped in a blue cloak lined with red; its flap, slung over his

shoulders with the red side showing, and the broad-brimmed cowboy hat on his head, and the dusty leather gaiters on his legs turn him into an artist's delight. The inside of the train's cars soon becomes a regular agricultural show, because of the abundant purchases made by passengers—on all sides is a colorful and fragrant riot of moist violets, bright-red carnations, oranges, limes, avocados, bananas, pomegranates, chirimoyas.

Now the train begins to negotiate its first switchback. Instead of leading the procession of cars, the locomotive gets behind them and starts pushing instead of pulling. Below, a stretch of track just traversed becomes visible on the mountainside up which the train is crawling. The mountains are now the real Andes. Switchback follows switchback—at times two or three lines of track come into view. The locomotive grinds and grunts up a slope appalling in its steepness. Alongside, the motor road still winds, in spirals of an audacity worthy of Henry Meiggs. Coolly defying the precipitous mountainsides, little terraced farms still cling to them, just as did the tiny farms of the Inca ancestors of the present tillers of this inhospitable soil. Mountain formations, growing ever more bizarre and awesome, claim the fascinated attention of passengers. Those lucky enough to be on the right side of the train fasten their eyes on the thrilling panorama and flatten their noses against the windowpanes, while those temporarily out of luck, because of being on the wrong side, stand in the aisle craning their necks over the shoulders of the more fortunate. On little verdant specks on mountainsides ever steeper, diminutive cornfields, tilted at fantastic angles, show green rows of stalks, and lean cattle graze apparently at imminent risk of tumbling off their mountain altogether. By the side of the highroad an occasional primitive crucifix stands forth, piously draped in white ribbons.

The train should reach Matucana between eleven o'clock and noon. Matucana is one of the prettiest towns on the line. It huddles around a charming little plaza, plainly visible from the train, with green trees and neat walks and an attractive fountain. Here the second-class passengers, haughtily ignored by the culinary maestro, pile out of the cars for lunch, or bargain excitedly at the car windows with native vendors of *empanadas* (Peruvian meat pies), potato

cakes, milk, *alfajores* (Peruvian sweetmeats), and other local specialties some most forbidding to North American eyes yet often singularly satisfactory to the palates of those bold enough to try them.

After the second class has eaten its fill, and the first class has tired of strolling majestically along the station platform, amid red-and-blue-clad policemen and Indian women in garments that are gayer than any at preceding stations, the locomotive suddenly gives a shrill warning shriek. First class and second class rush back to the cars. The locomotive gets into action again. Vegetation grows sparser. Bare rock hems in the rails on both sides. Tunnels follow one another at short intervals. Through a chasm of terrifying grandeur, the Rímac foams furiously. There is scarcely room enough for railroad, highway, and river, all three now crowded almost on top of one another by huge masses of rock. And now the first llamas appear—you never see them in or near sophisticated Lima. And there are more switchbacks—including the first double one.

Viso and San Mateo, in a deep valley with mountains frowning thousands of feet overhead, have medicinal springs whose waters are well known to foreign visitors in Lima, who heed the advice to drink sparingly or not at all of ordinary local drinking water. San Mateo station also serves the old settlement of Tamboraque, where silver and copper mines have been worked for centuries.

Now the train crosses the famous Infiernillo (Little Hell) bridge, spanning a mountain torrent foaming tumultuously between two colossal masses of sheer rock, in a setting of indescribable gloom and majesty. Hereabouts one seems to spend more time in tunnels than out of them; on one part of this stretch there are eight of the grimy things within little more than a mile.

Another series of switchbacks brings vivid realization of the stupendous nature of the difficulties overcome by Meiggs and his partners—a realization such as is seldom vouchsafed to passengers on railways having long tunnels and deep cuttings, which serve to hide achievements of the engineers who built them. On the Oroya railroad these achievements strike the eye with the self-explanatory directness of a fly climbing a wall—which is what the *tren de sierra* seems to resemble most as its locomotive puffs painfully up the sheer barriers in its path.

Beyond the Infiernillo bridge there is more scenery of unsurpass-

able grandeur and terror. Where in the rest of the world is there anything to surpass it? Or equal it, for that matter?

Some seventy-two miles from Lima the train, having somehow escaped being ground to pulp by encompassing masses of rock seemingly about to converge and descend upon it, reaches the station of Río Blanco. Rounding a long horseshoe curve it affords a picturesque preview of the town of Chicla, long the terminus of the railroad. Here are important repair shops, around which cluster neat residences of officials of the company. Farther along comes Casapalca, set right on a switchback. It is the abode of Indian women who wear particularly gay shawls and skirts and funny white hats. Here also is an abandoned smelter of the great American-owned Cerro de Pasco Mining Corporation, whose copper, gold, silver, and other ores form the most lucrative item of freight carried on the Oroya railroad. By now the air is so thin that breathing is difficult. The train runs at such a dizzy height above a little valley that the latter seems like a painted miniature of nature. Mountains emerge into view covered with snow. Freezing winds sweep over bleak uplands. That solicitous man with the goatskin oxygen tank busily flits from seat to seat, for now those down with soroche are at the climax of their sufferings.

Ticlio—lofty, bare, and cold—is the junction for a branch line to the famous Morococha mine of the Cerro de Pasco company, which goes over the highest point on the Oroya railroad—La Cima (The Summit), 15,800 feet above sea level. The highest point on the main line from Lima to Oroya is reached shortly after the train leaves Ticlio, in the Galera tunnel—it is just short of 15,700 feet above the Pacific. The tunnel runs under Mount Meiggs, a peak nearly 18,000 feet high, named in honor of Henry Meiggs. On its top is a monument of sheet iron, painted in the colors of the Peruvian flag, visible from the train, commemorating the completion of the line as far as Ticlio.

Having negotiated the Galera tunnel, the train stops at Galera, 15,670 feet above sea level, the highest railway passenger station in the world. All around are patches of snow, and sometimes in this bleak neighborhood there are blinding snowstorms.

From Galera the train descends rapidly. More and more llamas appear on the adjacent road and mountain slopes. The locomotive,

which has been toiling along for hours at little better than a crawl, goes faster and faster. Still the air is thin and piercingly cold. After passing Yauli, where there are hot springs—how welcome a dip into one would be!—passengers begin bustling about, taking down bags and bundles from the racks, assembling children who have strayed along the aisles. Sufferers from soroche perk up and show renewed interest in life. On both sides of the track appear the dusty buildings of mining concerns, with corrugated iron roofs and busy machines and chimneys belching gray smoke and red flame.

“Oroya!”

Everybody scrambles to the station platform. The most extraordinary railroad in the world—*bar none*—has reached its mountain-girt, wind-swept terminus.

Oroya has a population of 15,000 and lies at an altitude of 12,500 feet above the sea. It is a busy mining center to which the Cerro de Pasco Mining Corporation and other concerns exploiting the rich veins of metal in the surrounding mountains have brought within the last few decades a tremendous accession of importance.

Oroya is Peru's city of chimneys. It is a typical mining town, filled with dirt and smoke and bustle, surrounded by mountains of immense height, often covered with snow, which provide a sublime panorama.

From Oroya a railway owned by the Cerro de Pasco concern runs sixty miles northeastward to Cerro de Pasco (population, 20,000; altitude, 14,350 feet), where the company's most important mines are located. Permission to visit them can be obtained from officials of the company in Lima.

Two good roads lead from Lima to Cerro de Pasco, one direct, the other via Oroya. The latter is the motor route paralleling the Oroya railroad that is so often visible from the Lima-Oroya train. From Cerro de Pasco another road runs to Tingo María and eastern Peru. Still another, branching off southward at Oroya and continuing via Huancayo, Ayacucho, and Abancay to Cuzco, is part of the alternate route of the Pan American Highway between Lima and Cuzco (see next chapter).

## 12: THRONGS WITHOUT WORDS

**A**S SOMETHING to catch the eye of a reader, I like the title of this chapter. As an absolutely accurate, cross-my-heart statement of fact, I don't. Nevertheless, I am going to let it stand, in the hope that it may help readers to visualize and realize the thing that struck me most about the great Indian fair at Huancayo: the silence.

It is uncanny. It is weird. Over everything, over crowds of milling buyers and squatting sellers, broods an unbelievable calm. Waves of copper-colored Indians, some in their Sunday best, others in their everyday rags, just shuffle along, up and down, down and up, tight-lipped, unsmiling, seemingly reluctant to let a single word escape from them. Of course, they speak quietly to one another as they move and as they greet acquaintances, but somehow you seem scarcely to hear them. Of course, they use speech in bargaining with vendors, but somehow you don't seem to notice that they do.

In other lands a big fair, gathering together throngs of primitive people bent on holiday-making, on the enjoyment bound up with going to town in a big way from lonely little farms and cheerless rural hovels, would be a riot of shouting and flirting, drinking, brawling, singing, dancing, and ear-shattering noise. At Huancayo it is not that at all. It is almost unbroken silence. It has a pathetic lack of the externals of relaxation and gaiety and revelry.

Every Sunday, in the morning, that quiet multitude appears, packs Huancayo's main street and adjoining thoroughfares from curb to curb, to disappear again in the afternoon in a silence as deep as that which shrouded its arrival in the morning. I know that I am exaggerating. But without exaggeration it is futile to hope to convey an



adequate idea of the sinister silence of the Huancayo fair. It is like a convention of people without tongues.

Huancayo's fair is the most famous in Peru. It is held mostly on the Calle Real, the city's main street—centuries ago part of the great Inca highroad from Cuzco to Quito—with overflow sections around the principal plaza and in various side streets. While the fair is on, the Calle Real is closed to all wheeled traffic; any vehicle breaking the Sabbath rule meets sarcastic protest from sidewalks and roadway. For some of the thousands of Indians who come to town for the fair, journeys lasting as much as two or three days are necessary. Many drive before them donkeys or llamas loaded with produce. Shabby, rusty omnibuses, jammed with passengers and their impedimenta to the last available square inch, converge on Huancayo in wheezing, creaking squads just before the opening of the fair.

When the fair is at its climax, in the forenoon hours of every Sunday, the central section of Huancayo is alive with dense throngs of Indians, most of them in the colorful costume of the region, haggling with long rows of male and female vendors, who squat under awnings spread in the middle of the pavement or on the sidewalks. There, sometimes packed elbow to elbow, they impassively await purchasers—never going beyond a quiet "Would you like to buy something, señor?" or an almost whispered "Do you see anything you like, señorita?" to attract attention to their wares, which are scattered about on little mats before them, or simply displayed haphazard on the bare cobblestones. Among the Indian women are some of striking beauty, with features like those of Madonnas in old Spanish or Italian paintings, and big, heart-melting, mournful eyes.

Besides the vendors doing business out in the open, many others offer variegated stocks in the city's regular roofed market building; and shopkeepers with places along the streets where the outdoor part of the fair is held keep their shops open right through the Sabbath hours, not wishing to miss any customers who may consider shopping an indoor sport. Among these merchants are a number of Chinese, who, with their slanting eyes and yellow skins, provide a sharp contrast to the copper-colored descendants of the ancient Incas milling around outside their doors. But in one thing they are just like the native Indians—in their almost wordless reticence.

Rugs and mats and cloaks of vicuña and alpaca fleece cover the ground before their silent proprietors. Crude balls of wool make vivid patches of raw color on the pavement. Silver articles, often of ancient Inca design, huddled on big pieces of cloth, attract the eyes of prospective customers, many of them young Indian mothers with babies wrapped in shawls slung over their shoulders—around Huancayo few Indian women are too young to have babies.

Open-air eating places tempt hungry visitors to the fair to gather around crouching dispensers of soups swimming in grease and messes of meat equally greasy, ladled out of big pots straddling charcoal fires. Since it is difficult to keep things hot in thin air like that of Huancayo, the pots are swaddled in heavy cloths to maintain the temperature of their contents at the desired level.

In the roofed market, big quantities of vegetables and fruits are on sale—peppers of many sorts and colors, mysterious medicinal herbs, potatoes, carrots, onions, corn with jet-black kernels, rock salt. Chicha is to be had indoors and out; also coconuts, oca, yams, and pig's feet jelly, a delicacy eagerly devoured by Indians big and little swarming around the sellers of it. At a desk in the middle of the crowd an official solemnly sits behind a pair of scales, ready to act as Solomon in disputes as to the weights of purchases.

Outside, improvised bookshops show an amazing hodgepodge of printed matter—Karl Marx and *The Reader's Digest*, Thomas a Kempis and *Sex Life*. And there are picks, lanterns, shovels, chains, nails, saws, monkey wrenches, dyes in tin cans, rope in coils, rude earthenware, rough baskets.

And everywhere that uncanny lack of noise. In the somber calm of the Huancayo fair, in the heavy pall of silence in which its shuffling, trudging multitudes are wrapped, you sense the grim tragedy of Peru's Indians.

From Oroya to Huancayo the tren de sierra, leaving Oroya in the early afternoon, goes through scenery that, though striking in its mountainous picturesqueness, suffers in comparison with that of the Lima-Oroya section. Several stations with strange Indian names are passed—Huari, Chacapalca, Pachacayo, Llocllapampa. Here rivers run eastward toward the Atlantic, a seeming paradox, since that ocean is more than 2,000 miles and the Pacific less than 200 miles dis-

tant. The reason is that the Andes, crossing Peru from south to north, present an impassable barrier on the west.

About two hours after leaving Oroya the train reaches Jauja (pronounced *how-ha*), an old town renowned for its salubrious climate and hence popular with those suffering from lung trouble. At one time Francisco Pizarro considered making Jauja the capital of Spanish Peru, but he eventually gave up the idea in favor of Lima.

In about an hour more, three and one-half hours after leaving Oroya, the train, if running on schedule, steams into the station of its terminus, Huancayo.

Huancayo, nearly 11,000 feet above the sea, has about 20,000 inhabitants. Long before its official foundation as a Spanish city by Francisco Pizarro in 1538 it was a place of importance under the Incas. It played a prominent role in the war of independence waged in Peru against Spain in the first quarter of the nineteenth century and often resounded to the tread of armies on both sides. It was in the region comprising Huancayo that the patriots under Bolívar and Sucre fought the campaign that culminated in the famous battles of Junín and Ayacucho and definitely brought to Peru freedom from Spanish rule.

Today, Huancayo is a busy place, the capital of the department of Junín. It is situated at the junction of various roads; and, in addition to being the terminus of the Central Railway of Peru, it is also the starting point of a rail line to the old city of Huancavelica, sixty-five miles distant. Huancayo is very proud of having been on several occasions the temporary capital of Peru. It lies in the midst of a rich cattle-raising district and has become a lively industrial center, manufacturing hats, leather goods, textiles, biscuits, mosaics, and other articles.

It has an excellent hotel, the \*\*Huancayo, one of the Peruvian government's new chain of modern tourist hostleries. Other hotels in the town include the Real, Colón, Plaza, Victoria, Cosmopolis, and Ferrocarril.

The Carnegie Observatory, about ten miles from Huancayo, is accessible from the latter by road. It was established in 1921 by the Carnegie Institute in order to conduct scientific observations on a site peculiarly adapted to its purposes. At this observatory American scientists are constantly studying phenomena such as the magnetism

of the earth, cosmic rays, sun spots, and meteorological matters in general. It is equipped with valuable instruments of extraordinary precision. The hours during which it is open to visitors are usually posted in the front office of the Hotel Huancayo at Huancayo.

Another rewarding excursion is to Tarma, which can be reached by car from Huancayo in about three hours. Tarma is an old Spanish city with narrow streets and red-tiled roofs, set in the midst of a beautiful Andean landscape. It is the center of a rich, food-producing region on which Lima leans heavily for many agricultural necessities of life.

Tarma is filled with impassive Indians, who obstinately cling to costumes such as were worn by their ancestors centuries ago. This attire, particularly that of many of the women of the place, is so picturesque that it is known all over the world through having been reproduced on great numbers of postcards such as are sent home to friends by foreigners visiting Lima and other parts of Peru. Tarma's clear air and healthful climate make it a favorite with invalids and convalescents. (A most attractive motor trip can be made from Lima via the wild and beautiful gorges of the Andes to Oroya and thence to Tarma. This will take two days in all, going and returning. An additional day will enable the motorist to include a visit to Huancayo.)

Other short excursions can be made from Huancayo to near-by Indian villages, where, as at Tarma, the inhabitants still wear old-time costumes and observe old-time customs, in complete disdain of the march of fashion and time. Inca and pre-Inca ruins in the neighborhood can also be explored by travelers willing to devote several days to becoming acquainted with the Huancayo region.

Southward from Huancayo extends the alternate motor route between Lima and Cuzco (for data about the main route see Chapter 18, "Elsewhere in Peru"). The Huancayo-Cuzco road has a total length of 537 miles and traverses high and difficult country amid superb mountain scenery. If you wish to motor on it do so only after obtaining reliable up-to-the-minute information regarding road conditions. Failure to do this may entail serious inconvenience and even danger.

This highway brings the traveler, after a run of 165 miles from Huancayo, to Ayacucho (population, 17,000; altitude, 10,000 feet; hotels, Ayacucho and Imperial), a venerable and quaint city that,

isolated from the main currents of modern life, preserves a sleepy and charming atmosphere of colonial Peru. It is a city of churches, some of them of much architectural interest, replete with rich ornamentation and costly treasures.

Close to the city is the battlefield where, on December 9, 1824, the army of Peruvian and other South American patriots commanded by General Sucre won their brilliant victory over the Spaniards under La Serna, last Spanish viceroy of Peru, and the French general Canterac, both of whom were taken prisoner.

At Abancay, 247 miles beyond Ayacucho, there is a good government hotel, the \*Hotel Abancay. The final lap of the motor route, 125 miles in length, takes the motorist through more gorgeous scenery and past Inca and pre-Inca ruins to Cuzco (see Chapters 15, "Ghosts of Stone," and 16, "Cuzco of the Spaniards").

# 13:

## “A PEARL SET IN AN EMERALD”

**I**N PERU they say: “When a native of Lima hears firing in the streets, he rushes into his house, bolts his front door, and asks: ‘What are they fighting for now?’ When a native of Arequipa hears firing in the streets, he unbolts his front door, rushes out of his house, and asks: ‘What am I fighting for now?’” In the history of the Peruvian republic Lima has not been any more conspicuous, by and large, for political indifference than Arequipa; nevertheless, there is truth in that yarn. The number of revolutions started in Arequipa by Arequipeños is astonishing; and the number of battles fought in and around that city between armies composed, respectively, of Peruvians and Peruvians is almost beyond belief. Inhabitants of Arequipa have engaged in these revolutions and battles with such vigor as to earn for their home the nickname “lion of the south.” In recent years they have been quieter. But there is no telling when they will again unbolt their front doors and rush out into the street, thirsting, like their forebears, for direct political action.

Three superb volcanoes—Misti, Chachani, and Pichu Pichu—give the city of Arequipa, nestling confidingly at their feet, a grand, matchless, and unforgettable frame. (Incidentally, the confidence with which Arequipa does her subvolcanic nestling has been unjustified at times, since one or another of that majestic trio has been known to aid and abet earthquakes with eruptions of grand scenic merit but disastrous local effect.)

In naming the three I have purposely refrained from doing so in the proper order, which, from left to right, as you view them from the city, is Chachani, Misti, Pichu Pichu. The reason for this is that Misti is not only the most glorious and glamorous of the group but

also the most celebrated volcano in all Peru, if not in all South America.

You will always remember Misti. No matter how few hours or how many weeks you grant to Arequipa, you will never forget that glistening peak. "Misti," wrote an admiring *littérateur* of Arequipa, "is dominant, unique, alone. Chachani and Pichu Pichu do not accompany her—they contemplate her from a respectful distance."

In shape, Misti is a perfect cone. Eternal snow covers her brow—eternal serenity, eternal aloofness, radiate from her rocky slopes as she watches over Arequipa with motherly affection, or pours lava into that confidingly nestling city with temperamental ferocity. Fortunately, for many years (up to 1946) Misti had played no such ferocious tricks—neither had Chachani nor Pichu Pichu.

Misti's height is 19,000 feet, less than that of Chachani, which rises to 20,000 feet above the sea. But who cares? Misti, and Misti alone, is queen of the green valley in which the white city of Arequipa nestles—"like a pearl set in an emerald," as another enthusiastic local writer remarked.

You can go from Lima to Arequipa in one of three ways: by air, by sea and rail, or by road.

By air the trip takes about two hours—not counting the drive to Limatambo, Lima's airport, and the one from the airport of Arequipa to the center of that city, each a matter of fifteen minutes or so.

For the sea-and-rail journey at least two days must be allowed, since it involves going from Lima to Callao by motor, trolley, or bus, proceeding overnight by steamer from Callao to the port of Mollendo, and continuing from there by train to Arequipa, which will consume an additional five hours.

Two days must also be reckoned for getting by road from Lima to Arequipa. Motorists must break the journey somewhere en route for an overnight stay. This is done usually at Chala, Pisco, or Nazca. It is absolutely necessary for those intending to motor from Lima to Arequipa to ascertain carefully the condition of the road before starting. Parts of it are likely to be far from satisfactory; as late as the autumn of 1946 there were stretches in a state of disrepair calculated to discourage all but persons simply asking for travel trouble. (For details about the Lima-Arequipa road see the section dealing

with the Pan American Highway in Chapter 18, "Elsewhere in Peru.")

On the air trip the plane passes over part of the high Andean ranges that traverse Peru, affording views of beautiful mountain scenery and glimpses of the Pacific lapping the Peruvian coast below Lima. If it is a Panagra plane it will make no intermediate stops, at least not if its pilot is able to adhere to schedule. The planes of the Faucett Company usually stop to take on and discharge passengers and mail once or oftener on their Lima-Arequipa flights.

If travelers choose the sea-and-rail route they will board a steamer at Callao that should reach Mollendo in about twenty-four hours. Mollendo is the principal gateway from the sea to southern Peru. It is a picturesque place, built on precipitous cliffs rising almost sheer from the Pacific. Its houses, mostly painted bright red or green, stand out in sharp contrast to the arid coastal strip around it. Since there is no harbor properly speaking at Mollendo, but only an open roadstead, passengers are transferred in cagelike contrivances from their steamer to small boats, which then convey them to shore. In rough weather this system, always productive of nervousness to novices, becomes quite an adventure.

For some years the Peruvian government has been pushing toward completion an ambitious project to construct at near-by Matarani a new harbor, with spacious docks and other appurtenances of modernity. Since Matarani is to be connected with the railway between Mollendo and Arequipa, passengers for the latter city will be able to proceed on their journey direct from the new harbor without being slung into baskets and dropped into launches before they get ashore.

For some miles out of Mollendo, the railway to Arequipa, built by the famous Henry Meiggs, father of the sensational line from Lima to Oroya, runs along the shore of the Pacific—right on the beach, in fact, skirting a long, unbroken line of foothills on the inland side. Here the Pacific's surf, breaking violently against the cliffs around Mollendo, makes a deafening din. After the entrance of the Tambo valley is passed, plantations of alfalfa, sugar cane, and cotton are traversed, a pleasing contrast to the bleak sandy wastes visible on the seaward side from the car windows.

Soon strange migratory sand dunes come into view. Scattered



about on the substratum of lava that forms the permanent portion of the coastal strip in this region, they are crescent-shaped and gray in color and sometimes attain a height of fifteen feet. They are of such regular shape as to make it seem impossible that they have not been designed by skillful human craftsmen. Constantly assailed by high winds, the dunes literally "migrate" across the coastal desert, at the rate of from forty to sixty feet yearly—always northward, since the wind invariably blows in a northerly direction. These strange piles of sand clearly mark their rate of progress with an accuracy comparable with that of sand in an hour glass.

At La Joya the train reaches an altitude of more than 4,000 feet above sea level. From there onward the locomotive climbs laboriously, though nowhere is it confronted with obstacles like those piled up in the path of its confreres on the railway from Lima to Oroya. As it puffs upward passengers are treated to fine views of the Pacific Ocean.

Soon even the most hardened veterans among the passengers are galvanized into exclamatory excitement by the first glimpses of the marvelous volcanoes towering over the valley of Arequipa, still many miles away. The locomotive continues to ascend boldly into the Andes coastal range—the mountains are now the real thing. The lofty peak of Coropuna (which some people, discarding the claims of those who favor Huascarán, consider the highest Andean pinnacle in Peru) and another huge mountain, Ampato, capped by eternal snow, glisten coldly in the distance. Mountain slopes glow in variegated hues because of the masses of metal concealed inside them. Far below yawns the deep gorge of the Río Chili, with a covering of vivid green contrasting sharply with masses of rock and sheets of snow.

After more groaning and winding around curves the train gets to the top of its journey and slides into the valley of Arequipa. Splashed across the foreground appear the steeples of the city's many churches and the red roofs of its houses. Arequipa's three volcanoes tower in silent majesty over the city's calm and sunlit loveliness. By this time the engine is whistling almost without interruption to warn the steadily thickening groups of donkeys, chickens, and Indians nonchalantly disputing with it the right of way. Another imperious whistle, a jar of brakes, and passengers are delivered, bag and baggage, into the hands of Indian boys bent on guiding them and carrying

their suitcases to the taxis waiting outside Arequipa's station to transport them to the heart of the city.

Followers of the Inca Mayna Capac, according to tradition, marching in the wake of that imperial conqueror of much of southern Peru, were so delighted by the beauty and delicious climate of the volcano-enclosed Arequipa valley that they asked the monarch for permission to stay there. He replied benignly in the Quechua language: "*Ari quepay*," meaning "Yes, stay." From those words the name of the city is supposedly derived. After Mayna Capac had completed his campaign of conquest he is reported to have transplanted three thousand families from the conquered districts to the valley of Arequipa, and it was their descendants whom the Spaniards in turn conquered, when they came in the full panoply of war to that fair and fruitful region.

Following the execution of Atahualpa, last Inca ruler of Peru, the grim Spaniard who had caused him to be executed, Francisco Pizarro, set about founding new cities in Atahualpa's subjugated dominions, for which purpose he sent emissaries to look over the land, including its southern portions. The first Spanish visitors to the Arequipa valley are supposed to have been soldiers of Almagro, Pizarro's leading comrade and later his bitterest rival, on their way from Peru to Chile. Almagro himself is said to have passed through the valley on his return from Chile in 1537, but the Spanish city of Arequipa was not founded until 1540. Its founder was another conquistador with the grand and resonant name of Pedro Anzúrez de Campo Redondo. He was accompanied, says an old chronicler, by "nobles of Spain and gentlemen with golden spurs, also a goodly company of monks and scholars."

In 1541 Arequipa was raised to the rank of city by Charles V of Spain, and awarded an official coat of arms. Its inhabitants threw themselves with sanguinary zeal into the murderous civil wars between Francisco Pizarro's brothers and other conquistadors, an activity that was destined to have an appropriate sequel in the city's turbulent participation in Peru's civil wars of three centuries later.

Those "nobles of Spain and gentlemen with golden spurs" who helped found Arequipa, and others equally noble and golden who settled there later, built for themselves and their descendants splen-

did mansions, some of which still survive in dilapidated grandeur in the midst of Arequipa's modern buildings devoted to commercial or residential purposes. Among these the most striking is the so-called Gibbs-Ricketts house (that name, peculiar indeed for something so Spanish, is due to intermarriage of the kin of Arequipa's early Spaniards with later Anglo-Saxon arrivals). Standing in whitewashed grandeur on a street leading out of the Plaza de Armas, it displays a splendid portal in which are blended, as in so many façades of Peruvian churches, both Spanish and native architectural motifs. Behind this portal—walk right through it—is a noble interior patio, showing still some of the ornamentation lavished upon it by the noble Spaniards who built it, which contrasts incongruously with the hum of business roundabout. The Gibbs-Ricketts house is devoted no longer to the cult of ancient Spanish aristocracy but to the pursuit of modern commercial profit.

Around the corner is another fine survival of Spanish Arequipa, known as the Casa de Moral, or Moral house. Its title has nothing to do with the morals, good or bad, of its occupants past or present, but is simply the name of an old Spanish family. In this same vicinity two other venerable mansions, one on the Calle Santa Catalina and the other on the Calle Morán, seem to exist far more in the ghostly atmosphere they evoke of Peru's colonial era than in the living, breathing new world around them. More mansions of the same character and vintage, scattered over Arequipa, keep up a threadbare dignity of bearing, in spite of the ravages of time, neglect, and earthquakes.

In colonial days Spanish aristocrats of Arequipa maintained such uncompromising ascendancy over other classes of the population that the city received in some ways a more Spanish imprint than any other place in Peru. In fact, so haughty and exclusive were Arequipa's local aristocrats that for many years they denied to Indians living there a number of rights accorded them in other parts of Spanish Peru, including the right to worship in churches. The granting of that privilege—limited for some time to a single church—came long after it had been bestowed upon Indians elsewhere in the country and was a landmark in Arequipa's history.

The city's main square, named, as in Lima and other big Peruvian centers, Plaza de Armas, has always been the focal point of urban

life. Always it has been girdled by arcades and watched over by the towers of the cathedral. In early days the middle of it became every morning the main market (now the market is in a modern edifice). There also excited political meetings were staged and local politicians basking in temporary popularity were acclaimed and others out of political luck were shot. Among the latter the most famous is the young and dashing dictator General Salaverry, who somewhat over a century ago objected to the scheme of Marshal Santa Cruz, dominant in neighboring Bolivia, to make a confederation of that country and Peru. So he challenged Santa Cruz to battle at near-by Socabaya, where Santa Cruz defeated him and took him prisoner. Shortly afterward Salaverry was executed by a firing squad on the Plaza de Armas of Arequipa. His body, wrapped in a bloody shroud, was then laid out in a room over the plaza's arcades; the room is now part of the premises occupied by present-day Arequipa's most exclusive club.

These arcades, as one sees them now, are comparatively new, for their predecessors have been leveled again and again by those most unwelcome of all visitors to Arequipa, earthquakes. And the cathedral in its present shape can look back on only one century of existence, which is a puny trifle in Peru. Nevertheless, despite all this devastation, the Plaza de Armas remains as fine a city square as one could hope to find anywhere in Spanish America. From the graceful arcades on three sides it gets uniformity and symmetry—and the severe cathedral on the fourth side fuses it into a most agreeable harmony.

To the Plaza de Armas everybody in Arequipa not bedridden or inhuman repairs at least once a day—to transact business, meet friends, give charming Arequipeñas the ocular once-over, or just sit on a bench in enjoyment of the city's celestial climate and contemplation of the glorious panorama of mountains rising behind the cathedral in their mantles of snow and sunshine.

Arequipa's inhabitants are celebrated for their religious fervor. And, as is quite appropriate in a place of such deep-seated piety, churches are numerous, decked with highly ornamental splendor, replete with rich treasures of gold, silver, and jewels. Hardly one of them, in its present form, dates back very far, since ecclesiastical victims of Arequipa's earthquakes include many shrines in addition to

the cathedral. But so pious are the Arequipeños and Arequipeñas that all damaged churches have been generously and promptly restored.

Foremost among the city's churches is the cathedral. It occupies, as has just been said, an entire side of the Plaza de Armas. The mountains behind it seem, in the clear air of the valley, to be so close that they give the impression of being a sort of gigantic backdrop. And what a backdrop they make!

Like much of the rest of the city, the cathedral is constructed of *sillar*, a species of volcanic stone quarried in the neighborhood. The original church on this site was built soon after the foundation of the Spanish city in 1540—the two most important things, to Spanish conquerors in Peru, were killing Indians and building churches, in that order. It gave place to another in 1656, which, after more bad shake-ups from earthquakes, was destroyed by fire in 1844. The present cathedral was then erected on the same plot of ground as its predecessors.

It is the work of a native of Arequipa, Lucas Poblete. He made up for scant instruction in architecture by remarkable innate talent. Experts find flaws in Poblete's design and in the execution of it, but few can bring themselves to deny the general impressiveness and grandiose sobriety and beauty of his gift to the city of his birth. Indeed, some consider this the finest cathedral in Peru. It possesses a magnificent monstrance of great value, which won a prize at an exhibition held in London in 1851. There are also a high altar of Carrara marble, a grand pulpit and organ, and several greatly prized paintings.

Diagonally across the Plaza de Armas is the church of La Compañía, built by the Jesuits. It has a striking and lavishly decorated façade, one of the most famous of its kind in Peru, contrasting in a marked way with the severity of the cathedral. Founded early in Arequipa's history, La Compañía suffered, like so many other churches, from the earthquakes that scourged the valley of Arequipa at short intervals. The present structure, finished in 1698, has been fortunate in escaping serious damage in quakes subsequent to its completion.

La Compañía is considered by experts one of the best examples of the Peruvian version of Spanish baroque. One of the most striking

points about it, notably in the workmanship of its façade, is again the native touch—also found elsewhere in Peru—that the native artists who carved its intricate and elaborate stonework have managed to inject into its basically Spanish character. Inside are several paintings in elaborate frames, dating from the days just after Spain's conquest of Peru. Adjoining the church are extensive and handsome cloisters, also built by the Jesuits, now occupied by tenants in various lines of modern business, whose signs lend a jarring note to the old pillars and patios around them.

At the head of the street bearing its name, starting from the Plaza de Armas beside the cathedral, is the church of San Francisco, founded originally in 1574. It, too, has an ornamental portal. San Francisco was grievously shaken by the earthquake of 1868, which necessitated extensive rebuilding. Therefore the present structure, in spite of the halo of venerable age hovering over it, is really almost all of modern construction. It has a fine high altar and carved wooden pulpit. After looking it over, you will enjoy sitting down for a short rest in the plaza beside it, a most charming and wistful little square, just the sort of thing one loves to find hidden away in secluded corners of Spanish-American cities.

Another church of high rank in Arequipa is La Merced, one block from the Plaza de Armas, in the opposite direction from San Francisco. It is one of the oldest churches in the city—that is, the original church on this site would have been, had it survived the troubles with earthquakes that have been the common lot of Arequipan shrines. So serious were the effects of these on La Merced that it had to be rebuilt in 1657 and again in 1740. But today, as it stands in shining whiteness with its handsome tower catching the rays of Arequipa's beneficent sunlight, it seems entirely oblivious of its agitated past and serenely indifferent to a possibly agitated future.

The church of Santo Domingo, near La Merced, was originally built as far back as 1544, and rebuilt (earthquake trouble) in 1582, 1604, and 1644, only to be badly smashed up all over again in 1868. It possesses a locally celebrated piece of sculpture representing *Nuestro Señor de la Vera Cruz* (Our Lord of the True Cross) and a fine old library.

Santo Domingo is the starting point every year for the great procession of Good Friday, in which the ingrained piety of Arequipa

reaches its climax. Thousands of the inhabitants of the city, belonging to every class represented in its population, take part in this procession. Because of its pomp and solemnity it is thought by some to equal the world-renowned Good Friday procession in Seville, Spain—and, by certain loyal local residents, to surpass it.

Through the street before Santo Domingo and along other main thoroughfares, packed with a multitude of people devoutly crossing themselves and muttering snatches of prayer, the procession moves slowly and in awesome silence. Every participant walks with his head bowed low in penance. First come the children of Arequipa, hundreds of them; then, behind them, pace long files of grownups, men on one sidewalk, women on the other. All—men, women, children—are dressed entirely in black, and all carry enormous green candles, the light from which invests the silent, somber cortege with overwhelming solemnity.

This procession is typical of devout Arequipa. And others almost equally impressive also pass slowly through the streets in Holy Week and on other days of religious ceremony. But in the past the city's processions were not always so solemn as they are nowadays. During the progress of one of them, which used to set forth from the church of San Francisco and circulate majestically through the streets, it was customary to burn big paper caricatures of unpopular politicians and of persons notorious for irreligious sentiments—to the huge delight of crowds of spectators lining the route of the procession.

Present-day festivals in Arequipa are noteworthy for the staging of elaborate displays of fireworks—which, incidentally, are an integral part of the life of the city's inhabitants. At the least provocation—and sometimes, so far as foreigners can see, with none at all—they shoot off clusters of rockets; and if they can supplement these with more complicated pyrotechnical stunts, their joy becomes unbounded. In conjunction with local celebrations, both religious and lay, there are concerts by bands of musicians, copious eating of locally favored delicacies, and assiduous drinking of a greatly esteemed punch known as *diana*, admirably adapted to cause dancing in the streets.

Other notable churches are San Agustín, with the usual intricately decorated façade; La Recoleta, possessing a much venerated image

of the Virgin of Dolores; Santa Catalina, with a long, gaunt, windowless yellow wall, fringing the street named for the church, and vividly suggestive of colonial Spanish austerity; El Carmen; Santa Rosa; and San Juan de Dios.

Arequipa's market is a spacious building of considerable size and up-to-date design. In the morning it rises to a climax of animation; though here as elsewhere in Peru where large number of Indians congregate, one is struck by the absence of the din that would pervade such a congregation in other lands. But the presence of color makes up for the absence of noise.

Many of the Indians, vendors and buyers, are clothed in garments of variegated hues, and some of the women wear most original and attractive hats, like Panamas, with high crowns. At the stalls the usual profusion of fruits and vegetables is on display; and, as usual in South America, pepper is king. In an upper gallery, severely segregated from the rest of the market, as if there were something reprehensible about them, are a number of shops dealing in cheap footwear. Sellers of earthenware, eager to get rid of big stocks of primitive pots and dishes, are also severely relegated to this upper region, which is connected by a steep stairway with the rest of the premises.

In the shops of Arequipa the distinctive specialty is leatherware. Ladies' bags of alluring design, also purses and brief cases and the like, are to be had at prices far below those for the same sort of merchandise in the United States. Particularly well stocked with such articles is the shop of Pedro P. Díaz (recently mayor of Arequipa), opposite the Panagra-W. R. Grace & Co. offices. Another is the establishment of Ybáñez, on the Calle San Juan de Dios.

Arequipa has two stadiums, a racecourse, and public swimming pools. Those making a stay of some length will find facilities for playing tennis and golf on courts and links open to transient visitors. The famous volcanoes towering over the city can be climbed without undue difficulty; the favorite of the trio among mountain climbers is Misti. Information on this subject can be obtained at the offices of the Panagra and the Compañía Peruana de Turismo, both just off the Plaza de Armas, or at one's hotel.

Excursions to Tingo and Paucarpata, within a few miles of the city's central section, give a good superficial idea of Arequipa's lovely



valley—especially the one to Paucarpata. These two places may be reached easily either by taxi or on streetcars leaving the Plaza de Armas every few minutes.

Another short excursion (by taxi) is to the old convent, just under Arequipa's chain of volcanoes. The convent won celebrity when it was the city's orphan asylum and a revolving basket in the wall near its main entrance was the place into which unmarried mothers could secretly put unwanted babies. The mothers used to creep stealthily to the convent door, place their babies in the basket, ring the bell, and as stealthily creep away again, without being seen. Within a few minutes a nun would turn the basket around by manipulating a mechanism inside the door, pick up the baby—and nobody would be the wiser. Arequipa's orphanage is now in a modern building on the other side of the city, and it has no revolving basket.

Somewhat farther distant are several towns that make admirable goals for excursions in the balmy air and magnificent scenery of the valley of Arequipa. Three of the most attractive are Caima, with an interesting old church, Sabandía, and Tiabaya. And there are resorts with mineral springs in the vicinity, the best known of which are Jesús, Yura, and Socosani. At these, hotel accommodations are available for those wishing to stay overnight or longer. The roads to all these towns afford a constant succession of beautiful views of Arequipa's volcanoes and of the other mountains encircling its enchanting valley.

For excursions to the above-mentioned places the city's taxis can be chartered. One of their principal stands is on the Plaza de Armas. Charges will be found cheap even in comparison with the cheapest in the United States. Five soles (seventy-five cents) and upward according to distance will cover trips of a gratifying number of miles—unless prices have skyrocketed since my last visit to Arequipa. There is an official taxi tariff, but it is liable to sudden alterations; as a rule, would-be passengers must make private agreements with drivers before embarking on excursions. Skill in bargaining will be found valuable.

Drivers are almost always polite and co-operative. But the style of most of them is cramped by inability to speak anything but Spanish. Foreigners who know that language are in a position of high stra-

tegic advantage. They will often be able to tap rich veins of local lore, stored up, awaiting an outlet, inside many of Arequipa's taxi pilots.

Among the hotels of Arequipa the first in the hearts of American and British visitors, and also in those of many persons of other nationalities, is the \*\*Hotel Quinta Bates, established over forty years ago by the Scotch-Irish widow of an American engineer, a lady known all over South America as Tía (Aunt) Bates. It is a typical South American semicountry residence, surrounded by a big garden filled with beautiful big trees, yet situated only a few blocks from the center of Arequipa. From the flat roof (where breakfast is served every morning, weather permitting, to those who want it up there), a glorious view is to be had of the Chachani and Misti volcanoes.

The Quinta Bates has an atmosphere like nothing else in all South America. Not to give it special mention would be unfair to one of the leading attractions of southern Peru's attractive metropolis. Partly a hotel, partly a boardinghouse, wholly a home, the Quinta Bates has won for its proprietor and itself an army of eloquently enthusiastic volunteer propagandists.

Its main building is a rambling structure, Spanish American to the core, surrounded by brick-paved verandas and trellises hung with vines. In it are old-fashioned rooms with typically Spanish high ceilings and decorated with old furniture and paintings. In the garden are several delightful cottages. Only a few of the rooms have private baths.

All the guests—the Quinta Bates accommodates only about forty at most—take their meals at small tables in a pleasant, paneled dining room. And every afternoon tea is served in true English style. At the end of 1946 the price per day for room and meals (breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner) was 18 Peruvian soles, or about \$2.70. Those wishing to stay at the Quinta Bates are strongly advised to wire well ahead of their contemplated arrival.

Visitors to Arequipa will also find excellent accommodations at the \*\*Hotel Arequipa, one of the best of the chain of new tourist hotels opened in recent years by the Peruvian government. It is magnificently situated on the edge of the city, directly at the foot of Arequipa's three volcanoes, of which gorgeous views are obtainable from

the hotel's public and private rooms. Some of the latter have private baths. The inclusive daily rate for room and meals was (1946) around \$3.00 per person.

In the central part of Arequipa, near the Plaza de Armas, is the old-established \*Hotel Sucre, with a popular bar-restaurant making a specialty of *camarones*, or shrimps, which come up on ice by train from the Pacific at Mollendo. Other hotels, in a distinctly different category from those already mentioned, are the Cordara, Moderno, Colón (in one of the arcades of the Plaza de Armas), and the Gran Hotel Pacífico.

## 14: OVER THE ANDES

**S**TEADILY skyward puffs the train from Arequipa to Lake Titicaca and Cuzco, in the midst of wonderful Andean scenery, until it grinds and grunts to a stop among the *anticuchos*.

Anticuchos are not wind-racked mountain uplands. They are not snow-encrusted mountain plains. They are not ice-encased mountain peaks. They are something to eat. They are gobs of beef hearts, skewered while they are red and dripping on long thick pieces of wire, and cooked to a crisp on charcoal braziers by Indian women, in clothes of many colors, ranged in a long, silent line beside the railway. On each wire five or six gobs are impaled and sold for three American cents per set. You must return the wire. Sometimes, when the supply of hearts runs out, lumps of ordinary beef are skewered on the wires. Believe it or not, anticuchos are delicious—that is, if you can close your mind to their unsanitary implications and your eyes to their unwholesome appearance and your nose to their unappetizing purveyors.

Once, after I had eaten a wireful, I bought two more, took them back to the train, one in each hand, and proffered them to an American couple who had stayed in their seats, stonily indifferent to the trackside banqueting. They accepted the gift politely but with a marked lack of enthusiasm. I returned to the smoky braziers and the smelly Indians. When I got back to the train those Americans had not only eaten the anticuchos but were licking their fingers and rolling their eyes. So I felt that I had done my bit for the Good Neighbor Policy—which, I reflected, had probably never been promoted before via the anticucho route.

Entering a gap in the great Andean mountain wall, the train climbs higher and higher. Soon the slopes are almost bare of vegetation. The air gets thinner; one develops a tendency to gasp, an uncomfortable feeling that somebody has forgotten to provide enough air for everyone to breathe. Some passengers begin to show symptoms of soroche. But it must be remarked here once more, for the benefit of those temporarily laid low by this harassing Peruvian ailment, that it is, like seasickness, annoying but not serious.

Crucero Alto, more than 14,600 feet above the sea, is the highest point on the line. The train begins to descend, to the vast relief of sufferers from soroche, whose improved condition becomes noticeable with every hundred feet lopped off their altitude above sea level. On the way down the eastern slopes of the Andes two lakes become visible, one on each side of the track, which runs along their banks for miles.

Vegetation reappears. Flocks of sheep run away as the locomotive approaches them. Numerous llamas pause beside the track or move slowly away from it in supercilious disdain. In all Peru and Bolivia I never saw a llama that looked as if it approved of anything whatsoever. But, unlike camels, probably the animals that hold the all-time record for continuity of disapproval, llamas practically never become angry unless goaded beyond endurance. Then they spit. At other times they merely resemble perturbed schoolmarms or maiden aunts rubbed the wrong way.

Vicuñas and alpacas also put in an appearance; and, grouped at stations or plodding along the roads beside the train, there are always numerous Indians wrapped in tattered cloaks. Most of the flocks in this region are tended by Indian women, who work apparently without any intervals of rest. In the case of the menfolk, however, the intervals seem to be both frequent and long. At the stations hand-woven textiles are held up for the prospective buyer to see, also alpaca and vicuña fur pieces and rugs. But for purchases of these the foreign visitor can do better at stations between Juliaca and Cuzco. And so I told that American couple already mentioned. They listened to my words with complete indifference.

"I don't want vicuña fur," said the husband.

"I don't want alpaca fur," said the wife.

"What we both want," they chanted in unison, "is anticuchos."

Unfortunately, there weren't any at that particular stop.

After running for some distance over a flat, barren plain, the train got us to Juliaca, a town that has acquired importance as a center of local wool and hide trade. Through its streets circulate llamas, donkeys, unpainted and unwashed busses, and squads of Indian men and women often bent almost at a right angle by the heavy loads slung across their backs. On the main plaza is an old church that deserves a visit. Juliaca's climate is cool pretty much all the year round. Sometimes it gets so cold as to cause acute discomfort to those staying overnight, since heating arrangements at local hotels are likely to be primitive or nonexistent.

Juliaca's principal hostelrys are the Barrientos and the Gran, both on the main plaza across from the railway station. There is little to be said of them except in disparagement. The Peruvian government in 1946 was planning to build one of its modern tourist hotels at Juliaca.

Passengers leaving Arequipa for Cuzco on the day train spend the night either at Juliaca or Puno, both of which are reached early in the evening. Puno is about thirty miles from the main line at Juliaca, with which it is connected by a branch line. Those traveling from Arequipa to Cuzco by the night train arrive at Juliaca the next morning and change there to the Puno-Cuzco train, which, steaming in from Puno a few hours after their arrival, takes them onward to Cuzco, which is reached early that evening. In view of the fact that there is a good hotel at Puno and none at Juliaca, passengers on the day train from Arequipa are advised to spend the night at Puno instead of Juliaca before proceeding to Cuzco. (Of course, if there is a government tourist hotel at Juliaca when they visit Peru this advice may be ignored, unless a look at Puno is desired in any case.)

Trains between Arequipa and Cuzco via Juliaca are equipped with dining cars; and on the night train between those two cities there are sleeping cars.

Puno, with a population of 15,000 and an altitude of 12,400 feet, is situated on the shore of Lake Titicaca. It was founded by the

Spaniards in 1580 in a region that had long been of high importance under the Inca and pre-Inca rulers of Peru, the ruins of whose cities and temples are scattered all over the neighborhood of the city.

Puno's cathedral, built over two centuries ago, has a portal with fine carvings in stone. The interior is simple in design, with a fine pulpit, statues, paintings, and silver utensils. There is also a museum in Puno containing ancient relics dug up in the vicinity.

The churches of San Juan and La Merced will repay a visit. Another local landmark is the mansion of the Conde de Lemos, a distinguished Spanish magnate of the colonial epoch. The market has a big mural painting showing scenes from Peruvian Indian life.

Visitors to Puno with a little time on their hands should take a stroll along the lake front. There they will see the curious craft of the Indian navigators of Lake Titicaca. Arrangements can be made for short trips on these picturesque and odoriferous boats.

Puno is important as the Peruvian terminus of the trunk rail-and-steamboat route between Peru and Bolivia, which also affords direct rail connection with Argentina and Chile. From Puno, steamboats with comfortable cabins for passengers make regular overnight trips at least once a week to Guaqui, on the Bolivian shore of Titicaca, whence connecting trains transport passengers to La Paz and other Bolivian cities. Puno may also be made the starting point of trips to Copacabana, the celebrated religious shrine on Bolivia's shore of the lake, the islands of the Sun and Moon, and the famous ruins of Tiahuanaco (for details about these places see the second part of this book dealing with Bolivia, under the heading "Roundabout La Paz").

At Puno there is a good government tourist hotel, the \*Hotel Puno, one of the modern hostelries that the Peruvian government, with most laudable zeal, has built and is building all over Peru. Other hotels, by no means in the same category but cheaper in their charges, include the Ferrocarril, Royal, and Nava.

Lake Titicaca is the highest navigable body of fresh water in the world. It is about 12,500 feet above sea level and covers an area of about 5,500 square miles. Views from its surface are of extraordinary beauty. From steamboats and Indian craft one can gaze at a panorama of Andean peaks that is seventy-five miles in length. Many of the highest among them are covered with snow that glistens in the

clear mountain air and takes on fantastic hues from the rays of the sun. They range in height up to almost 22,000 feet; and, though often far distant from the lake, they seem to those contemplating them to be only a few miles away, a phenomenon due to the exceptional clearness of the atmosphere.

Titicaca makes a specialty of marvelous sunsets and sunrises. These are of such variety and gorgeousness of coloring that travelers from many lands have grown positively lyrical in describing them.

Over Titicaca's expanse ply impassive Aymará boatmen in balsas and other exotic craft. Some are fishermen; others earn a livelihood by transporting local produce between the various Peruvian and Bolivian ports dotting the lake's banks. The Indian balsas are raftlike contraptions made of reeds woven together, with sails bearing a curious resemblance to those of Chinese junks. Other boats on the lake look like the canoes of North America.

Lake Titicaca's flotilla of steamboats providing regular service between Puno and Guaqui include the flagship *Ollanta*, built in Hull, England, in 1929. She was transported piecemeal from the Pacific at Mollendo by rail over the Andes to Puno and there put together again. She has room for about seventy first-class passengers and a cargo capacity of 750 tons. But a steamboat of far greater local celebrity, though of smaller size, one that commands high respect and even awe among Peruvians and Bolivians, is the *Yavari*. She has been doing the Puno-Guaqui run *since 1861* without blowing up or otherwise eliminating herself. The *Yavari* was also carried from the Pacific over the Andes. Since there was no railway when she appeared on the scene in 1861, her component parts had to be strapped to the backs of mules, llamas, or, in some cases, Indians, and dragged by them over the bleak and dangerous mountains from Mollendo to Puno, where they were joined together.

In the eyes of the Incas and their predecessors Lake Titicaca had great sanctity. The main reason for this was that the founder of the Inca dynasty, Manco Capac, and his wife, Mama Ocllo, were supposed to have arrived from extramundane regions on the Island of the Sun, in the midst of the lake's waters. There was later built on the island an Inca temple of such magnificence that it is said to have surpassed even the wonderful Temple of the Sun at Cuzco.



Titicaca is rich in fish. Some species, very popular among fish addicts in Peru and Bolivia, are eaten at meals served as far away as Cuzco in the former and La Paz in the latter.

Travelers from Arequipa to Cuzco who elect to include Puno in their itinerary retrace their steps, after a look at that lakeside city, to Juliaca, where they find themselves again on the direct Arequipa-Cuzco line of the Southern Railway of Peru.

Proceeding in a northerly direction on its 210-mile journey from Juliaca to Cuzco, the train climbs steadily. Indian huts with grass roofs fringe the route. Llamas, alpacas, and vicuñas eye the locomotive suspiciously from roads and fields—hereabouts alpacas are sometimes more numerous than llamas. On station platforms passengers bargain as usual with Indian vendors for rough local pottery, big country cheeses, and fish from Lake Titicaca, all of which are eagerly bought by passengers in the second-class carriages and wedged in among the baggage on overhead racks. They do not improve the air.

Pucará, forty miles from Juliaca, is the scene of excavations by American archaeologists working under the auspices of Harvard University. They have dug up some of the most valuable archaeological material ever brought to light in this region, which, centuries ago, was a central part of pre-Inca and Inca Peru.

Ayaviri, fifty-seven miles from Juliaca, is one of the most likable and animated towns on the whole journey between Arequipa and Cuzco. Here second-class passengers and those first-class ones adventurous enough to scorn the fare provided for them in the dining car partake of hotly spiced stews, greasy hunks of beef, chicken soaked in pepper, loaves of rough bread, local fruits, and beverages of a revolting appearance, served by Indian women who squat stolidly close together on the ground around the station. There are also anticuchos.

Ayaviri is a good place for purchasing alpaca and vicuña furs, mats, rugs, and other articles, dangled invitingly outside the train's windows by Indians who eventually agree to part with them at prices ludicrously lower than those prevalent—even after intensive bargaining—in Lima. Near the station is a big, domed church with two commanding white steeples, dating from Spanish colonial days.

At Chuquibambilla, beyond Ayaviri, is a model farm run by the Peruvian government, where farmers and those embarking on a farmer's life can learn modern agricultural methods. La Raya, 135 miles from Juliaca, over 14,000 feet above the sea, is the highest point on the Juliaca-Cuzco line.

Now the train begins to descend. Mountainsides fantastically terraced present patterns of alternating bright green farmland and somber gray rock, sometimes spotted with white patches of snow. Some of the little mountain farms—on which present-day Indians continue the tradition of those supremely industrious farmers, their Inca ancestors—seem to be planted on almost perpendicular slopes. At Aguas Calientes (Hot Waters), 112 miles from Juliaca, passengers pile out of their seats to dip their hands and douse their hair in the water that comes steaming out of natural springs bubbling beside the track.

As the train progresses the costumes of the Indians clustered around the stations grow more colorful. Peculiar flat hats, usually red and black and resembling pancakes, appear more and more frequently on the heads of Indian women. Beyond Marangani, with a big textile plant, the products of which are often seen in shops at Lima and Arequipa, the train stops at Sicuani, where passengers are given further opportunities to buy—or at least go through the motions of buying—vicuña and other local furs. The valley of the Vilcanota River, through which the train has been puffing—it was considered a sacred stream by the Incas—now becomes the valley of the Urubamba.

Fields get greener. Towns huddle closer together. The whole countryside is more thickly populated. For now the train is in the valley of Cuzco, heart of the Inca empire of Peru. Old churches built by Spanish conquerors rise among the ruins of cities and temples and forts erected by the unfortunate early Peruvians whom those Spaniards conquered. Superb mountains tower over the valley, terraced to the last square inch of arable soil, some of it almost at the snow line. Ahead a row of hills abruptly closes the valley to the north.

Houses with red roofs, churches with tall white steeples begin to crowd in on the train. Country roads gradually become urban thoroughfares. The train suddenly comes to a jarring halt.

Into the cars swoop dozens of ragged Indian boys and men. They pounce madly on the suitcases and satchels and parcels of passengers. They act as if they and not the passengers owned all this luggage. This provokes outbursts of fury among passengers unaccustomed to such highhandedness, who wish to arrange for the transfer of their baggage with more order and less fever. I saw one Swiss photographer, in energetic defense of his delicate and extremely valuable photographic apparatus, actually come to blows with the pouncing madmen trying to drag it out of the train. With eyes flashing and hair waving and fists flying he looked like a sailor repelling boarders.

Fortunately, I did not become involved in any such ferocious contest. Singling out an Indian who seemed rather more reliable than his tousled and unkempt comrades, I pointed to my bags. And I strode in his wake through the station to a vehicle whose driver promised to transport me to the center of the city at which I had just arrived—the most venerable and historic of all the cities of Peru, the holy city of the Incas, the golden city where Pizarro's Spaniards found their dreams of El Dorado turned into living, palpable reality.

## 15: GHOSTS OF STONE

**S**UBJECTS of the Inca emperors of Peru flung themselves to the ground when, as they journeyed toward Cuzco, they first caught sight of it. Lying prostrate, they kissed the earth in token of their devout attachment to the holy city. On drawing closer, just before starting to descend from the hills around Cuzco to its sacred streets, they bared their heads and raised their arms and exclaimed reverently: "Cuzco, city of greatness, I salute thee!" As they entered it they bore on their backs heavy stones as a sign of their humble recognition of its sanctity—as some of their Indian descendants do to this day. To those Indians of centuries ago Cuzco was more a god than a city. Its intangible, impalpable, holiness transcended immeasurably the concrete and substantial glory of its massive fortifications and grandiose palaces and golden temples.

Today Cuzco is a quiet provincial city. It has only 45,000 inhabitants. But at the apex of its power and opulence as the metropolis of the Incas, it was the home, according to chroniclers who gazed upon it in its magnificence, of more than 300,000 people, the center of an empire inhabited by another 10,000,000 subjects of the Inca monarchs. Imperial Cuzco is said to have had 100,000 buildings; and the first Spaniards who ever saw it, returning to Caxamalca to report to their commander, Francisco Pizarro, on the wonders they had seen, told him that the eight days they had spent within Cuzco had not sufficed for them to become acquainted with the whole of it, owing to its immense size.

Cuzco is unique. In and around it Incas and Spaniards—two cultures, two religions, two civilizations—met and clashed. Spain was victorious. Inca Peru was vanquished. But not completely crushed.

Above the Inca walls lining Cuzco's streets rise the palaces of Spanish conquerors. On the foundations of Inca temples, long ago devoted to the worship of the sun god and his satellite deities, great churches, consecrated by Spaniards to the God of the Christians, display their noble walls and soaring belfries alike to the descendants of the conquistadors who erected them and to the heirs of the Incas who preceded them.

In Cuzco you realize that the subjugation of Inca Peru by Pizarro and his Spanish comrades never became complete, that it was physical rather than spiritual. Cuzco's Spanish churches have not obliterated the Inca spirit imprisoned in the solid stonework under their pillars and aisles and towers. Those Spanish churches are somehow still Inca temples—a fact that, could they realize it, would infuriate the fanatical priests and monks who built them. Those churches recall both the Spain that killed what was mortal in Peru's ancient civilization and the immortal soul of that civilization which refused under the Spaniards, and still refuses under the Peruvian republic, to be killed.

In Cuzco, before your eyes, material realities seem to disappear, intangibilities to assume shape and substance. Suddenly, as you stand before its solidity and massiveness and the imperturbable grandeur of its Inca and pre-Inca ruins, the present perishes and the past sits enthroned. Suddenly death takes on the trappings of life and life lies in a shroud. Suddenly, even while you gaze at solid old Spanish buildings, at solid modern buildings, they fade; and, victoriously cleaving the darkness of time—untouched, unchanged, and unchallenged—the vanished temples of the Incas rise majestically out of the shadows in silent, accusing glory.

Humboldt said that ancient architecture in Peru was characterized by three things: simplicity, symmetry, and majesty. That statement is triumphantly borne out in Cuzco. Wherever one's eyes rove they meet simple stonework, symmetrical walls, majestic ruins.

One of the best places in Cuzco for appreciating the architectural genius of the pre-Spanish Peruvians, the perfection attained by them as fashioners of stone, is the Callejón Loreto, leading from the corner of the Plaza de Armas, on which stands the church of La Compañía, toward the church of Santo Domingo, rising over the ruins

of the great Inca Temple of the Sun. On each side of this narrow thoroughfare, from one end of it to the other, are grand walls that remain much as they were in the days of the supremacy in Peru of the vanished race that built them.

On the right, the walls are those of the palace known as *Amaru cancha*, the House of the Serpent, where dwelt the Inca Huayn Capac; on the left, they mark the Temple of the Chosen Women of the Sun, a sacred sisterhood of priestesses resembling the Vesta Virgins of Ancient Rome, vowed from earliest youth to the worship of the sun god. The huge stones forming these walls—some, like those of other ancient structures in Cuzco, incline inward—have many-angled, carefully polished surfaces. And they are fitted together with that matchless skill which invariably elicits the astonished admiration of all who contemplate their massive yet delicate perfection. You cannot stick the blade of a penknife between any two of them. Above the substructures of both these ruined buildings the walls of others of a much later date, superimposed on them by Spaniards, seem flimsy and tawdry in comparison with the solidity beneath them, which seems to be contemptuously rebuking them for their presumption in daring to intrude upon such holy ground.

Continuing from the point where the *Callejón Loreto* ends, the visitor comes to the *Plazuela de Santo Domingo*, on which stands the Spanish-built church of that name. Though it has merit in itself, its principal claim to attention rests on the fact that it rises over the ruins of the superb Temple of the Sun, holiest of all shrines in the Cuzco of the Incas, the tremendous walls of which, now serving as the foundations of the church, seem like a sturdy Indian nursemaid holding in her arms a puny Spanish baby.

The Temple of the Sun, called *Coricancha* by the ancient Peruvians, was a place of unrivaled sanctity and splendor—on that all chroniclers of Spain's conquest of Peru are agreed. Prescott, the Bostonian who a century ago so sedulously studied and so miraculously absorbed the spirit of those dead chroniclers, says of this holy of holies, and of the Cuzco and Peru of which it was the brightest ornament:

It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human coun-

tenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrustated. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice. . . .

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description, appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. . . .

Besides the great Temple of the Sun, there was a large number of inferior temples and religious houses in the Peruvian capital and its environs, amounting, it is stated, to three or four hundred. For Cuzco was a sanctified spot, venerated not only as the abode of the Incas but of all those deities who presided over the motley nations of the empire. It was the city beloved of the Sun; where his worship was maintained in its splendor; "where every fountain, pathway and wall," says an ancient chronicler, "was regarded as a holy mystery. . . ."

Inside the Spanish church of Santo Domingo fragments of the greatest of all Inca temples, as massive as it was beautiful, assert themselves in imperishable disdain for the encroachments of conquest and the passage of time. What is today the sacristy of the church was in Inca days a subdivision of the main temple, to which moderns have given the name of Temple of the Moon. It has walls punctured by niches, in which it is supposed that idols were placed. Next to it is another similar chamber.

Passing several walls of excellent symmetry, one reaches the so-called Temple of Venus and the Stars, which, it is thought, was encased centuries ago in a magnificent frame of gold. Here on every

hand are examples of the perfect working of stone that has won eternal fame for unknown Inca artificers. Near by is the Temple of Lightning and Thunder, resembling those mentioned, and thought to have been devoted to special rites in connection with the worship of the sun.

Turning to the right as one leaves the church of Santo Domingo by its main portal, one enters the ancient thoroughfare called Ahuai Pinta, which presents the most awe-inspiring close-up views of the colossal pre-Spanish walls over which the Spanish church was reared. All through this part of Cuzco remains of such walls are mixed with those of edifices of more recent construction; indeed, no other part of the city is richer in such vestiges of Cuzco's dead glory.

Only the ruling Inca, some of the members of his family, and the priesthood were allowed access to the interior of the Temple of the Sun. Other persons could approach no nearer than the Intipampa (now Plazuela de Santo Domingo), outside the church of that name, into which led the Intikicillo, or Street of the Sun. The Intipampa had a sanctity of its own, owing to its proximity to the holy of holies. On it certain sacrificial rites connected with the Inca religion were performed, also religious dances in which dancers from all parts of the empire, even the remotest provinces, participated. Only the scantest traditions remain as to those rites and dances, because the Spaniards, with their usual ruthlessness toward all pertaining to the past of the unhappy nation they had conquered, forbade them under severe penalties and finally succeeded in eradicating them entirely.

So sacred was the Intipampa that everybody who trod it had to do so with bare feet, with the single exception of the reigning monarch, who was not obliged to remove his footwear until he was close to the portal of the great temple.

From what is left of the Temple of the Sun it has been deduced that, besides the sanctuaries already mentioned, there were a great number of rooms for the use of priests and servants.

Since I am not an expert on architecture, pre-Inca, Inca, or any other, I have decided to rely at a certain point in this chapter—which is now upon me—on what experts have to say about pre-



Spanish remains in Cuzco. One of them, Professor Jorge Corne Bouroncle, of the faculty of the University of Cuzco, wrote a book short time ago in which he has this to say on the subject:

It should not be forgotten that the Inca Empire was the fruit of a very peculiar social system, in which it was impossible to know when or where the Inca ceased to be a divine being, a son of the Sun, in order to transform himself into the chief of a civilian community or a general of the Inca armies. Therefore, Inca buildings had to reflect a synthesis of powers, which, united in a single individual, the Inca, were not easily distinguished and separated. For example, a fortress, a military work, included within itself structures dedicated to the gods—and, in the palaces where the Inca dwelt, there dwelt also a sacred being, different from all human beings. This blend of concepts influences all Inca architecture, all Inca art, giving them a certain unity.

The pre-Inca period, I think, may be described as that of polygonal stones perfectly joined together by multiple angles. Its architecture is of greater beauty, through its strength, than the Inca architecture. Pre-Inca walls show that those who built them were highly cultured and possessed supreme technical knowledge. The walls they built are unsurpassable. Never did man work better in stone. The walls of Hatunrumiyoc, Cabracancha and of the corner of Ahuac Pinta are examples worthy of the highest praise. Those relics suffice to show what kind of man, what giants, wrought them. . . .

After that comes the *Inca style of the first period*—of transition, so to speak. Walls of this period are of quadrangular stones in which the straight line is paramount. There is a certain disorder of construction; the walls are not completely symmetrical. The difference between the walls of the first Inca period and the *second Inca period* strikes one at first sight. Technique has improved until every block, every stone in itself, becomes a true expression of artistic form and beauty. The buildings of the second Inca period, of the plenitude of Inca power, are of patterns of absolutely symmetrical stones . . . with completely smooth surfaces, perfectly polished. These stones are joined together with such perfection that it is impossible to insert the point of a pin between any two of them. All the walls of the Coricancha (Temple of the Sun) it may be said, are of this style.

In other buildings, such as the Amarucancha and the Suntuahuasi for instance, one may see patterns of small stones that are absolutely quadrangular but with surfaces that are not smooth. Others—for instance, those of Aillahuasi, the House of the Virgins of the Sun—have this characteristic: the lower rows are of bigger stones, and the stones decrease in size as the height of the wall increases, and their surfaces are perfectly smooth. The walls of the first Inca period are inclined inward, in order to harmonize with the trapezoidal form of doors, niches and windows. The walls of the second Inca period are straight, also the doors and thresholds, some of which are decorated with figures of *amarus* (serpents). . . .

These edifices had a certain symbolic character and, taken all together, showed the meticulous organization of the Inca State. . . . The Incas built for eternity.

In order to see some of the most famous pre-Inca and Inca remains in Cuzco, leave the Plaza de Armas by the Calle del Triunfo, beside the church of that name adjoining the cathedral, and follow it for a block to the Calle Hatunrumiyoc. The latter is enclosed practically along its whole length by ancient walls, some in a remarkable state of completeness, others much shrunken. The street is named after a house built over the best of all these walls, made of big stones of irregular form and with numerous angles. Of these, one, celebrated all over the world and among the principal goals for foreign visitors in Cuzco, has *twelve angles*, all of them joined without cement to other stones with extraordinary precision and skill. (But there is a stone at Machu Picchu, to which we shall come in its turn, which has *eighteen angles* and isn't famous at all!)

But the crowning pre-Spanish treasure of Cuzco—far more impressive, to my mind, than the Callejón Loreto and the Calle Hatunrumiyoc with their fringes of massive walls and all the rest of the pre-Inca and Inca remains in the city proper, including even the Temple of the Sun itself—is that colossal product of the engineering and architectural genius of the ancient Peruvians, the renowned fortress of Sacsahuamán, rising in stony majesty over the city.

Sacsahuamán is on the top of a hill within about twenty minutes' drive from the Plaza de Armas by motor—indeed, it is so near the heart of Cuzco that some foreigners, scorning transportation on

wheels, prefer to walk to it, since the hill is not really steep and the views en route are magnificent. When this tremendous stronghold was built is a mystery—whether in pre-Inca *and* Inca times, or entirely in the former, or entirely in the latter is a matter of continuous and vehement dispute among archaeologists and historians.

Sacsahuamán strikes you breathless. And when you recover your breath it inspires the most extravagant adjectives, the most eloquent outbursts of grandiloquent description—yet still it remains undescribed. “Incredible!” “Superb!” “Megalithic!” “Cyclopean!” That is the kind of comment it wrings from you, as it stands there above the holy city of the Incas in broken yet arrogant grandeur. “There is nothing in the world to compare with it,” wrote Sir Clements Markham, one of the most enthusiastic of Peruphiles—if I may be allowed to coin a word. “It is the most grandiose creation of the ancient inhabitants of the American hemisphere,” wrote Hiram Bingham, the American discoverer of some of the most remarkable ruins in Peru.

Many others also have stood in stupefaction before Sacsahuamán, trying to guess how its creators came by their amazing knowledge of the science of military fortification; with what tools they cut and smoothed those gigantic boulders; by what means they dragged them to their destined position, and with unerring, uncanny precision set them there for eternity.

Through generations the Spaniards looted Sacsahuamán. They pried loose some of the huge stones that formed its ramparts and rolled them down the hillside and built them into the Christian churches and Castilian palaces reared by them in the holy city below the hill. But some of these boulders, many, in fact, resisted even the most persistent and unscrupulous Spanish vandalism. There those stubborn monoliths still stand, as grand and as strong as when they were first carved and smoothed and wedged into Sacsahuamán’s bastions by its mysterious builders.

In silence and reverence the onlooker of today salutes those dead artisans as he gazes on their imperishable creation; in silence and sadness and disgust he shakes his head at the thought that their skill and artistry were so pathetically wasted—for Cuzco fell to Francisco Pizarro without the slightest resistance from Sacsahuamán. And Sacsahuamán, when an Inca garrison there at last sought to

oppose the Spanish conquerors after the fall of Cuzco, opposed them in vain.

Sacsahuamán was a combination of fortress and palace. It was built in triplicate, so to speak, on three different levels. The first (lowest) level is surrounded by a wall of enormous blocks of stone, which zigzag in and out, forming salients in the most approved pattern of fortification as it was known in the Europe of the time of Spain's conquest of Peru. The second level of the fortress also has the same sort of zigzagging wall, the salients of which coincide perfectly with those of the lower level. On the third or uppermost level there were in Inca times three turrets.

The wall that has suffered most from the spoliation to which the Spaniards subjected the entire stronghold is the one nearest Cuzco, since the stones of which it was built were smaller and hence more easily dislodged by Spanish vandals. Sacsahuamán's three concentric girdling walls, one over the other, were joined together by three stone stairways protected by fortified gates.

Close to the lower wall is a colossal boulder known as La Piedra Cansada, the Tired Stone, which stands in solitary grandeur. It is said to weigh over one thousand tons. Those who hewed it into shape intended, it is supposed, to make it part of the main wall of the fortress. But it broke away while it was being dragged to its appointed place (so runs the story about it), crushing to death three hundred Indian workers. After that, Incas and Spaniards left it severely alone.

All over the hilltop on which the fort stands are niches cut into the solid rock, which are supposed to have been altars before which devout subjects of the Inca could offer prayer; according to one Spanish historian there were more than three hundred of these small shrines around Sacsahuamán.

When I was in Cuzco recently I had the good fortune to meet Professor John H. Rowe, a young American archaeologist, formerly professor of architecture at the University of Cuzco, who had lived in that city for years and knows how to make archaeology fascinating to an uninitiated layman like myself. One day I asked him if he would be so kind as to jot down at his leisure a little list of some of the archaeological sights in and around Cuzco that he thought of most interest to foreigners with only time enough to scratch the

surface of the vast Inca and pre-Inca treasures of the "archaeological capital of the Americas" and the region around it. He earned my eternal gratitude by bringing me the very next day not a mere sketchy catalogue but a series of descriptions of what he appropriately and humorously called "First Priority Ruins." Here is the gist of what he told me about Sacsahuamán:

The fortress of Cuzco, called Sacsahuamán (in Quechua, Sagsawaman, meaning Rock Falcon), took over ninety years to build. As many as thirty thousand men are said to have worked on it at once. It was garrisoned by the Spaniards in 1533, taken by the armies of the Inca Manco in the Indian uprising against the Spaniards in 1535, and retaken soon afterward by the latter, who maintained a garrison there all through the sixteenth century. It was used as a quarry in the colonial period. In 1934 the Peruvian government undertook excavations in the fort and a large collection of objects was found. This collection is now in the Archaeological Institute at Cuzco.

The triple fortifications of the north side of the fort are built of Yucay limestone, quarried on the spot. The ones overlooking the city are of Sacsahuamán porphyry, also quarried on the spot. The only stones in the fortress that were brought from a distance are the small squared blocks of black and red volcanic stone in some of the buildings near the top of the hill, which came from Nuaccoto or Rumicolca, distant, respectively, eight miles and eighteen miles from the hill on which Sacsahuamán stands. There is an old legend that a passage leads underground from the fortress to the Temple of the Sun in Cuzco.

The Rodadero (Slide) is a maze of carved limestone and little tunnels. The carving is all Inca in date and emphasizes the religious importance of the place. The Rodadero (Suchuna in Quechua) is a natural formation, the result of a fault in the earth's crust.

With due respect to that scientific description of the Rodadero, I would rather describe it—and I think most lay persons would—as the grandest natural slide in the world. Cuzco's little urchins of today delight in sliding down it, just as did, I feel sure, the urchins of Inca days—when the priests weren't looking. Many an adult standing at the top of it feels the itch to shoot excitingly to the foot, letting personal dignity go hang. I feel sure that the Inca priests used to do just that—when the Inca urchins weren't looking.

For the best view of Sacsahuamán, mount the so-called Throne of the Inca, a stone seat cut into the rock of the Rodadero Hill north of the triple wall of the fortress. And, if you possibly can, visit Sacsahuamán by moonlight. Then you will see it in a setting of ghostly melancholy and majesty that you won't forget as long as you live.

## 16: CUZCO OF THE SPANIARDS

**A**LL roads in Cuzco lead to the Plaza de Armas. And all eyes on the Plaza de Armas invariably turn to the imposing cathedral on one side of it—of which you will hear more farther along in this chapter. And all ears near the cathedral, and throughout Cuzco, for that matter, are regaled many times a day by the music of its bells, particularly by that of one of them, peculiarly sweet in tone, of which the following story is told by the people of Cuzco to visiting strangers:

Far back in the city's Spanish era there was a high Spanish official of a most disagreeable and despotic character called Angola, whose beautiful daughter María fell in love with a young captain in the royal Spanish militia. Their love passed the limits within which such things were allowable in haughty Spanish families—so much so that María's disagreeable father thought it best to dispatch her in the company of his wife across the ocean to Spain. From that land, in due course, he learned that she had made him a grandfather. Soon after, the young captain of militia was found dead, pierced by numerous sword thrusts—and Cuzco gossip promptly connected María's father with the captain's mysterious death. This so annoyed the former that he became even more disagreeable than he had been before and eventually drank himself to death. He left a large fortune, produced from rich mines and from the cultivation of big estates by unfortunate Indians, bestowed upon him as slaves under the inhuman system prevalent in Spanish Peru.

When his daughter and her mother heard of his demise they immediately set sail from Spain for Peru, with the disagreeable official's little grandchild. But both the latter and María's mother died on the

way, so María arrived in Cuzco alone to claim her father's fortune. There she learned for the first time of the death of the young captain of militia, the baby's father.

From that moment she became devoutly religious. Hearing that a great bell destined for the cathedral could not be successfully cast, owing to the lack of a large quantity of gold necessary in its metallic make-up, she got together all her golden jewels and a big sum of gold coins, and, suddenly appearing when a final attempt was being made to cast the bell, she threw into the mold all her jewels and all her gold doubloons, while one of her slaves, in obedience to an order from her, also threw into it a big quantity of pure gold. As a result of this, the bell, having been successfully cast, was found to have a tone not only of unprecedented sonorousness and strength, but also of a peculiar sadness and sweetness.

María Angola then gave all that was left of her father's fortune to the poor and entered a convent. Every day, it is said, when she heard the sound of the cathedral bell that owed its existence to her piety (it still rings every day in Cuzco), she bowed her head in melancholy, thinking of the dead illusions of her youth, of its unfulfilled dreams and cruel sufferings.

She never left the convent—not even in death, for her body was interred within its walls. After she died, the people of Cuzco, in remembrance of her beauty and piety and the tragedy of her life, named the bell for her. And to this day it is known as María Angola.

All over Cuzco, as I have said, rise Spanish buildings over Inca foundations. All over Cuzco huge carved stones, once parts of Inca structures leveled by the Spaniards, have been incorporated into the Spanish structures that have superseded them; and stern stone portals, stolen from the Inca mansions that they formerly graced, now serve as entrances to mansions erected by the noble Spaniards who stole them. This superimposition of one architecture on another, of one city on another, is the most eloquent outward expression both of the victory of Spain over Inca Peru and of the stubborn refusal of Inca Peru to be ground into oblivion by that victory. It is a mute battle, destined never to reach a decision, between the irresistible and the immovable. And nowhere does it come to such eloquent expression as in the Christian churches of Cuzco erected by the



Spanish conquerors of the city—scarcely one of them without an Inca substructure or fragments of Inca stonework wedged into a façade or a stone doorway torn from an Inca temple.

On the noble Plaza de Armas of Cuzco the throbbing heart of Spanish Cuzco, just as it was, under another name, of Inca Cuzco, stands the most important of all these Spanish-built churches, the cathedral, one of the noblest of the many cathedrals built in Spanish America by the conquering warriors of Spain. It rises majestically from a raised plot of ground on one side of the plaza, occupying the site of the palace erected there centuries ago for the Inca ruler Huiracocha, long before the coming of the Spaniards. It is an excellent example of Spanish Renaissance, of harmonious proportions and impressive dimensions. Its shape is that of a Latin cross, a favorite with Spain's architects of the period of the conquest of Peru. It has a central nave flanked by two lateral naves. Ten chapels, gorgeously decorated, are shut off from the rest of the church by gilded iron gates.

The cathedral's treasures include a magnificent monsternce, thickly covered with pearls, emeralds, and other jewels. Its most remarkable feature is a dragon carved out of a single emerald. The high altar is of silver. On the walls are numerous paintings, some attributed to European masters. One, said to be by no less a genius than Van Dyck, inspired a zealous chronicler of Cuzco's glories to remark naïvely: "If it is not by Van Dyck, it deserves to be." Among the statues in the cathedral is one of immense local celebrity, the *Señor de los Temblores* (Our Lord of Earthquakes), before which devout residents of Cuzco pray to be delivered in future from seismic disasters such as have shaken and shattered their city in the past.

Originally, the plot on which the cathedral now stands was adjudicated to one of the original Spanish conquerors of Peru. Later he sold it to Bishop Solano of Cuzco, who saw in it the ideal location for the city's leading Christian shrine. It was begun by the noted Spanish architect Juan de Veramendi in the sixteenth century and finished, after suffering badly in the earthquake of 1650, by two other Spaniards, Juan de Correa and Diego Arias de la Cerda.

Cuzco's cathedral rises between two much smaller shrines, the church of Jesús María and that of El Triunfo (the Triumph). The

latter gets its name from a most dramatic blend of fact and legend in the city's exciting history.

On its site stood a building called, in Inca days, *Sunturhuasi*, part of the palace of the Inca *Huiracocha*. Inside it the Spaniards barricaded themselves in 1536, one year after the Spanish capture of the city, when a huge army of Indians, under a bastard son of the Inca *Huayna Capac*, having stormed the great fortress of *Sacsahuamán*, laid siege to the city. From *Sacsahuamán* and all the heights around Cuzco they poured clouds of flaming arrows into *Sunturhuasi*, until its defenders were in a desperate plight.

But, in their last agony of resistance, the Virgin Mary, according to Cuzco tradition, miraculously appeared over the besieged building; and St. James, also making a miraculous and timely appearance, spread panic among the besiegers, causing them to give up the siege. Never did the Spaniards of Cuzco forget the triumph of their arms made possible by the twin miracles. Long afterward, in the eighteenth century, they built the church that now stands beside the cathedral, on the site of the building so obstinately defended by their forefathers, and gave to it the name of Church of the Triumph, in memory of their miraculous last-minute victory.

Among *El Triunfo's* treasures is a famous cross, said to be the identical one carried by Father Valverde, most militant of Spanish sixteenth-century priests in Peru, and held by him to the lips of the unfortunate Inca *Atahualpa* a few minutes before his execution, in the hope that the doomed monarch would give a sign of his conversion to Christianity by kissing the sacred Christian symbol. This cross, tradition says further, was brought to Cuzco by the Greek *Pedro de Candia*, one of the original thirteen who vowed to follow *Francisco Pizarro* through thick and thin when he was on his way to conquer Peru, and who accompanied *Pizarro* (and his llama) to Spain when the future conqueror decided to seek aid for his projects from the king of Spain himself.

Subordinate to its great neighbor, the cathedral, on the *Plaza de Armas*, but adjudged by many its superior—in fact, the peer of anything of its kind in Spanish America—the church of *La Compañía*, on the corner of the plaza across from *El Triunfo*, has long commanded the admiration of natives of Cuzco as well as of multitudes of visiting Peruvians and foreigners. It has one of the most ornate

baroque façades in South America, a miracle of delicate filigree beauty (if you like Churriguera, its inspiration) or of exaggerated intricacy (if you don't). The original church was begun in the sixteenth century by the Jesuits on the site of the palace of the Inca Huayna Capac. This plot, one of the choicest of the spoils of conquest won by Francisco Pizarro, belonged at one time to Hernando, Francisco's brother, and also later to Hernando de Soto, destined to discover the Mississippi River. The church was not completed until the end of the century. It was destroyed in the earthquake of 1650, after which the Jesuits promptly set about rebuilding it, and finished the new church in 1671.

Like the cathedral, La Compañía is built in the form of a Latin cross. Inside it are six richly adorned chapels and interesting paintings. The façade, made up of three parts, is profusely ornamented with reliefs. A well-known Cuzco writer says of it: "The lofty and complex façade is a prodigy of planning and execution. It gives the impression that the artist who designed it, drunk with faith and inspiration, wished it to be a frenzy of drawing, carving and ornamentation. All styles of architecture were utilized in the work, before which the only appropriate emotion is mute admiration. To describe it would be not only wearisome but impertinent."

The interior has a single nave and fine pillars. The high altar has pale gold-colored carvings. On each side are three chapels, which, like the altar, have become somewhat faded.

At one side of La Compañía, on the corner of the Callejón Loreto and flanked by its huge Inca walls, is the Chapel of Lourdes. The building on the other side was also originally a subsidiary chapel of the Jesuits' church, but it is now a part of the University of Cuzco (see below).

Within a block of the Plaza de Armas is the old church of La Merced, rich in paintings and valuable silver pieces, with an elaborately carved choir containing fine wooden stalls. But nothing in the church itself compares with the adjoining cloisters, which are rated among the best in all South America. They are built around two big patios, one behind the other, and are two stories high. Those around the first patio are of the Spanish plateresque style, with a touch of Moorish; those around the second, much more severe in character, are Romanesque. The upper part of the first cloisters are

reached by two splendid stone stairways. In the cloisters and church are a number of paintings, some of the Cuzco school, others European. One is said to be by Velásquez, but most people don't believe it is. There are copies of Rubens, Murillo, and Zurbarán.

In La Merced are the remains of the conquistador Diego de Almagro, Francisco Pizarro's partner in the conquest of Peru and later his bitterest enemy, also those of Almagro's son, known in history as Almagro the Lad. They were executed after the defeat of the Almagro faction in the first of the civil wars that broke out after the Spanish conquest of the Inca empire. Also buried in the church of La Merced is Gonzalo Pizarro, brother of Francisco.

Near the Plaza de Armas, on a small square in the eastern section of the city, is the church of San Blas. It possesses one of the most valued treasures in Cuzco, a renowned pulpit carved in wood by a Peruvian Indian artist named Juan Tomás. He carved it in a style of extraordinary richness, filling it with the most profuse and minute detail. The entire pulpit, covered exuberantly with intricate ornamentation executed with masterly skill, has been acclaimed ever since its completion more than two centuries ago as the best production in the so-called *crespo* style of wood carving. The church also has a fine gilded altar and some old paintings.

Cuzco, like Lima, is a city of churches. They are scattered all over it and the hillsides above it and the suburbs around it. Among them is San Francisco, on the plaza bearing its name, a few blocks up the street leading past La Merced from the Plaza de Armas. Another, San Cristóbal, is perched on the hill beside the road climbing to the fortress of Sacsahuamán. It stands on the site of the gardens that used to surround an Inca palace occupied after the Spanish conquest of Cuzco by the Inca Paullu. He was what World War II has taught us to call a "collaborationist," since he allowed himself to be made a puppet ruler by the Spaniards and helped them to put down the rebellion against Spain that broke out shortly after Cuzco had fallen to the Spaniards.

The church of Las Nazarenas has valuable paintings. That of San Antonio, close by, was built with money donated for the purpose by Bishop Mollinedo, celebrated alike for his wealth and the generous uses to which he put it in the sixteenth century, when he was a regular Spanish Maecenas. Other interesting churches in Cuzco are

San Pedro, Santa Clara, Santa Teresa, and Belén. The church of San Sebastián, in the village of that name, about three miles from Cuzco on the road to Puno, has an admirably carved stone façade, ranked among the very best of its kind in South America.

After Francisco Pizarro had marched triumphantly into Cuzco he apportioned the choicest plots of ground in the city to his Spanish comrades. Some of the latter, assuming that the ancient Inca capital would become the capital of Spanish Peru, built for themselves grand palaces on these plots. But soon Pizarro founded Lima and made it the capital of Peru instead of Cuzco, which caused many of his fellow conquerors to move away from the latter city. But others stayed there, and their palatial homes, together with others built by other Spanish dons who arrived later, still adorn the ancient Inca metropolis.

One of the most imposing is the Casa del Almirante (House of the Admiral), on the street leading up the hill from the Plaza de Armas beside the church of Jesús María. It was built by a retired admiral of the Spanish navy named Alderete—and he certainly snubbed the sea on which he had won his title when he built that home for himself, since between it and salt water are the huge and lofty Andes, which make Cuzco seem as far from Peru's seacoast as if it were hundreds of miles farther inland than it really is. The most striking feature of the Admiral's mansion is the roof that juts out over its second-story balcony. Inside there are a fine patio and spacious old rooms typical of Peru's Spanish days. The palace of the Admiral is still clad in a grandeur unimpaired by the dilapidation that has overtaken it. In 1946 the Peruvian government acquired it for the University of Cuzco, so it is to be hoped that further dilapidation will be checked.

The street on which it stands ends in a charming little plaza, on which is the Convent of Las Nazarenas, with an ornamental portal and belfries in the Spanish style that has come to be known in the United States, because of its prevalence in California, as "mission" architecture.

On the small square in front of the House of the Admiral is another old mansion, called San Borja, built by the Spanish viceroy of Peru, Francisco de Borja, prince of Esquilache, who claimed to be a member of the same family to which belonged the Borgias of Italy, in-

cluding that well-known poisoner, Lucrezia Borgia. In this house the liberator Simón Bolívar stayed when he visited Cuzco in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Within a very short walk of the Plaza de Armas, near the church of La Merced, are two more grand old Spanish mansions, opposite each other, one of which was the birthplace of the famous historian Garcilasco Inca de la Vega. His father, a Spanish grandee, and his mother, an Inca princess, lived together in this house without benefit of clergy.

On the Calle del Marqués, leading up the hill from La Merced to the plaza and church of San Francisco, are several palaces of Spanish times. Foremost among them is the one for which the street is named, the house of the Marquis (*marqués* in Spanish) of Valle Umbroso, now occupied by the prominent business firm of Lomellini & Co. It has a fine main portal, coolly taken from an Inca mansion by the Valle Umbrosos of centuries ago, and richly carved balconies that are among the best of their kind in Peru. Just below it is another grand old balconied mansion; and, just above it, on the Plaza de San Francisco, two more. On the continuation of the Calle del Marqués beyond this plaza is an archway dating from the early nineteenth century, when Peru was united for a short time with Bolivia, under Marshal Santa Cruz.

On the other side of the city, a few blocks from the Plaza de Armas, is another noble old residence, the Casa Concha, with a set of carved balconies even finer than those of the mansion of the Marquis of Valle Umbroso.

Beside the church of La Compañía, on the Plaza de Armas, is the university, in what used to be the monastery of the Jesuits. It has a much decorated baroque façade, with a profusion of intricate adornment similar to that of the church beside it—also fine cloisters, now appropriated to the use of the university faculty and students.

In the allotment of plots of ground by Francisco Pizarro, the site of the present university fell to his brother Hernando; later it was turned over to the Jesuits. After their expulsion from Spanish Peru in the eighteenth century it served as a barracks; and it was here that the premature anti-Spanish revolt led by the Indian Pumacahua started in 1812. Simón Bolívar the Liberator, who took a great in-

terest in education in Cuzco, established the city's school of science in this building. Since 1866 it has been the seat of the university, into which that school and others have been incorporated.

At the left of the entrance, on the staircase leading to the upper story, is a big stone on which is inscribed the sentence against Gonzalo Pizarro, brother of Francisco the conqueror, condemning him to execution after the defeat of his sixteenth-century revolt against the authority of the king of Spain. The inscription has become illegible in the centuries since it was cut into the stone, but its lettering has been traced with chalk and can be read by those who know Spanish. Near by is another big stone, brought from the ruins of Ollantaytambo (see next chapter), showing traces of having been carved with one of the mysterious tools used by the Incas of which no specimen has come down to us.

Archaeological collections formerly exhibited in the university are now in the Archaeological Museum, on a short street near the Plaza de Armas.

As late as the end of 1946 Cuzco had no regular communication by air with Lima or anywhere else, though planes made special flights between it and the Peruvian capital. The main railway station is on the edge of the city, about ten minutes by taxi from the Plaza de Armas. The station of the railway for Ollanta (Ollantaytambo) and Machu Picchu is a few blocks from that same plaza.

In 1946 by far the best of the city's hotels was the \*\*Hotel Cuzco, the biggest and one of the most modern of the hotels for tourists built within the last few years by the government of Peru. Its architecture is an attractive adaptation of the "viceregal" style, characteristic of Peru's Spanish colonial era. The hotel occupies an entire square within a block of the Plaza de Armas and diagonally across from the church of La Merced. It has three stories, with wide ground-floor corridors decorated with paintings by the well-known Peruvian artist José Sabogal, surrounding a big patio with a fountain. It has 93 rooms, 48 with private bath, accommodating a total of 180 guests. The management is Swiss. Rates per day (comprising room and three meals) run from 15 to 21 soles, or about \$2.75 to \$3.15.

Next in rank comes the \*Hotel Ferrocarril, in the main railroad station, operated by the English-owned Southern Railway of Peru.

This is an old-established house, with rates a little lower than those of the Hotel Cuzco.

Between these two and other hotels in Cuzco there is a big gap. The rest are to be recommended only to those willing to endure discomfort and a lack of modern hotel conditions. Among them are the Colón and Broadway.

Peru's principal banks have branches in Cuzco. The cable office (West Coast Cables, Western Union) is in the arcade opposite the Hotel Cuzco. When it is closed, cables can be sent from the main railroad station. The principal post office is close to the Plaza de Armas.

Shoppers in Cuzco will find the usual articles of interest to foreigners in Peru, such as vicuña and alpaca coats, cloaks, and rugs, also typically Peruvian textiles and silverware, in shops on and around the Plaza de Armas and Plaza de San Francisco. Prices are usually below those charged for the same sort of thing in Lima. In one of the ground-floor corridors of the Hotel Cuzco is a bazaar stocked with articles such are particularly popular with tourists visiting Peru.

Cuzco's taxis are cheap. The average charge for a short trip within the city is one sol, or about fifteen cents. Definite agreement with the driver is always advisable before stepping into his cab. The trip to the fortress of Sacsahuamán and back cost, in 1946, seven soles, or just over one dollar, including a wait of one hour. Taxis may be hired by the hour or day. Good advice about them can be obtained at one's hotel. Tipping is not obligatory but customary, especially on trips outside the city.

General tourist information is available at hotels, at the office of the Southern Railway Company in the arcade across the street from the Hotel Cuzco, or at the main railway station.



# 17: CITY IN THE CLOUDS

*(And Other Mysterious Places)*

I AM no archaeologist. I know nothing about engineering. I am not crazy about scenery in itself. Yet the two things that rank highest among my memories of travel in Peru are a blend of engineering and scenery and a blend of archaeology and scenery.

The first is the Oroya railroad, already highly spoken of in an earlier chapter. The second is Machu Picchu. And the greatest of these is Machu Picchu.

Machu Picchu is the high-water mark of a trip to Peru. Never in all my travels, which have been extensive and varied, have I seen anything like it: the tremendously impressive ruins of an entire city, utterly mysterious as to origin, set in the midst of surroundings of such sublime beauty that some travelers who have seen them declare that they beat even the Grand Canyon.

Machu Picchu is a magnificent panorama of mountains, now veiled in mist, now bathed in sunshine—a ring of huge, towering peaks, crowned by clouds or glistening in the pale light of dawn or the bright light of noon or the waning light of evening. At Machu Picchu you contemplate a row of jagged pinnacles shaped like sugar loaves (Rio de Janeiro has *one* such, and it is world famous; Machu Picchu has *half a dozen*, which are not, but are sure to be some day). And, rising up from all this gorgeous natural beauty, is the broken, mysterious city, a huddle of roofless white buildings of stone, admirably smoothed and polished and joined together, blending in silent harmony with the mountains, merging with the mist and sunshine and shadows in an unending succession of eerie, unforgettable patterns.

"Of course you want to see Machu Picchu," said the manager of the hotel where I was staying in Cuzco.

"Yes," I replied. I had been reading about it and knew it was only about sixty miles away.

"Well, special arrangements have been made for an excursion to Machu Picchu tomorrow. There is just one ticket unsold. Will you take it?" He looked at me as if to imply that, if I didn't, I was hardly human.

"Yes," I replied.

"All right. You will be awakened tomorrow morning at five."

"Hey, just wait a . . ." I blurted to the manager. But he had gone back to managing.

Next morning I was awakened at the obscene hour of five and annexed to a small party of other foreigners, several of them Americans. We were motored to the Cuzco terminus of the Cuzco-Santa Ana Railroad.

There we boarded an *autocarril*, which is a bus body operated by gasoline but mounted on railway-car wheels. It ran us over the railroad's tracks just as if it had been a real bona fide train. After negotiating three switchbacks that got us up to the top of the steep hills surrounding Cuzco, it slid us down the slope on the other side into the beautiful Anta valley, a cattle-raising region where large numbers of cows chewed their cuds and eyed us in bovine detachment, while horses, sheep, donkeys, and pigs likewise gave us the once-over with equal detachment but less bovinity. Soon we exchanged the flat, fertile valley for the gorge of the Urubamba River, passing the station of Ollanta, close to the ruins of the great Inca fortress of Ollantaytambo, inspection of which we had decided to postpone until our return from Machu Picchu.

Soon the Urubamba gorge turned into perfectly superb mountain scenery, with the river tumbling and foaming over rocks and tremendous peaks hemming us in between precipitous walls. The autocarril rounded sharp curves at high speed, but without mishap—not always the case with it, I was informed. The gorge got narrower; there were points in it from which the only satisfactory way to see the tops of the encompassing mountains would have been to lie flat on our backs on the roof, which all of us were too decorous to do. Along about eleven in the morning we rattled into Machu Picchu station, deep down in the Urubamba gorge. Clambering out of our imitation train, we crossed the tumultuous Urubamba on foot by means of a

narrow, primitive bridge. On the other bank we found awaiting us a group of mules, horses, and boys.

All the way up the mountainside to Machu Picchu thrilling views of peaks and chasms opened out, now on one side, now on the other—and most of our party obviously enjoyed them enormously. But not I. The only view I really got was that of my mule's feet as they slid and slipped and persistently sought the brink of eternity. I feel that it is my duty to tell the cold, bald truth about the ascent from the Urubamba gorge to Machu Picchu. For many, it will not be as terrifying as it is to one who disapproves of heights and narrow mountain trails on the brinks of precipices. But the point I wish to make is that everybody attempting it should know what he or she is up against. That's all. One lady in our party took to her bed when she reached the little hotel at the top of the trail and wasn't seen for hours, and when she finally reappeared she was an interesting shade of pale green. I guess I was too. And that's that. I have done my duty.

The Peruvian government is building a motor road that will eventually link the station of the railway from Cuzco down in the Urubamba gorge with the summit of the Machu Picchu mountain and render obsolete that steep and (to me) horrible pathway, so rich in edges of precipices and rims of bottomless pits. Of course, the motor route will have its full quota of hairpin turns and chasm-huggings, but, even if these are painfully numerous and objectionable, the trip by that road will probably seem, in comparison with the ride up the trail, like crossing Kansas.

When I visited Machu Picchu in 1946 the Peruvian government was really working hard on that motor road. Its coppery employees in large numbers were busy down in the gorge digging and blasting and holding in a vertical position mysterious poles for imperious persons who kept their eyes glued to mysterious instruments—surveyors, I understand these persons are called. And around a big, thatched enclosure Indian women were cooking messes of unappetizing food, and little Indian children were toiling up from the river's shore with big cans of water, in preparation for the lunchtime whistle. The motor route would be finished, Peruvian optimists assured me solemnly, in 1947.

Machu Picchu was discovered by the American explorer-archaeol-

ogist Hiram Bingham, later professor at Yale and United States Senator from Connecticut. Roaming around the Cuzco valley and the Urubamba gorge, he heard talk about a mysterious ruined city on the top of a mountain that, overrun generations before by the jungle, had vanished completely from sight. This had happened, said some, before the coming of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, which accounted for the fact that the latter had never climbed up to it for massacre and loot.

Bingham persistently questioned local Indians, eliciting a few scraps of information here, a few there, some of them volunteered free of charge, others lubricated by small gifts of coin. Finally, convinced that there was truth in what he had heard, he hired a few natives and started to climb the Machu Picchu mountain. They laboriously hewed for themselves a path on the face of its clifflike sides, compared with which the present mule or horse trail is a grand boulevard. After enduring great hardships and braving menacing perils, Bingham reached the summit.

His obstinacy was rewarded. Little by little, he and his companions unearthed parts of the buried city. Having assured himself that what he had discovered was an archaeological marvel of the most sensational rank, he returned to the United States and was back in Peru the next year—1912. This time he was at the head of a regular, full-sized expedition, including archaeologists and all other trimmings, financed by Yale University.

Excavation was actively resumed. Gradually the dead city emerged into the light from the jungle in which it had lain forgotten for centuries. Since then there has been more digging. And the Peruvian government, besides doing some of it officially, maintains a squad of Indian workers on the mountaintop to make the jungle behave. They live in thatched huts just outside the ruins, right on the brink of an atrociously deep abyss. But they don't seem to mind that abyss at all. And their brown children and fuzzy dogs play on that brink as if it were a nice municipal playground.

The Machu Picchu Hotel is perched almost on the edge of the mountain, at the end of the trail leading up from the Urubamba gorge. It was built a few years ago by the Peruvian government. It accommodates only about a dozen guests. When I was there, the manager was a Peruvian who loved to read serious books and was

once in New York. He went there, I gathered, on a steamer that needed extra men for its crew.

"What did you do in New York?" I asked him.

"I walked up Broadway," he said.

"Did you see the Empire State Building and the Hudson River and go to the theater and taste the night life?"

"I walked up Broadway," he said.

His steamer, it seems, departed with him aboard two or three days after its arrival in New York, and he found himself in a couple of weeks back in Peru. When I became acquainted with him, he had been there uninterruptedly ever since, reading Cervantes and Garcilaso Inca de la Vega and other literary heavyweights, and politely piloting visitors through the ruins of Machu Picchu.

"Great place, New York, isn't it?" I remarked.

"I walked up Broadway," he said.

After lunch at the hotel we slipped and slid among the ruins. Nobody knows when Machu Picchu was built or what purposes its buildings served, so fancy names have been tacked onto them. Climbing hundreds of steps cut out of solid rock, we inspected the "Military Quarter" and the "Religious Quarter," the "Priests' Divan" and the "King's Tomb," the "City Prison" and the "Quarter of the People." At the "Apartments of the Princesses" the manager of the hotel showed us a doorway by the side of which holes had been cut into the rock, through which, obviously, a big piece of wood had been run in Inca days for the purpose of preventing exit from or entrance into the said apartments. "Undoubtedly," explained the manager gravely, "to keep the princesses from going to the movies."

In the "Religious Quarter" is the finest wall in Machu Picchu—of great blocks of white stone, highly polished and admirably joined. Also that quarter contains what is left of a temple, likewise of smooth, polished stonework, with three windows affording magnificent views.

But the best views of all are to be had from the "Solar Observatory," at the very top of the ruins, which is set in the midst of a panorama of unearthly beauty—mountains piled on mountains, steep crags and perpendicular cliffs and sheer drops of thousands of feet to the gorge deep down below, scarcely visible in the haze. Here

there used to be a sundial, hence the name of the place—and a lookout tower, airily perched above everything else in the city, whence sentinels searched the horizon for enemies who might be climbing up from the gorge, à la Hiram Bingham.

Across an awful chasm loomed the mountain of Huayna Picchu, dominating Machu Picchu in sublime grandeur: a forbidding mass of cruel rock like something out of a nightmare. At least that's the way it looked to me. But not to a young Swiss lady in our party. To her, Huayna Picchu was neither cruel or forbidding. It was just something to be climbed—immediately.

"Back for dinner," she tossed at us over her shoulder, as she walked toward the trail leading up that dreadful mountain. And, sure enough, when we sat down a few hours later to dinner at the Machu Picchu Hotel, there she was, as fresh as an edelweiss. You can't keep a good Swiss down.

According to one theory, Machu Picchu was built by the Incas in the second half of the fifteenth century A.D., in order to protect communications between Cuzco and the valleys to the north, and also serve as a center of mountain worship, but was abandoned because the surrounding region was unsuitable for agriculture owing to its long rainy season. Others maintain that the city was built far back in pre-Inca times.

Hiram Bingham's digging lasted until 1916. Since then, several other sites of ruins in the vicinity have been explored by other archaeological expeditions, among them the expedition sent out by the Viking Fund in 1940-42, headed by Dr. Paul Fejos. The ruins on these sites are less extensive than those of Machu Picchu and more difficult of access.

Next morning I *walked* down the mountainside to the Urubamba gorge. Constantly I hugged the side *away* from the precipices. Several other members of the party also elected to walk. At the railway station in the gorge we all piled into the autocarril, which started us Cuzco-ward, but let us off en route at Ollanta station, where we all scrambled out for a visit to the ruins of the famous Inca fortress of Ollantaytambo.

Before proceeding to these, I beckoned my fellow travelers into the bar of the station and asked them in a lordly manner what they would have. They ordered piscos, five in all, and so did I.

"Give the check to me," I told the bartender, with an imperial gesture. Total cost, including tip, for six drinks, twenty-nine cents! Why, in New York for that price you could get only part way through one drink!

Ollantaytambo is a large ruined fort on a hilltop, a few minutes' walk from where we had parked the autocarril. It was important in the days of the Incas because it guarded a pass leading from the direction of Cuzco to the outlet of the gorge below Machu Picchu. Ollantaytambo was chosen by the Inca Manco as his capital when he was forced to retreat from Cuzco during the rebellion led by him against the Spaniards in 1535—at least, that's what some researchers tell you.

In the fort is some excellent stonework in a remarkable state of preservation. The hills roundabout are dotted with outlying fortifications that served to protect the main fort. Across the river at the foot of the hill on which Ollantaytambo stands is an interesting Inca quarry.

As we were returning toward the railway, a young American girl of our party and I made a little detour into the hut of an Indian roadside resident, at his polite invitation. It was made of mud thatched with straw and was furnished in a most primitive way, with benches cut out of the walls as seats, and blankets spread over the earth floor as beds. Overhead was a small storage space, filled with ears of corn. The Indian's Spanish was meager, but he and I talked affably and I translated his remarks for the young American girl. At the end of the visit I gave our host fifteen cents, which pleased him enormously.

As we were leaving the hut, my companion noticed a big jar filled with strange liquid.

"What is that?" she asked.

"Chicha."

"What do you use it for?"

"To get drunk."

Early that same evening, some twelve hours after our departure from the top of Machu Picchu mountain, we were back in Cuzco.

It is possible to "do" Machu Picchu and Ollantaytambo in a single day by leaving Cuzco very early in the morning and getting back late in the evening. But it is far better to spend one night in the hotel on the mountaintop, watching the shadows fall over the peaks and

the last rays of the sun paint the ruins in glorious colors, and waking up next morning to see those peaks in an equally beautiful setting of dissolving mists and golden morning light.

Machu Picchu is glorious. In its stony splendor, in its incomparable natural setting, it is unique. Some, as I said, call it pre-Inca. Some insist it is Inca. Some declare it is partly the one, partly the other. To many, such hair-splitting will seem partly silly, partly foolish. Who really cares exactly what Machu Picchu is, unless he or she is far gone in archaeology? *Must* a sunset be expressed in scientific terms? *Must* a diamond be broken down into its component parts in order to merit admiration? Isn't it enough that it radiates fire and beauty?

Machu Picchu is one of the wonders of the world. Soon it will be known to many thousands of foreigners who will flock to it from all over the universe. When the motor road to the summit of its mountain is completed, a large hotel will be erected there in place of the little one presided over by the manager who reads Garcilaso and discourses on the movie-going Inca princesses and once walked up Broadway.

Some fear that armies of tourists will ruin the ruined city. I disagree. The grandeur of Peru's city in the clouds will live on. Its beauty will endure. Its dazzling blend of mist and sunshine and peaks, of granite walls and white temples, will survive. Nothing can spoil Machu Picchu.

Here is how young Professor John Rowe explained the character and significance of Inca and pre-Inca remains nearer Cuzco than those just described, which he appropriately called "First Priority Ruins"—the ones that he thought would prove most interesting to foreign visitors whose attitude toward archaeology is respectful rather than scientific—like mine. Those inspecting these sites can do so with the virtuous feeling that they are being towed around the Cuzco valley not by a mere writer but by a real, bona fide archaeologist.

North of Sacsahuamán the road to Pisac leads to some interesting ruins, all within only a few miles of the great hilltop fortress. One of these, TAMBO MACHAY, is an elaborate fountain in a little valley, from which the cave for which it is named can be seen across the



valley a short distance up the slope. Topa Inca, ruler of Inca Peru in the late fifteenth century, is said to have had a hunting lodge here.

PUKARÁ (meaning, in Quechua, "fort") is a group of ruins at the entrance to the Tambo Machay valley, with a wall around them. They are thought to have housed the Inca monarch's court when he visited Tambo Machay.

KENKO (meaning "zigzag" in Quechua) is a ruin on a side road about halfway between Sacsahuamán and Tambo Machay. It consists of a huge and elaborately carved boulder, with a row of amphitheaters at one side. It was most probably an Inca shrine. The "zigzag" is a channel cut in the top of the boulder. East of Kenko is a whole series of similar carved boulders. Between Sacsahuamán and Kenko the hills are covered with ruins of Inca houses. It seems likely that the workmen who built Sacsahuamán were quartered in them.

PISAC is a small town in the Urubamba valley, northeast of Cuzco. A fair and mass are held here Sunday mornings for the special benefit of tourists. The ruins can be reached in about half an hour's climb, for which horses are usually available. The impressive terraces alone are worth a visit. There are also well-built Inca buildings of stone and adobe on the top of the hill. Here, as at Machu Picchu, the scenery as much as the ruins repays a visit.

PIKILLACTA AND RUMICOLCA lie at the entrance to the Cuzco valley and can be reached easily by automobile from Cuzco. Pikillacta ("Flea Town") is an extensive ruin on the slope of a mountain, of which neither the date nor the use can be stated with certainty. It is probably Inca in date and its buildings were probably storehouses for agricultural products and manufactured articles paid to the Inca rulers in tribute. The architecture is very peculiar and does not show the usual Inca traits. There is no habitation refuse to be found, so it can hardly have been a "city" in the usual sense.

From Pikillacta an ancient walled road leads to Rumicolca ("stone granary"), an elaborate double gateway through which the modern auto road from Cuzco to Sicuani passes. It was a sort of customs barrier and the wall may also have supported an aqueduct.

A short excursion along the highway from Cuzco to Anta will take the traveler to CHANAPATA, the *oldest site so far discovered* in the Cuzco valley, just outside the northwest boundary of Cuzco. There is little to be seen in the way of ruins, but the view is superb and the

site has considerable historical interest because of its age. Some rubbish is exposed in the road cut; it covers remains of fieldstone walls and simple graves. Bits of wall can be seen here and there and fragments of incised writing are numerous.

The people of Chanapata were farmers, but apparently lacked metal; at any rate, they used very little of it. They lived in one of the earliest periods known in Peru, possibly contemporary with the period of the people of Chavín.

#### EXCURSIONS FOR THE MORE ADVENTUROUS

**HUATA.** This is a great fort on the top of a mountain, *one of the most impressive sites in South America*. Take the Cuzco-Santa Ana Railroad (the same used by those going to Machu Picchu) to Huaracundo, or take a car, walk down the railroad line to about Kilometer 47, and then follow a mule path that climbs the towering hills on the left bank of the Huaracundo River. The trip (one way) takes about two and a half hours on foot from Huaracundo and the climb is long and steep. It is an all-day trip that will repay all the effort it costs. The date of Huata is uncertain; it is probably early Inca (A.D. 1200-1440).

**MORAY.** Here are enormous groups of circular terraces of Inca date. Drive to Maras, then take the mule road to Hacienda Moray, about four miles north of Maras. It is not a difficult walk and the whole trip can be made comfortably as a day's excursion from Cuzco. The scenery along the way is magnificent. About halfway between Maras and Moray, at Hacienda Piscacocha, is a round hilltop where there is a Chanapata period site. Maras is an exceedingly picturesque town with extensive salt mines near by, which make it prosperous.

**YUCAY.** This is a pleasant little town in the Urubamba valley near Urubamba, which can be reached easily from Cuzco by automobile. It was a favorite summer resort of the Incas because of its mild climate. In the north square is the ruin of a large stone and adobe building called Incawasi, "house of the Inca," which will repay study if one is interested in Inca architecture. In crevices in the face of the cliff overlooking the town are hundreds of little beehive tombs of early and late Inca date, which good climbers will want to visit. The graves have all been looted, but skulls and bits of basketry and pots can still be picked up.

**HUANACAURI.** This was the *most sacred shrine in the Inca empire next to the Temple of the Sun in Cuzco*. Its ruins stand on a high hill overlooking the south side of the valley of Cuzco. To reach them, drive to San Sebastián, turn right, and drive up the Tancarpata valley to the Hacienda Hullcarpay, about eight miles in all. From here it is another five miles on horseback or on foot up to the ruins. The buildings are not particularly spectacular, but the site has important historical associations.

**CATCA.** An Indian town on the road from Cuzco to Marcapata. On Sundays a fair and mass are held here that are in every way superior to those held at Pisac. The town is cleaner and pleasanter, the Indian costumes better, and tourists still a novelty. Travelers should leave Cuzco not later than six A.M., because part of the road is one-way, and unless they reach Urcos before eight A.M., the police will not let them through. The drive to Catca is a little longer than the one to Pisac. This is a one-day trip. Those who do not wish to get up so early can try QUIQUIJANA, a somewhat larger town where the Indian costumes are good, but where there is more white influence.

# 18: ELSEWHERE IN PERU

## (A) PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY

**I**N SOME parts of South America the Pan American Highway is more Pan American than Highway. But not in Peru.

For years the Peruvian government has been taking with complete seriousness the great project of connecting the republics of the Americas by means of a Pan American motor route that will enable motorists to drive all the way from northernmost North America to southernmost South America, over several thousands of miles of modern road.

Peruvians may be said to be highway-conscious. Not only has their government finished to a considerable extent Peru's quota of the highway, but, when people there talk about it, they constantly allude to it by its official international name, instead of bestowing upon it some appellation of purely local significance. On maps made in Peru its Peruvian section is called Pan American Highway. In material printed by the government's propaganda department for tourists it is called Pan American Highway. In other publications issued by other Peruvian organizations it is called Pan American Highway.

Peru's section of the great motor route has not been connected yet with Ecuador's section to the north. But there has been for some time connection to the south with the stretches already built by Chile and Bolivia, from both of which republics there is access by motor road to Argentina.

As for the portion of the Pan American Highway within the borders of Peru, parts of it were finished several years ago and much of this portion has been asphalted or otherwise paved. In addition, the government of Peru is busily engaged in improving the unpaved sec-

tions and in maintaining the entire Peruvian section in good condition. Despite these efforts, however, some of it is still in an unsatisfactory state. Motorists proposing to use it simply *must* get last-minute information about it after their arrival in Peru.

In that country the highway falls naturally into two parts: the one north of Lima and the one south of Lima.

The first runs from Tumbes, the northernmost Peruvian port, a few miles south of the Ecuadorean border, to the Peruvian capital. The second continues from that city southward to Vitor. There it divides: one section continuing to Concordia, on the Peru-Chile frontier, and the other proceeding via Arequipa and Puno to the Peru-Bolivia boundary.

From Tumbes to the Peru-Chile border the total distance by the Pan American Highway is somewhat under 2,000 miles; from Tumbes to the Peru-Bolivia border somewhat over 2,000 miles. Partial distances on it are as follows:

Tumbes to Lima	917 miles
Lima to Vitor	702 "
Vitor to Concordia (Peru-Chile frontier)	270 "
Vitor to Desaguadero (Peru-Bolivia frontier)	306 "

The best sections of the road are along the northern part, between Trujillo and Lima and along the southern part between Lima and Chala (again, it must be remembered, this is being written at the end of 1946; since then there may have been changes, for better or worse). Other portions are by no means comparable with these, notably those between Vitor and the Chilean border and between Vitor and Arequipa.

Convinced that motorists will avail themselves in growing numbers of Peru's section of the highway, the Peruvian government has dotted along its route some of the excellent new modern hotels for tourists that it has been building for some time all over the country. These will be found most welcome by motorists from foreign lands. Were it not for this stroke of official Peruvian foresight and enterprise, they would be compelled to rely almost entirely on hostleries far below the general requirements of present-day travelers in comfort, cleanliness, and equipment—especially cleanliness, which in far

too many hotels in Peru is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Accuracy of the data given in this chapter cannot be guaranteed. Peruvian hotels often go out of existence without previous notice, or nonchalantly change their names without apparent reason, to the great confusion of travelers. Also, new hotels have a way of springing up suddenly. As to the merits of the hotels along the Pan American Highway, the government-tourist hotels are in a class by themselves in comparison with the rest. A few of the also-rans, however, have good points; but practically none can qualify as a really modern hotel. And some of them are awful.

Peru's part of the highway knits together satisfactorily for the first time in history a number of Peruvian cities of importance. The first of these encountered by the tourist traveling on it from north to south is Tumbes, Peru's northernmost port. It is the center of an important charcoal-producing district and lies in the midst of extensive tobacco plantations. Near by are big oil fields. Tumbes is famous because it was here that Francisco Pizarro first landed on Peruvian soil. The town has a good government tourist hotel, the \*Hotel Tumbes (all the government tourist hotels in Peru are named officially after the town in which they are located, but some people prefer to call them Tourist Hotel, which becomes rather confusing at times). Other hotels in Tumbes are in a lower category.

Next, 112 miles to the south, comes Talara, the principal center of Peru's large and rapidly growing oil industry. Nearly all of Talara's 30,000 inhabitants are concerned directly or indirectly with that industry and a large percentage of them are employees of the International Petroleum Company (American), owner of the great local oil fields. This company began its operations here in 1914. Its wells dot the countryside for miles roundabout.

Talara's landscape presents a strange contrast: utter arid desolation, combined with the last word in modernity. Its many American residents enjoy social and athletic privileges comparable with those in the United States, in the midst of a barren, wind-swept desert typical of the northern Peruvian coastland.

In and out of the harbor move oil tankers, freighters, and smaller craft, eloquent proof of the importance of Talara in the oil game. The town has been equipped by the oil company with good hospitals

and schools, the latter available not only to the children of employees but to others living in the region. There are also moving-picture theaters and grounds for sports.

At Talara, W. R. Grace & Co., operators of the main steamship line between the United States and the west coast of South America, maintain a guest house for transient visitors. The latter can also stay at the Hotel Royal.

In this same district are a British-owned oil field and one owned by the Peruvian government.

Eighty miles south of Talara by the Pan American Highway lies Piura, an important city with 20,000 inhabitants. It has the distinction of being the oldest Spanish-built city in the republic, having been founded by Pizarro under the name of San Miguel de Piura soon after his second landing on the soil of Peru at Tumbes—the one that resulted in the conquest by him and his Spanish soldiery of the great Inca empire of Peru. Piura is a busy distributing center for the surrounding region, which produces much cotton, corn, and other agricultural staples. It is connected by a railway with the port of Paita on the Pacific, sixty miles distant.

Like Tumbes, Piura has a government tourist hotel, the \*Hotel Piura, built in tasteful imitation of Spanish colonial architecture. Other hotels in the city are the Colón and Real.

At the end of the next stage of the highway, 174 miles south of Piura, the motorist reaches Chiclayo, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, capital of the department of Lambayeque. Chiclayo is a good-looking community, clustering around a fine central plaza. It is situated amid rice, sugar, and coffee plantations. Its hotels, not in the class with the government tourist hostelrys north and south of it, include the Royal, Europa, Central, and Italia.

The Pan American Highway continues to the port of Pacasmayo, which has a good modern pier and does a brisk trade as the outlet on the Pacific for agricultural products, metals, and hides coming from a number of inland points.

From the Chilte station of a railway running inland from Pacasmayo one can reach Cajamarca, a city with a population of about 15,000. Known in Inca days as Caxamalca, it is famous as the place where Atahualpa, last Inca emperor of Peru, was captured with cynical treachery by Francisco Pizarro. After having promised to free his

captive if the latter filled a big room to its roof with treasure—which Atahualpa did—Pizarro, in violation of his promise, had Atahualpa executed in Caxamalca's main plaza. Near the city are the so-called Baths of the Inca, where visitors can bathe in hot water from natural springs. The cathedral and the church of San Francisco are noteworthy. Visitors to the city are shown a room said to be the one filled by Atahualpa with the treasure stipulated by Pizarro as the price of his ransom. Cajamarca's hotels include the Amazonas, Gran, and Nuevo.

Beyond Pacasmayo the Pan American Highway proceeds a distance of 125 miles to the most important point situated on the section of it between Tumbes and Lima, the noble old Spanish city of Trujillo. It is situated eight miles inland from its port of Salaverry on the Pacific, with which it is connected by a railway.

Trujillo, one of Peru's most prominent cities, is the capital of the department of La Libertad and the distributing point for a rich mining and agricultural region. It is also one of the oldest cities in the country, having been founded in 1537 by Francisco Pizarro himself. He named it after his birthplace in Estremadura, Spain. Around the city are valuable deposits of copper, silver, gold, and other metals, also fertile valleys producing a major part of Peru's big sugar crop.

Some of the country's largest sugar plantations, including the well-known one called Chiclin, belonging to the wealthy Larco Herrera family, are within a short distance of the city.

In appearance Trujillo is a fine example of Peru's Spanish colonial era. It has splendid old Spanish mansions built by members of the Spanish nobility, testifying to its prominence during the centuries when Spain ruled over it and the rest of Peru.

On the great outlying sugar estates, which, besides Chiclin, include also big plantations belonging to W. R. Grace & Co., which has its finger in almost all Peruvian commercial pies, and the rich and powerful Gildemeister interests, patriarchal conditions prevail to a considerable extent in relations between employers and employees. The latter are subject to a paternalistic supervision, which though in general benevolent, is also strict. For instance, sugar planters around Trujillo demand that their workers, in obedience to a curfew rule, be indoors at an early hour every night. The wide gulf between upper



and lower classes in Peru is nowhere more apparent than on the big estates of the Trujillo district. But in justice to employers it must be remarked that their rule is, in general, far from harsh. An American of strong liberal leanings, after a visit to Chiclín, summed up his impressions thus: "If you *must* have paternalistic conditions, have them on the Trujillo pattern."

At Chiclín the Larco Herreras, several of whom are graduates of Cornell University, have an excellently arranged archaeological museum, based on collections made by members of the family who are enthusiastic archaeologists. Permission to visit this museum and also the great sugar plantation on which it is situated, as well as permission to inspect other near-by sugar estates, can usually be obtained by foreign visitors if they telephone for it from Trujillo.

Trujillo is the birthplace of Víctor Raul Haya de la Torre, head of the Peruvian political party known as the APRA, which, thanks to his intense and spectacular leadership, has become known far beyond the borders of Peru. Haya de la Torre comes of an old Trujillo family. His political views are anathema to most of his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Their opinion of his politics is summed up in what one of them wailed when she read in the paper at breakfast about Víctor Raul's latest leftist exploit: "He used to be such a nice boy!"

Trujillo possesses one of the best of the Peruvian government's tourist hotels, the \*Hotel Trujillo. Like some of the others, it is (or was in 1946) under Swiss management—a phrase that all those who have traveled know to be equivalent to that other one, "American dentist," as a hallmark of merit. It is built in the colonial style that was prevalent in and around Trujillo when Peru was bossed by the Spaniards and proudly boasts a total of forty-three private bathrooms in a total of forty-seven rooms, which is going some in South America. The Jacobs Hotel also has merit. Others are the Nuevo Americano, Comercio, Gran, Carranza, and Libertad.

Trujillo's surrounding district is an archaeological treasure house. Eager archaeologists, digging there with the industry of moles or dachshunds, have again and again emerged from their mudholes to proclaim immensely valuable finds. Many of the ruins uncovered and articles unearthed date back to the time of the mysterious Chimu inhabitants of Peru's coastal plain, of whom scarcely anything definite is known. That they were living in a high state of civilization long

before the Incas overthrew their empire is one of the few certainties in connection with them. The Incas are supposed to have conquered the Chimus nearly a century and a half before Pizarro and his followers landed on Peruvian soil. At the time of Pizarro's advent their cities and fortresses were already broken ruins.

Among them the best are those at Chan Chan, two miles from the central part of Trujillo. Chan Chan was once the capital of the Chimus, who, some researchers have guessed, journeyed to Peru from Mexico or Central America about two thousand years ago. In its heyday the Chimu realm apparently comprised most of northern Peru. After the Inca conquest, the Chimus may have been exterminated by their conquerors or transplanted to other parts of the Inca dominions, in accordance with an old Inca custom—illustrated, for example, in the transfer by the Inca Mayna Capac, conqueror of Arequipa, of three thousand families from other conquered districts to the Arequipa valley. Possibly he was led to do this because the original inhabitants of the valley had been liquidated by his soldiery.

Chan Chan was a city of adobe. Because there is scarcely any rain on the coastal plain where it was built, its ruins remained for generations in a good state of preservation. But in 1925 heavy rains, which caused great damage throughout the Trujillo region, obliterated part of what remained of Chan Chan. However, the ruins that survive are still impressive. They include vestiges of walls, temples, altars, and other structures, large and small, which once formed the core of a city thought to have been inhabited under Chimu rulers by 250,000 of their subjects. Pottery of admirable workmanship and other articles discovered by excavators on this site of the ancient capital of a dead empire prove that before their downfall the Chimus had attained a high level of culture.

One theory of what happened is that the Chimus, having at first resisted the Incas by defending themselves in the great stronghold of Paramonga (see below), withdrew to Chan Chan in the hope that they might there succeed in stemming the advance of their foes. But after a long siege the Inca troops, according to this theory, starved out the garrison of Chan Chan.

South of Trujillo the highway draws away somewhat from the Pacific, crosses the Santa River, again approaches the coast, and reaches (126 miles from Trujillo) the busy port of Chimbote, for which a

prosperous future is freely prophesied, since it is the outlet for the rich Santa valley and other fertile territory. In expectation of this golden age the Peruvian government recently began ambitious improvements along Chimbote's water front, including the construction of facilities for handling coal and metals from the interior.

At Chimbote a road branching off from the Pan American Highway traverses the so-called Callejón de Huaylas, famed for the magnificent views to be obtained from it of Peru's main range of Andean peaks of immense height and overwhelming beauty, including Huascarán, rising 22,000 feet above sea level. This road had not been finished over its whole length a short time ago and portions of the completed section were in bad condition. It runs via Huallanca, Yungai, Huaraz, and Recuay, amid superb scenery, to rejoin the Pan American Highway a short distance north of Pativilca (see below). Two additional roads are projected for connecting the highway with the Callejón de Huaylas. The distance from Chimbote through the Callejón de Huaylas to the junction with the highway north of Pativilca is about 280 miles. From Chimbote to Huallanca there is also rail connection.

Aside from the gorgeous panorama of mountains that it affords, the Callejón de Huaylas also deserves attention in its own right, since it is a region of exuberant fertility, carpeted with fragrant flowers and producing abundant crops. An overnight stay can be made at Huaraz, where accommodations are to be found at the Hotel Génova, Drago, Sud América, or Central. It is expected that a government tourist hotel will soon be built there.

Traversing Casma and Huarney, the Pan American Highway reaches Paramonga, near which are the ruins of the great fortress just mentioned, built by the Chimus, in which it is supposed that they made their first stand against the invading armies of the Incas. These ruins, still well preserved, give an excellent idea of pre-Inca theories of fortification.

Pativilca, four miles from Paramonga, is the point where the Callejón de Huaylas road rejoins the highway. Here visitors are shown a house once occupied by Simón Bolívar during some of the darkest days of Peru's struggle for independence, in which, though weak from illness and beset by political and military problems deemed by some of his coadjutors to be beyond successful solution, he an-

nounced in fiery words that he would continue fighting until the Spaniards were driven out of the country—which he did.

Huacho (hotels: Gran Pacífico, Italia, Panamá), with a population of 15,000, is thirty-five miles beyond Pativilca. It is the capital of the province of Chancay and the center of a farming region of growing importance. In and around the towns are also factories that are bringing to it valuable new business.

Just off the highway, sixty miles south of Huacho, is the pleasant town of Ancón, a great favorite with the Limeños (see Chapter 10, "Roundabout Lima"). Soon the motorist begins to thread the teeming outskirts of Peru's capital, which is some thirty miles south of Ancón.

(For full details about Lima, see Chapters 6, 7, 8, 9.)

On its route south of Lima the Pan American Highway leads past the suburbs of Miraflores and Chorrillos, skirts the celebrated pre-Inca ruins of Pachacámac (see "Roundabout Lima") and the coastal towns of Cañete and Chincha, which lie in the midst of a rich cotton and fruit district, to reach Pisco, a city of 20,000 people, situated in the heart of Peru's grape-growing region. Here big quantities of wine are produced, also the famous grape brandy known as pisco. Both are shipped to all parts of the republic, where they enjoy much popularity. Near Pisco are extensive pre-Inca ruins, particularly on the peninsula of Paracas. Hotels in Pisco include the Paracas, Pisco, Humberto, and Gran.

Ica, south of Pisco, is also in a thriving grape district. Nazca, farther to the south, derives its name from the ancient Nazca tribes that lived in this district.

Chala has the first government tourist hotel on the section of the Pan American Highway south of Lima, the \*Hotel Chala, a modern building with big terraces, suites, rooms with private baths, and accommodations for seventy guests. Other hotels are the Central Americano, and Los Angeles. Chala is a convenient place for staying overnight on the journey on the highway southward from Lima.

About ninety miles beyond is Camaná, also boasting a government tourist hotel, the \*Hotel Camaná. This is an attractive town in a valley over which tower enormous mountains. A band of Spaniards in the sixteenth century intended to settle here but decided eventually

to move inland, a decision that caused them to become the founders of the famous city of Arequipa.

At Vitor, about one hundred miles south of Camaná, the Pan American Highway divides into two routes. One proceeds via Moquegua, in a fertile region producing cotton, fruit, and wine, to Tacna, famous in Peruvian history as the scene of furious fighting in the War of the Pacific (1879-83). As a result of Peru's defeat in that war, the provinces of Tacna and Arica were annexed to Chile, but the former was later restored to Peru, Chile retaining the province of Arica. The Tacna-Arica dispute was finally settled through the mediation of the United States, which sent a commission headed by General John J. Pershing to study and arbitrate it.

South of Tacna the southwestward route of the Pan American Highway crosses the Peru-Chile frontier. The other continues southeastward to Arequipa (for full details concerning this delightful city see Chapter 13, "A Pearl Set in an Emerald").

From Arequipa to Puno the distance by the Pan American Highway is 168 miles. After leaving Arequipa the road soon begins to ascend, affording fine views of the city and its volcanoes. The ascent continues amid typical Andean scenery, roughly paralleling the route of the Arequipa-Puno railway (see Chapter 14, "Over the Andes"). Those who do not adapt themselves readily to great altitude may develop symptoms of soroche. At Crucero Alto, the Pacific-Atlantic watershed is crossed at a height of over 16,000 feet. From there the road winds downward over windy uplands, amid droves of llamas, sheep, and pigs tended by picturesquely garbed Indians. After Tincojalca and extensive pasturage lands the town of Vilco is reached, known for its annual fair. Beyond Tiquillaca comes the important city of Puno, on Lake Titicaca (see Chapter 14, "Over the Andes").

At Puno the main section of the Pan American Highway is joined by the alternate route from Lima to Puno via Oroya, Huancayo, and Cuzco (see Chapter 12, "Throngs without Words").

Continuing from Puno the highway skirts Lake Titicaca, and, passing the trout-breeding establishment at Chucuito, reaches the picturesque little town of Acora. Here motorists may have the good fortune to encounter a band of strolling *sicuris*, native musician-dancers, attired in gay local costume probably identical with the

kind worn by their forebears of centuries ago. Farther along is quaint Juli, with the partly ruined church of San Pedro, built by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century. It has old paintings and a Spanish *artesonado* ceiling, both badly damaged. Next comes Pomata, with a cathedral considered by experts one of the best in all South America. It is of noble dimensions, with an exterior profusely decorated with strange work by native artists, some of it so intricate as to resemble lace made of stone. A short distance beyond is Desaguadero, on the Peru-Bolivia frontier, whence the highway continues to La Paz, Bolivia (see Part Two of this book).

### (B) PERU'S MONTAÑA

In eastern Peru there is a city called Iquitos. As the crow flies, it is about 700 miles from Lima. By trail, the distance between the two cities is approximately 1,200 miles.

Between Lima (or rather its Pacific port of Callao) and New York there are about 3,370 miles of salt water. Between New York and Belem in Brazil, on the Atlantic side of South America, the distance by water is nearly 3,000 miles. From Belem to Iquitos, Peru, by steamer up the Amazon River, the distance is over 2,200 miles. Thus the total distance from Lima, in western Peru, to Iquitos, in the northeastern part of the country, via New York and the Atlantic and the Amazon, is approximately 8,600 miles, as against 1,200 overland miles by trail.

Yet in the days of the undisputed supremacy of steamship travel, *it was more practical for a traveler wishing to reach Iquitos from Lima to travel via New York*. This startling paradox was due to South America's peculiar topography. Only a short distance inland from its Pacific coast (as has been already remarked), the Andes mountains interpose a tremendous barrier between its Pacific and Atlantic coasts. This was conveyed to me most vividly when I was traveling recently between Oroya and Huancayo in Peru along the valley of the Mantaro River. The Mantaro, as it flowed beside my train, was *less than 200 miles* from the Pacific. Yet, because of the Andes barrier, it was flowing toward the Atlantic, *more than 2,000 miles away*.

To Iquitos the same sort of paradox applies, in its relation to South America's two ocean coasts. Though, as has just been pointed out,

that city, as the Peruvian crow flies, is only 1,200 miles overland from Lima (on Peru's Pacific seaboard), and about 8,600 miles from Lima via New York and the Amazon, travelers often found it more practical to go to it from western Peru via the United States. If they did not it behooved them to try to scale the forbidding ramparts of the Andes, towering above them in majestic beauty and cruelty—and that was a behoove in which only the hardiest cared to become involved.

Today one can fly from Lima to Iquitos in a few hours. Nevertheless, since there is still no rail connection between western and eastern Peru, and only the sketchiest kind of overland communication, Iquitos and the region around it still remain almost entirely isolated from western Peru, in the commercial sense. Someday, insist Peruvians with unshakable faith in the golden future of eastern Peru, the Peruvian Montaña and Amazon basin, of which Iquitos is the metropolis, will be a realm of boundless wealth, with a highly cultured population scores of times as large as the present population, instead of being a mass of jungle peopled largely by savages practically unaffected by civilization.

Only the surface of the Montaña has been scratched; in its vast wooded areas an immense treasure of timber still awaits the ax of the woodman and the whistle of the locomotive. Here are said to be specimens of every tree and plant known in South America—a striking contrast to those parts of Peru's coastal region where you can scarcely find a shrub on which to hang your hat!

Through the forests and over the plains of the Montaña roam wild beasts as variegated as the trees and plants that surround them: jaguars, of mean habits; lumbering tapirs; armadillos, encased in their coats of armor; anteaters; and monkeys uttering shrill cries as they scurry among the branches of great tropical trees. Also among those present are uncounted thousands of snakes; alligators, enormous ones; turtles of strange species; parrots of many colors, regular winged rainbows; and bright-hued flamingos; and gorgeous butterflies.

In the Montaña it is very hot much of the year, with frequent torrential rains. It is a place for explorers of the toughest sort. Foreign visitors to Peru will not include a visit to it on their itineraries unless they propose to investigate that country with a thoroughness far be-

yond the scope of ordinary sight-seeing or business trips—and unless they can face with equanimity the certainty of severe hardship and wretched accommodations, and the possibility, or even probability, of actual peril.

When I was last in Peru I met a young New Yorker and his wife who had just emerged from a short trip into the Montaña—a most modest and cursory trip, incidentally, involving nothing like what would have faced them had they really ventured in a big way into that mysterious wilderness. I asked him:

“Would you advise the average American traveler to go where you and your wife have just been?”

Looking at me in amazement, he replied:

“Hell, no!”





**PART TWO**

**Bolivia**



# 19: INTRODUCTION

**B**OLIVIA'S comparative isolation has fashioned her into one of the most original lands in the world. Even hardened globe-trotters who think that travel can give them no more surprises and thrills will find plenty of both in Bolivia.

This section deals primarily with those parts of Bolivia that, as I see it, are of most interest to the average foreigner and can be visited with an admixture of inconvenience and discomfort not so great as to impair genuine enjoyment.

Also in the pages of this section other parts of Bolivia not too far from the more or less regular track of travel are described.

But since this book is aimed above all at the average traveler from North America, it has little to say about eastern Bolivia, that vast land of big rivers and dense forests, nasty savages and nastier insects. In all probability, eastern Bolivia is a land of tomorrow, as its champions ardently maintain; in any case, it is not a land of today. Eastern Bolivia is for the pathfinder, the pioneer, the explorer. To them I take off my hat in envy and admiration; but this book is not their meat. Few of us can become pathfinders, pioneers, or explorers. Many of us, on the other hand, at the shortest of notice or no notice at all, can become tourists. It is for the latter that this book is intended, most particularly this section of it, dealing with Bolivia.

## 20. BOLIVIAN FACTS

**I**F YOU go to Bolivia by air from the United States you will fly via the Canal Zone, Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru. There is also air connection with Bolivia from Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. For the great majority of those who travel by plane to Bolivia, the first landing there will be at La Paz, the Bolivian capital; and most of those who fly to La Paz from the United States will do so by way of Lima and Arequipa in Peru. Almost all flyers to Bolivia from Argentina will also arrive at La Paz, after stopping overnight at the Argentine city of Salta.

The air route from Chile (Santiago) is via Antofagasta and Arica to La Paz; the one from Brazil takes passengers via the Brazilian inland city of Corumbá to La Paz, with stops at Santa Cruz, Cochabamba, and Oruro in Bolivia.

In addition to the last-named three cities and La Paz, a number of other places in Bolivia are likewise connected by air with neighboring countries or other Bolivian points, among them Uyuni, Sucre, Trinidad, and Tarija.

Since Bolivia has no seacoast of her own, travelers headed for that country who go to South America by sea must land en route on non-Bolivian soil. The usual steamship route to Bolivia from the United States is to the Pacific port of Mollendo in Peru. From there one proceeds by rail via Arequipa to Puno, Peru, by steamboat across Lake Titicaca to Guaqui in Bolivia, and thence by rail again to La Paz.

Those bound to Bolivia from Chile (Santiago, Valparaiso) who do not want to go by air take a steamer to Antofagasta or Arica and proceed thence by rail to La Paz. There is also all-rail connection from Santiago and Valparaiso to Bolivia via Antofagasta.

From Argentina there is an all-rail route to Bolivia via Tucumán and Salta and across the Argentine-Bolivian frontier to La Paz. The rail trip via this route from Buenos Aires to La Paz takes fifty-six hours; the trains have sleepers, as do also those from Chile to Bolivia.

Bolivia can be reached by road via the Pan American Highway from Peru (Lima, Arequipa, Puno) to La Paz. From that city the highway proceeds across Bolivian territory to Argentina or Chile. (See Chapter 2, "Peruvian Facts," and 18, "Elsewhere in Peru.")

Air transportation to Bolivia from Peru, Argentina, Chile, and Brazil is provided by the Panagra Company (American), which is permitted also to transport passengers between some cities in Bolivia. But most of the intra-Bolivian air transportation is handled by the Lloyd Aéreo Boliviano, a Bolivian company closely affiliated with the Panagra. Both have offices in La Paz and branches in other Bolivian cities.

Detailed information about Bolivian railroads and roads is given further along in this chapter.

Travelers wishing to make even the shortest of stays in Bolivia must have a regular passport issued by the authorities of their own country. It must bear the visa of a Bolivian diplomatic or consular official stationed in that country or in some other country outside of Bolivia. This visa can be obtained most easily by citizens of the United States from the Bolivian Embassy in Washington or the Bolivian Consulate General in New York. At various other cities in the United States, Bolivian consular officials are stationed who are also empowered to issue Bolivian visas. The charge for these varies. At the Bolivian Consulate General in New York a visa is issued for \$3 (at least it was as late as 1946). The period of validity of the visa also varies. As a rule, travelers wishing to enter Bolivia and stay there for a while will find Bolivian diplomatic and consular officials liberal in this matter.

In addition, before they can get their Bolivian visas foreigners must present to Bolivian diplomatic or consular officials vaccination and health certificates, also a certificate of good conduct from the police authorities of the place where they reside regularly.

Immediately upon arrival in La Paz or some other city in Bolivia foreign visitors must present themselves in person at police head-

quarters. There, passports and other documents will be examined and a police permit issued for a sojourn on Bolivian soil. Sometimes it is necessary to obtain still another police permit for travel from one part of Bolivia to another. Information as to whether this last-named formality is required can be obtained from Bolivian police officials, United States diplomatic or consular officials, or from tourist agencies or hotels.

At La Paz there is an ambassador of the United States, with a full staff of embassy officials and others specializing in various lines of international work; also a consulate of the United States. At Cochabamba there is a United States vice-consulate.

On the *altiplano* or high plateau of Bolivia, where the average foreign visitor will spend all or most of his time, the weather is cool all the year round and downright cold in the winter months. During the latter there is practically no real warmth except in the hours of strongest sunlight in the late forenoon and early afternoon. Even on days when the temperature in daylight is at its highest the nights bring a sharp drop, necessitating the use of blankets on beds. When Bolivia is cold it is really cold. And the low temperature is aided and abetted by the fact that means of fighting it are usually unsatisfactory. Heating arrangements, even at the best hotels, seldom approach the efficiency of a North American steam radiator.

In the Yungas, the deep valleys descending steeply from the *altiplano*, the weather is subtropical, which means that sometimes it gets very warm indeed. Eastern Bolivia is tropical. Much oppressively hot weather must be endured there by visitors, among whom, however, the average American tourist will be conspicuous by his absence, since the pleasure of travel in this region is more than offset by its discomforts and inconveniences.

It is absolutely necessary for foreign visitors to central Bolivia to take along a light overcoat. Indeed, there are times when a heavy one is not out of place. Suits and dresses should be of medium weight, and sweaters will often be found welcome. Care should be taken to guard against sudden variations in temperature. When starting on a day's excursion, for instance, foreigners should always have a light overcoat with them. Even on short walks in La Paz and other cities of the *altiplano* it is wise to carry a coat on one's arm, for there is no telling when the mercury will take a sudden dive.

In the subtropical Yungas, medium-weight garments will usually be found satisfactory. In eastern Bolivia, the lighter the clothes the greater the comfort. But the average foreign visitor will become acquainted with the former only on short excursions from Bolivia's principal cities, and as for the latter, he will in all probability not make its acquaintance at all.

In general, living is cheap in Bolivia. The cost of board and lodging is usually far below that in the United States, even at the most expensive hotels in La Paz, the capital. In other cities, especially in the smaller ones, the divergence between prices in the United States and those prevalent locally is so great as to be ludicrous—and, to the payer of the said reduced prices, most welcome. But prices of imported goods, such as clothing, are usually high. On the other hand, homemade wares, even in shops accustomed to foreign tourists, are on an agreeably low level.

Bolivia's unit of currency is the boliviano. Its value fluctuates. In 1946 one United States dollar was worth officially 42 bolivianos. That made one boliviano worth 2.38 cents in United States currency. But as a matter of fact, the value of the boliviano was considerably less than that. In 1946, for instance, it had been worth unofficially for some time somewhat over one United States cent.

The best way for foreigners to carry funds for their traveling and other expenses in Bolivia is in the form of traveler's checks, particularly those issued by the American Express Company. These are obtainable at banks all over the United States. They are accepted not only at banks in La Paz and other Bolivian cities, but also at hotels, tourist agencies, and sometimes even at shops accustomed to dealing with foreign visitors. They are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, and \$50. Letters of credit on United States banks of good standing are also accepted by banks in Bolivia, but naturally travelers cannot use them anywhere else to obtain cash.

Foremost among the country's banks is the Banco Central de Bolivia, with its head offices at La Paz and branches in other Bolivian cities. Other banks include the Banco Nacional de Bolivia; the Banco Minero, largely serving mining interests; the Crédito Hipotecario; and the Banco Mercantil, the last-named founded by Simón I. Patiño, the famous Bolivian tin king.

In Bolivia the metric system of weights and measures is official.



It is used in commercial transactions and governmental dealings with foreign countries. But locally various old Spanish units still survive to some extent, such as the vara (about 33 inches), the arroba (about 25 pounds avoirdupois) and the quintal (about 100 pounds avoirdupois).

Only in La Paz and Cochabamba will foreign visitors find hotels conforming somewhat to the requirements of twentieth-century travelers, and even these are not in the same class with the best hotels in Peru. Between these and other Bolivian hotels there is a big gap. Indeed, a number of Bolivian cities and towns have nothing approaching a first-class hotel, and in out-of-the-way places available accommodations are sometimes barely endurable, and now and then so primitive as to be downright wretched. However, one of the principal ingredients of the charm of Bolivia, as a goal for foreign tourists, is its utterly unspoiled primitiveness—a fact that should be borne in mind always by travelers venturing off the beaten track, and at times even by those sticking to it.

In 1946 a new hotel was under construction at La Paz that it was claimed would be fully up to modern standards. A new hotel was also being built in Cochabamba. In a number of cases, old hotels have been improved by new management provided by European refugees from World War II; and other refugees have founded hotels of a type superior to the average prewar Bolivian hotel.

Charges, even at the most expensive hotels, are pleasantly moderate in comparison with those in the United States. It is customary to pay an inclusive rate at Bolivian hotels for room and meals.

As late as 1946 only the Sucre Palace Hotel in La Paz and the Gran Hotel Cochabamba in Cochabamba were making a real effort to give a tinge of cosmopolitanism to their cuisine. Elsewhere, as a general rule, it was frankly Bolivian. Some of the native dishes served are excellent. Meat and poultry abound in Bolivia and are often deliciously prepared by native cooks. Fish, caught in Lake Titicaca and also in the Pacific Ocean, is brought to La Paz and other cities and dished up in first-class condition, owing to its being transported in special refrigerated railroad cars.

One of Bolivia's favorite foods is *chuño*, frozen potatoes, eaten mixed with meat, fish, or eggs. Some of the most succulent local concoctions are made of corn. *Empanadas*, native meat pies, are most sa-

very when well prepared. Some of them, however, are too highly peppered for the average North American taste; once at a leading La Paz club I ate some that almost took the hair off the top of my head. In fact, pepper, notably the ferocious brand known as *aji* (pronounced *ah-hee*, with a sneeze on the second syllable), the favorite Bolivian condiment, is consumed in such quantities by the Bolivians that it is a wonder they are not burned to the ground.

European wines and liquors from the United States and Europe are obtainable in the principal Bolivian cities; also European and American beer, as well as some of the latter brewed locally. In addition, Bolivia produces red and white wines of her own, but they lack merit. Chilean wines—the best, to my mind, in the Americas, let Californians say what they will—can be had at prices far above those charged for Bolivian wines, owing to high import duties. Peruvian wines are also imported.

The Bolivian cities of La Paz, Oruro, Cochabamba, Potosí, Sucre, and Uyuni are connected with one another by railroad; and there is also through rail connection between them and the neighboring republics of Peru, Chile, and Argentina. The most important Bolivian rail lines are the two connecting that landlocked republic with the sea. One of these runs from La Paz via Oruro, Río Mulato, and Uyuni to the port of Antofagasta in Chile, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, a total distance of 735 miles. From Oruro, 150 miles from La Paz, a connecting rail line runs to Cochabamba. From Machacamarca, a few miles beyond Oruro, the Patiño mining interests operate a sixty-mile railway to the greatest of all the Patiño mines, around Llallagua, Uncía, and Catavi. At Río Mulato, 280 miles from La Paz, connection is made with the 110-mile railroad to Potosí, whence a narrow-gauge line continues another 110 miles to Sucre.

Uyuni, 360 miles from La Paz, on the main line from that city to Antofagasta, is the junction for the railroad via Villazón and La Quiaca, on the Bolivia-Argentina frontier, to Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina, 1,720 miles from La Paz.

Bolivia's second railway to the sea, between La Paz and the Chilean port of Arica on the Pacific, is much shorter than the line to Antofagasta, being only 285 miles in length. Its international express trains cover the distance in eighteen hours.

Another important railway is the one between La Paz and Guaqui, on the Bolivian shore of Lake Titicaca, whence passengers travel overnight by lake steamboat to connect at Puno with Peruvian rail lines to Cuzco or Arequipa.

In addition, Bolivia has several other rail lines, among them one running eastward from Cochabamba, which, when completed to the city of Santa Cruz, will provide the fertile province of that name with a desperately needed outlet for its varied products.

Bolivia's principal motor road is the Bolivian section of the Pan American Highway. Entering the country at Desaguadero, on the Peru-Bolivia frontier, it proceeds through La Paz to Oruro, on the central part of the Bolivian altiplano. There it forks, one section continuing via Challapata and Potosí to Villazón, on the frontier between Bolivia and Argentina, where it connects with the Argentine road system; and the other proceeding via Uyuni to the Bolivia-Chile frontier at Ollague and thence to the Chilean port of Antofagasta, where it merges with the network of Chilean roads.

In addition, Bolivia has other roads of local rather than international importance. Among them are those from La Paz to towns in the Yungas and elsewhere in the capital's neighborhood; from Villazón, on the Pan American Highway, to Tarija, from Potosí to Tarija; from Sucre via Pocota to Oruro; from Sucre via Yacuiba to Santa Cruz; and from Cochabamba via Aiquile to Sucre. Between La Paz and the airport and rail station of El Alto, high above the city, there is an excellent paved road.

Successive Bolivian governments have been active during recent years in road construction, improvement, and conservation, but nevertheless it must be borne in mind constantly by foreigners desiring to motor on the republic's roads that even the best of them usually have long stretches in bad condition. For instance, in 1946 the Pan American Highway between Oruro and Potosí was far from satisfactory. And the road between Cochabamba and Sucre was in such a poor state as to make travel on it a hazardous adventure. As for less important roads, they occasionally become almost nonexistent. It is imperative to get *firsthand information on the spot* before venturing on any Bolivian motor road. This information is obtainable at tourist agencies and hotels in La Paz and other leading Bolivian cities.

Bolivia is a land of joy for shoppers interested in vicuña coats, cloaks, rugs, etc., and the variegated articles made by Bolivian Indians, such as silverware, richly colored shawls, bags, scarves, and garments, as well as hats of the exotic types worn by Indians in various districts of the country. Dolls dressed in local Indian costumes are also offered for sale at shops, markets, and outdoor fairs.

La Paz is the best place in the whole land for shopping, with Cochabamba in second place, and some of the smaller cities in Bolivia trailing in their wake. Vicuña products, as good as any in Peru, are usually obtainable more cheaply in Bolivia than in its neighbor republic.

Among the most prized articles of Indian manufacture on sale in La Paz and elsewhere in Bolivia are figures of Ekeko, the Indian god of good luck (see Chapter 23, "World's Highest Capital").

Tennis is popular in La Paz and other cities of the altiplano, despite the high altitude. There are good tennis courts at the capital, Cochabamba, and Potosí, likewise at some of the big tin mines, particularly those of the Patiño concern at Llallagua-Catavi, where guests of the company may play with its officials and other employees. Golf is also popular, especially at La Paz, and on links maintained at some of the principal tin mines.

Foreigners are warned that the high altitudes of most of the places in Bolivia that they will visit make indulgence in strenuous exercise fatiguing and sometimes impossible until they become accustomed to the rarefied air. Skiing is excellent in Bolivia, particularly near La Paz. Hunting and shooting are good, especially around Cochabamba. Regular big game hunting, with a copious admixture of discomfort and hardship, can be had in the wild regions of Santa Cruz and the Beni in eastern Bolivia, where beasts peculiar to South America abound, including tapirs and jaguars; also more conventional quadrupeds such as deer. Lake Titicaca and Lake Poopó provide good fishing.

Several tourist agencies, foreign and Bolivian, are equipped to give travelers in Bolivia helpful service. All of them have their main offices in La Paz.

## 21: BOLIVIAN LAND AND PEOPLE

ONE of the first things you see in Bolivia, at airports and railroad stations, in government offices and hotel lobbies, is a huge poster printed in many colors, with the caption BOLIVIA, TOPOGRAPHICAL SYNTHESIS OF THE WORLD splashed across its top in enormous and aggressive lettering. After surreptitiously making sure just what those ten-dollar words meant, I decided that they were most appropriate, because in topography Bolivia is as unexpected and variegated as she is in politics.

Often one side of a snow-covered Bolivian mountain rises from a high plateau, bleak and cold, while its other side drops down thousands of feet, past green valleys of fertility and coolness, to plains baking in tropical heat. Therefore "topographical synthesis" has merit as a description of the peculiar and sensational land of the Bolivians—though it would be a piece of public service of a high order if a describer could find words not quite so formidable to do his describing for him.

Twenty is the total number of republics in Latin America, and only two of them are without a seacoast. Of these, Bolivia is one (the other is Paraguay). During the first part of her career as an independent nation, Bolivia owned a strip of coast on the Pacific. But she lost it as a result of her defeat and that of her ally Peru in their war against Chile—the so-called War of the Pacific (1879–83). So for more than sixty years that coast line has been nothing but a fragrant and melancholy memory among Bolivians.

Bolivia's isolation from the sea was further rubbed in a few years ago when her war against Paraguay, one of the goals of which was to get herself a good inland port on the river Paraguay, flowing

through the Gran Chaco, from which she would have had indirect but welcome access to the Atlantic, ended in another defeat for Bolivian arms. This double dose of hard luck fills Bolivians with bitterness, especially Bolivian writers, who are constantly inspired to produce prose and poetry about the days when their native country had a seaport of her own and Bolivians were not compelled to cross alien territory in order to see salt water and breathe ocean air.

But, though she has no coast line, Bolivia has about everything else that a nation can possibly have, topographically speaking.

The total area of the republic, 537,792 square miles, is only a little more than half what it used to be. The decrease is due to successive amputations of parts of Bolivia's national territory.

In addition to the loss to Chile of her Pacific seaboard, Bolivia has been forced to make big cessions of territory to three other neighbors, Brazil, Argentina, and Peru. As a result of these, her loss to Chile has been further augmented by alienation of an additional 350,000 square miles. Finally, the war of the Chaco (1928-35) against Paraguay brought annexation by the Paraguayans of another 90,000 square miles of Bolivian soil, making a grand total lost to other South American nations of nearly 500,000 square miles, or a region almost as large as the total present area of Bolivia.

Bolivia is bounded on the north and east by Brazil, on the south by Paraguay and Argentina, on the west by Chile and Peru. Within her boundaries are comprised arid deserts and exuberantly fertile valleys; bleak mountain uplands; great forests, some of them unexplored; snow-covered mountain ranges of icy temperature; and vast plains covered with tropical verdure and parched by sizzling heat. The violently divergent regions into which Bolivia is divided are the following:

The **ALTIPLANO**. This is a high plateau between the lofty ranges of the Andes that traverse the land. Its average altitude above the sea is 10,000 feet; in parts it is from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level. In the north the altiplano is comparatively fertile; in the south, however, it is mostly a desert. It is about 50,000 miles square and 65 to 100 miles wide. Nearly three quarters of all the Bolivians live on the altiplano. Among its leading cities are La Paz, Oruro, and Potosí. Its weather is usually cold and it is often swept by raw winds.

The **YUNGAS**. This Bolivian Indian word is applied to one of the

most remarkable topographical features of the land—deep, narrow valleys that, starting from mountain uplands 14,000 feet or thereabouts above the sea, plunge abruptly downward for thousands of feet, making it possible for those traveling along the roads of the Yungas to exchange in an hour or so winter cold for almost tropical heat.

The Yungas are the garden and granary of Bolivia. They supply La Paz and other cities with vegetables, fruit, and flowers. Their towns, set in the midst of green orchards and gardens of riotous coloring, are caressed by such balmy breezes that, were it not for the scowling, snow-carpeted peaks overhead, one would forget that the Yungas were in the same part of the world as the towns of the frigid and forbidding altiplano.

The SELVAS. This is a dense wooded belt on the eastern slopes of Bolivia's mountains. It comprises huge forests, many almost untrodden, which are rich in valuable woods. Its altitude is from 2,500 to 5,000 feet above sea level.

The PLAINS. These are in the big eastern departments of Santa Cruz—Beni, and Pando. Here amid tropical heat roam wild Indians, wild cattle, and wild beasts of many kinds. These plains are from 500 to 2,500 feet above the sea. Undoubtedly this part of Bolivia has a bright future, but at present it is largely undeveloped and thinly populated.

Mountains of tremendous height and superb beauty—the mighty Andes—traverse Bolivia from north to south. They culminate in snow-covered peaks surpassed in altitude in the whole world only by a few in Asia, and, in South America, only by one—Aconcagua, 23,000 feet high, between Chile and Argentina. Bolivia's highest pinnacles are Illampu (or Sorata), Illimani, Sajama, and Tupungato, all over 22,000 feet. Though Illampu slightly overtops Illimani, the latter is Bolivia's most famous peak; it dominates La Paz in such grandiose and glittering majesty that the Bolivian capital is constantly nicknamed the "City of the Illimani." Illampu towers over the pretty town of Sorata, near La Paz; and Sajama, one of the most impressive of all Bolivia's mountain pinnacles, is visible many miles away as one approaches Chile from the Bolivian altiplano.

The Paso del Cóndor, more than 16,000 feet above sea level, on the railway route from La Paz to Potosí, is said to be the highest

mountain pass in the world. It overtops the highest point on the Lima-Oroya mountain railway in Peru.

Llamas, those strange beasts of burden, mention of which always calls Peru to the minds of Americans, are actually more a part of the Bolivian than of the Peruvian landscape. They may be seen constantly even in the streets of La Paz, the Bolivian capital, whereas they are unknown in those of Lima, Peru's metropolis and capital, which of late years has grown too sophisticated to allow them to circulate locally.

Lake Titicaca, the world's highest lake, is partly in Bolivia. Some of its waters are drained off into Lake Poopó, in central Bolivia. Lake Poopó is large and shallow.

Bolivia's important rivers, all in the eastern part of the country, are divided into two groups: those flowing toward the Amazon in Brazil and those flowing toward the Plata River in Argentina. The largest in the former group is the Madeira (that is its Portuguese spelling, used by Brazilians; Spanish-speaking Bolivians prefer to spell its name Madera). This great stream, formed by the confluence of the Beni and Mamoré, both of which traverse Bolivian territory, marks for some distance the Bolivian-Brazilian frontier. It is navigable for much of its length, as is also the Mamoré, but navigation on the latter is greatly hampered by rocky rapids. Both the Mamoré and the Beni receive the waters of important affluents that cross the torrid plains of eastern Bolivia.

On the Paraguay, most important of the streams flowing toward the Plata, Bolivia now possesses only a small strip of the western bank, as a result of her defeat in the Chaco War against Paraguay. Of the rivers emptying into the Paraguay, two, the Pilcomayo and the Bermejo, traverse Bolivian territory. Visitors to Sucre become acquainted with the headwaters of the Pilcomayo as they approach that city from Potosí. Neither the Pilcomayo nor the Bermejo is navigable.

Bolivia is a land of immense mineral wealth. Foremost among the metals of which vast quantities exist under her soil is tin. For many years before World War II Bolivia was second among the world's tin-producing countries, being surpassed only by the Far Eastern tin-producing combination of British Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies. During that war she leaped to first place, after the Far



Eastern tin districts had been occupied by the Japanese. As late as the end of 1946 Bolivia still held first place as a producer of tin, since her old-time Asiatic rivals had not yet recovered at that time from the effects of the Japanese occupation.

A high percentage of Bolivia's tin—likewise of all the tin produced elsewhere in the world—is consumed by the United States, which, producing no tin of its own, is far and away the largest consumer of that metal, utilizing it principally in the mammoth American canning industry. This in normal times requires annually between twelve billion and fifteen billion tin cans.

Bolivia's tin-mining industry is mostly represented by the powerful Patiño, Hochschild, and Aramayo groups, of which it is said: "Patiño owns half of Bolivia, Hochschild half of the other half, and Aramayo half of the remainder."

Owing to the tremendous boom in Bolivian tin owing to the war and to the intensive wartime efforts of the United States and others of the United Nations to raise Bolivian tin production to the uttermost possible limit, the total produced in that country increased enormously during World War II over its prewar average. And the price per ton rose proportionately, to the great joy of Bolivian tin-mining interests. After the close of the war, intensive production of Bolivian tin and high prices for it continued. They were in full swing at the end of 1946. But it was obvious then that as soon as British Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies could return to first place in the tin game—as they showed every intention of doing—readjustment in Bolivia of the postwar tin situation might conceivably entail serious consequences in that country.

Simon I. Patiño, tin king not only of Bolivia but of the world, who was considerably over eighty years old at the end of the war, was reputed at one time to be the seventh richest man in the world. And long after he was called that he was certainly one of the world's fifteen or twenty richest men.

In the days of Spanish rule in what is now Bolivia, silver was the main source of mineral wealth. From the fabulously rich Cerro Rico, the mountain of silver dominating the city of Potosí, Spain extracted such immense amounts of that precious metal that the name of the city became a synonym for untold riches. But now, even at Potosí, tin has superseded silver.

Bolivia also has valuable deposits of copper, lead, zinc, antimony, bismuth, wolfram, gold, tungsten, and petroleum. Other Bolivian products include coca, the leaves of which are chewed incessantly by the bulk of the country's Indian population; cinchona bark, from which quinine is extracted; wild rubber; medicinal herbs; and valuable woods.

The deep, lush valleys, dropping from cold mountain plateaus to levels thousands of feet lower, where the climate suddenly becomes subtropical, produce bountiful crops of corn, wheat, vegetables, and many kinds of fruit. They also give pasturage to big herds of livestock. Farther eastward, in huge departments still almost virgin soil, Bolivian optimists expect to see the development in the near future of a rich agricultural and stock-raising domain.

Bolivia's inhabitants are predominantly Indian or partly Indian. Of her total population, which according to recent official statistics totaled about 3,500,000, somewhat more than 50 per cent is composed of full-blooded Indians, about 25 per cent of persons of mixed Indian and white blood. Pure whites comprise less than 20 per cent of the population. Negroes are practically nonexistent. Small colonies of foreigners reside in the country. Among these are British, Germans, Italians, and Americans. There is also a sprinkling of Chileans, Peruvians, Argentines, and other Latin Americans. Some foreigners have intermarried with Bolivians. This intermingling is the reason for the alien names borne by some of its products, despite the fact that they are, to all intents and purposes, Bolivians alike in personal sympathies and general outlook. For instance, a recent president of Bolivia was named Busch, his father having been a German; and one of the best-known Bolivian poets, all of whose writings are in Spanish, has the unexpected name of Gregorio Reynolds.

Almost all Bolivian Indians, like those of Peru, are either Aymarás or Quechuas. They are descended from the Inca and pre-Inca tribes that inhabited what is now Bolivia during the centuries before it was conquered by Spaniards marching southward, after the conquest of Peru by Pizarro and his companions, in their customary search for gold. But in the eastern part of the country the immense regions of Santa Cruz and El Beni are inhabited by Indians who show no sign of kinship with those of the western sections of the republic, and do not speak Aymará, Quechua, or Spanish.

Bolivians of mixed Indian and white blood are called either *mestizos*, the usual name for this element in South America, or *cholos*, an appellation also applied to them in other South American countries. The white element, stemming in its great majority from the Spaniards who settled the land in the colonial period, is preponderant in politics, commerce, and industry. From this element many officers of the Bolivian army are drawn. But the great bulk of its rank and file are pure Indian or *cholo*.

Of Bolivia's nine departments, the most thickly populated is that of Cochabamba, the garden spot of the republic. The department of La Paz ranks second. Most sparsely populated of all is the vast eastern department of El Beni.

For all practical purposes, Bolivia's capital is La Paz, metropolis of the republic. But officially the old city of Sucre is still the capital, though it has been far outstripped in recent years by La Paz in population and general importance. Since 1900 La Paz has been the seat of the government of Bolivia. Sucre, however, remains the seat of the supreme court of the republic. The estimated population of La Paz is between 250,000 and 300,000, that of Sucre about 35,000.

Next comes Cochabamba, which is inhabited by approximately 80,000 people. The population of Oruro, a big mining center, is around 50,000; and that of Potosí, a great and populous city under the Spaniards, has dwindled to 40,000. After these come Santa Cruz, with 30,000 inhabitants; Tarija, with 30,000; and Trinidad and Uyuni, with 10,000 and 7,000 respectively.

Of Bolivia's Indians, the Aymarás live mostly in the region of La Paz, the Quechuas in Cochabamba and the fertile valleys around it and in the mining districts of Oruro and others farther south. The Aymará is naturally sad and silent, while the Quechua is often inclined to a more cheerful outlook on life. In eastern Bolivia some of the native Indians are practically in a state of savagery—and those among them furthest removed from civilization sometimes show their disapproval of it by actual hostility to strangers, some of whom have been ambushed and murdered in recent years in lonely parts of Bolivia's Wild East.

Spanish is the official language of Bolivia. It is spoken there by everybody who has received education, even if only of a rudimentary

kind. As in Peru, many Bolivian Indians, even when they are more or less acquainted with Spanish, talk among themselves in the ancient Quechua and Aymará tongues, just as their ancestors of pre-Inca and Inca times did before the coming of the Spaniards. The percentage of Indians in Bolivia who speak no Spanish at all is higher than in Peru. Even in La Paz, where Spanish is heard on all sides, there is a sprinkling of such Indians; and their number increases in direct proportion to the distance of their homes from Bolivian cities.

Bolivians are said to be "unpredictable" in temper and general reactions to other human beings, owing to the high altitudes at which most of them live and the thinness of the air that most of them breathe. But this theory, it seems to me, is exaggerated. I venture to predict without fear of being proved wrong that if a foreigner treats the average Bolivian politely, he will be met in turn with the politeness common to practically all Latin Americans. As in Peru, abruptness of speech and brusqueness of manner should be avoided by Americans and other foreign visitors in dealings with Bolivians of all classes, since the latter, instead of taking such forms of address in their stride, as people do in more northerly latitudes, frequently consider them bad manners and resent them with promptness and vehemence. In general, what is said in the first part of this book, in the chapter headed "Peruvian Facts," applies, with slight modifications, to relations between foreigners and Bolivians.

Bolivia is a constitutional republic. A new constitution came into force in 1938. Males over twenty-one years of age can cast their votes at elections, provided they can read and write and have a fixed income. The Legislature (Congress) is composed of a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate. The republic is divided into nine departments, each subdivided into provinces. Governmental authority in each department is wielded by a prefect appointed by the national government. Freedom of religion is guaranteed by the constitution.

Executive power is vested in the president, whose constitutional term is four years, and a cabinet of nine members appointed by him. According to the constitution, the president should be elected by direct vote. But as a rule in the past, the only voters have been members of a national convention brought together to legalize the

position of presidents who had come to power by more or less extra-constitutional methods and who believed in the theory that possession was nine points of the law.

The judicial arm of the government is headed by the Bolivian Supreme Court at Sucre; under it a number of lesser tribunals operate.

Bolivia's army is based on universal conscription. Its titular commander in chief is the president. It is under the Ministry of National Defense and a General Staff. For military purposes the republic is divided into eight military regions. All Bolivian males between the ages of nineteen and fifty-five are liable for military service, first in the regular army, next in the reserve, and finally in the territorial guard. The regular army totals about 15,000 men. In addition, there is a force of practically militarized national police.

Education has progressed greatly in Bolivia during recent years. But the republic still has a long way to go before it can be compared even remotely, from the educational standpoint, with the United States and European countries. Government-supported schools are to be found all over Bolivia. In these instruction is compulsory and free. There are also private schools for children of the more affluent Bolivian families and for those of resident foreigners. Some of the big mining companies provide primary schools and schools of a higher grade for the children of their employees, who are taught without charge. The rate of illiteracy in the land, though not what it used to be, is still lamentably high.

Of Bolivia's six universities the most celebrated is that of Sucre, one of the best known in all South America. The other five are at La Paz, Cochabamba, Oruro, Potosí, and Santa Cruz.

## 22: BOLIVIAN HISTORY

**B**OLIVIA'S name is derived from that of Simón Bolívar, the great South American liberator. After he had freed Peru, a part of that republic, known as Charcas or Upper Peru, was separated from the rest and made an independent nation. It took the name of Bolivia to honor the man who had already liberated or helped to liberate four other South American lands.

Bolívar's right-hand man, ablest general, and truest friend, Antonio José de Sucre, also received high honor at the same time from the citizens of the new republic. Having given it a name based on that of Bolívar, they paid honor also to the latter's colleague by changing the name of what was then their principal city from Chuquisaca to Sucre.

Before the arrival of the Spaniards in South America, the region that later became Bolivia was part of the great empire of the Incas. In their steady march of conquest, the Inca armies, having subjugated all of what is now Peru and parts of adjacent territory, moved southward into what is now Bolivia. But they were not the first to bring to it culture and civilization. Long before they came, there had been dominant there a mysterious race that had given irrefutable evidence of being highly cultured and civilized. These pre-Inca inhabitants of present-day Bolivia built great temples and other structures at Tiahuanaco, south of the shores of Lake Titicaca, which to this day arouse the amazement and admiration of all who gaze upon them.

They aroused also the amazement and admiration of the Incas. But when the Inca soldiers reached Tiahuanaco on their southward march of conquest, those mighty structures were already in ruins

and the story of their origin had been lost in the fogs of the past. In the midst of those broken remnants of a great civilization dwelt debased tribes that could tell the Incas nothing about the builders of Tiahuanaco. The Incas, being cultured and civilized themselves, immediately appreciated the worth of the vestiges of vanished artistry and glory represented by those broken relics. Inca architecture soon showed the influence of the work of the mysterious builders who had long before lived on Titicaca's shores. Soon Inca buildings reared under that influence rose on the shores and on the islands of the great lake. One of them, a splendid temple on the Island of the Sun, is said to have rivaled in splendor even the renowned Temple of the Sun in Cuzco, the grandest and holiest of all the shrines in the Inca capital.

After the arrival of Francisco Pizarro and his Spaniards in Peru in the early sixteenth century and their conquest of that country, some of them moved toward the south, driven forward as usual by their craving for gold. It was not long before the entire region of Charcas or Upper Peru was under the banner of Spain. In colonial Spanish days the region was ruled first by the Spanish viceroys at Lima, but in 1776 it was placed under the jurisdiction of the king of Spain's officials in Buenos Aires, on the Atlantic side of South America.

When the patriots in Buenos Aires grew restive and showed signs of rebellion against Spanish rule, eventually transmuting their restlessness into active opposition to Spanish masters, the task of governing Charcas was handed back to the Spanish viceroy at Lima. The reason for this move was that the Spaniards thought they would have an easier time defending Charcas with Lima as their base than they would if they tried to base themselves for its defense on Buenos Aires.

But Spain's defense of her South American colonies, no matter where based, was foredoomed to failure. Rising tides of insurrection were sweeping over Spanish America. In one Spanish-American colony after another revolt followed revolt.

Charcas was no exception. Soon the people of that region, the forefathers of today's Bolivians, were actively plotting against Spain. One of its earliest patriotic leaders, José Domingo Murillo, placed himself at the head of a full-fledged anti-Spanish uprising in La

Paz, in 1809, which actually established a rebel government in that city. But the Spaniards, reacting violently against this threat to the authority of their monarch, smashed Murillo's troops, made him a prisoner, and condemned him to execution on the main plaza of La Paz—which today bears the name of Plaza Murillo. Just before he died on the scaffold, he exclaimed: "I have lighted a torch that nobody can extinguish."

He was right. That torch was taken up immediately by equally patriotic men. The fight for freedom continued in Charcas. Nevertheless, the Spaniards maintained their authority there until well into the nineteenth century. In 1824, however, the great victory won at Ayacucho in Peru by Sucre, acting under Bolívar's supreme command, was the sign of coming dawn for the successors of José Domingo Murillo. From Ayacucho, Sucre marched his victorious army to Chuquisaca, the principal city of Charcas, where Bolívar joined him. In 1825 the independence of the region was declared and it was named the republic of Bolívar, a name soon changed to its present one, Bolivia. And Chuquisaca became Sucre.

Bolívar stayed several months in Bolivia. He bestowed upon it a constitution so complicated that it proved unworkable. When he departed from the new republic named after him to return to his native Venezuela he left Sucre in charge as Bolivia's first president.

At once the hero of Ayacucho was beset by dissension and open rebellion among the people to whom Bolívar and he had brought freedom from the rule of Spanish kings. Finally in utter disgust Sucre withdrew from his presidential post. On his way northward to rejoin Bolívar, he was murdered in a lonely pass among the mountains of northern Peru by an irreconcilable sympathizer with Spain. And Bolívar shortly afterward died an exile from his native Venezuela. Today the Venezuelans, who drove away the one, and the Bolivians, who expelled the other, are indefatigable in enshrining the memory of both in imperishable glory. Such is history.

After Bolívar and Sucre had gone away, Bolivia entered upon an epoch of political chaos that makes even those South Americans most hardened to that sort of thing raise their eyebrows in horrified disapproval. Sixty military revolts—that is the count made by one North American historian for the first seventy years of Bolivia's career as an independent nation. Bolivia became a synonym for



turbulence, the term "president of Bolivia" a ludicrous misnomer for successive caudillos—always despots, usually ignorant, sometimes drunk—who headed its invariably short-lived administrations.

Out of this welter of bloodshed, ruin, and near anarchy there emerged a few men possessed of a measure of commanding personality and authority. Marshal Santa Cruz, veteran of battles by the side of San Martín, Bolívar, and Sucre, at least showed vision of a certain grandeur when he sought to weld Bolivia and Peru together in a confederation. But he had not the ability to bring that confederation beyond a first and hopelessly transitory stage. And he marred that stage at its outset by executing General Salaverry, the Peruvian leader who had opposed his scheme of uniting Bolivia and Peru, despite the fact that he had promised Salaverry, after defeating him, that his life would be spared. This brutal act filled people on both sides with horror and foreboding. Eventually Santa Cruz's confederation broke up, after the Chileans, alarmed at the accretion of power that it had brought to him, went to war against him, crushed him in battle in 1839, and drove him into exile.

Anarchy deepened under the dictatorship of General Belzú, who ruled Bolivia autocratically from 1848 to 1855. In those years, declares one historian, "rapine, robbery and riot" were a normal state of affairs in the land.

Then came Dictator Mariano Melgarejo. He was "a rude soldier of great physical strength and intrepidity, but a grotesque tyrant and a habitual drunkard." He was said to have killed a rival with his own hands.

During his "reign," and for some time after it, according to a yarn current in South America, no map published in Great Britain had the faintest trace on it of a land called Bolivia. This was due to the fact that Melgarejo, in a fit of drunken fury, had caused the British Minister to Bolivia, with whom he had quarreled, to be stripped, mounted on a donkey with his face turned rearward, and paraded through the streets of the Bolivian capital. When Queen Victoria heard about this (so runs the story), she—if such a thing can be imagined of that aloof and frigid personage—hit the ceiling. And the map makers of Britain, sharing her annoyance, loyally refused Bolivia even the smallest and most inconspicuous space on their maps.

Eventually, in 1871, Melgarejo, unable to cope with the last of the

numerous revolts that had punctuated his regime, was driven into ignominious exile.

Despite all this chaos, there was an undercurrent of progress in the succession of revolts and counterrevolts that so largely made up Bolivian history in the first half century of the republic's life. A British historian, Frederick Alexander Kirkpatrick, says of those turbulent days:

The conflicts of this confused period were not quite devoid of principle or public motive. Rivalry between north and south gave Bolivia two capitals, La Paz and Sucre, down to 1906. Nor were the universal motives of liberalism and conservatism wholly wanting: on the one side, central government with authority in Church and State; on the other side, local or "federal" tendencies, restiveness under control whether dictatorial or ecclesiastical, desire for free press, education, toleration and real and wider suffrage. But the bulk of the population were unlettered Indians, indifferent to all these things, and viewing all governments with equal apathy or dislike. Thus, civic aims meant little in the conflicts of chieftains and their satellites for power, place and control of revenue; so much so that, even in 1888, during comparative peace, when the worst disorders were past, the rival chiefs concluded that their programmes did not differ and agreed that one chief should become president, to retire after two years in favor of his rival, who, meantime, was to be vice-president.

As in the case of Peru, fate ordained that unbroken internal disorder was not enough of an affliction for poor Bolivia; to this there must needs be added a disastrous foreign war. In 1879 the Bolivians, as allies of Peru, were arrayed against Chile in the War of the Pacific; or, as it is called with less elegance but more inner significance, the "Nitrate War." Like Peru, Bolivia was irritated because Chile was getting a steadily firmer grip on the rich nitrate deposits of the Pacific coast. And she was resolved to drive the Chileans away from the port of Antofagasta and its neighborhood, part of Bolivian territory, where they were digging in with the apparent intent of staying on indefinitely.

In the ensuing hostilities the Chileans were victorious. Bolivia and

Peru were forced to make peace. Peru eventually got back part of the territory wrested from her by the victors, but Bolivia to this day is without nitrate or seacoast.

After the Nitrate War things got better. Bolivian revolts became less frequent, less serious. Civilians vied with generals in sitting on the presidential chair. Education progressed. So did public works. There was a measure of financial rehabilitation. And British maps included Bolivia.

Revolts and revolutions, however, still exploded. There was as yet no real political stability in Bolivia. But by and large it may be said that from the end of the third quarter of the nineteenth century Bolivia has been groping forward into a new era. There have been setbacks, and bad ones—but scarcely ever have they been so bad as those of her first decades of independent existence.

In 1934 Bolivia got involved in another foreign war, the Chaco War against Paraguay. It proved about as disastrous to her as the Nitrate War. One of the impelling causes behind it was the desire of Bolivians, sharper than ever since the loss to Chile of the republic's Pacific seaboard, to obtain for landlocked Bolivia an outlet toward the Atlantic on the Paraguay River. Then, too, there was the question of oil. In the Chaco, the Bolivians knew, oil deposits existed, largely undeveloped; and oil, though it has a calming effect on the waters, seldom acts that way on land.

Relying on her German-trained army (one of those who had drilled discipline into it was Captain Ernst Röhm, afterward "liquidated" by Adolf Hitler), Bolivia embarked on war against the Paraguayans. After much bloodshed and horror (one entire Bolivian force died of thirst in the Chaco jungles) the Paraguayans, French-trained and upholding stoutly an already high reputation for military toughness, got the better of their opponents. Bolivians were compelled to give up dreams of supremacy in the Chaco, with its possibilities of a window for Bolivia looking toward the Atlantic and its promise of wealth for their native land from new oil fields. Thwarted, weakened, and dispirited, Bolivia's troops marched sadly homeward to find new economic and political troubles.

In 1936 one of the veterans of the Chaco War, Major Germán Busch, staged a sudden revolt in Bolivia. (His first name has nothing to do with our word German—it is simply the Spanish for Herman;

but he got his last name from a German father.) His *coup d'état* placed a friend, Colonel Toro, another Chaco veteran, in the presidency. With Busch behind the scenes pulling strings, the new regime announced a program of sweeping reforms. It was aimed especially at bettering conditions among workers in the country's tin mines, for years the main source of national revenue. The program was anticapitalistic. It foreshadowed curbs on the power of Bolivian tin magnates, particularly on that of Simón Patiño, Bolivia's tin king. It had also an anti-American tinge.

Busch was not content long with staying on the side lines. By another *coup d'état*, in 1937, he ousted his friend Toro and placed himself at the head of the government. The next year he had himself proclaimed constitutional president of Bolivia.

Things grew hotter and hotter for the young veteran (he was still in his thirties). The big tin men of the land opposed his projected labor reforms. To add to his troubles, he got into a row with the Standard Oil Company. Early in 1939, harassed from every side, tired of the trammels imposed upon a "constitutional" president, he openly assumed dictatorial powers.

But his variegated troubles continued. Finally, in the summer of 1939, at a birthday party in his honor, he was found dead with a gun beside him and a bullet through his forehead. The official story was that he had committed suicide. It was probably true. But some people, both in Bolivia and abroad, preferred to think that the young dictator had been assassinated.

After a short interim regime, General Enrique Peñaranda was elected president. His advent greatly displeased Bolivian extremists of the left, particularly their leader, José Antonio Arce.

The year 1940 brought to its climax a struggle behind the scenes between pro-Axis and anti-Axis elements for wartime control of Bolivia. The United States engaged in it by tightening economic ties with the Bolivian government, black-listing Bolivian firms tainted with pro-Nazism, and helping to bring about governmental seizure of German-controlled air lines over Bolivia. On the other side, the Germans egged on pro-Axis Bolivians to plot the overthrow of the Peñaranda government. This plot was foiled, and its prime instigator, the German minister to Bolivia, Ernst Wendler, was expelled from the country to which he had been accredited by Hitler.

Four days after Pearl Harbor, Bolivia broke off diplomatic relations with the Axis. Bolivian-American ties were drawn closer. Stringent measures were taken to circumvent pro-Axis conspirators. There was a big boom in Bolivian tin, owing to Japanese invasion of tin-producing districts in the Far East. But labor conditions in Bolivia's tin mines continued bad. Unrest among the miners culminated in the "Catavi massacre" of 1942, at one of the principal mining centers of the Patiño interests, in which discontented miners were mowed down with machine guns by Bolivian soldiery.

In 1943, while Henry Wallace, then vice-president of the United States, was in Bolivia, that country declared war on the Axis. Anti-Axis measures were intensified. Relations with the United States improved. But at the end of the year the Peñaranda regime was overthrown by another military revolt. A new government took over. It included pro-Axis elements. Their presence in its ranks, however, did not tell the whole story behind the upheaval. To attribute to these elements entire responsibility for the coup and preponderant influence in the new regime was flagrant oversimplification of a political tangle that, even to hardened Bolivians, was conspicuous for intricacy.

Despite suspicions in the United States regarding the new setup, a long-term program of American financial aid for Bolivia was evolved and a loan of American funds was engineered for that country. But the Bolivian government continued to show signs of anti-Americanism. Evidence of pro-Axis machinations continued.

In 1944 a new government took office. It was headed by Major Gualberto Villarroel. At him and those around him official Washington looked askance. As somebody said at the time, the new government had "a Nazi smell." Despite protestations from its members that this imputation was undeserved—and despite considerable activity on their part against local Nazi sympathizers—the United States refused to recognize Villarroel until June 1944, after he had been elected constitutional president of Bolivia. His election was a victory for Bolivian anti-American elements. But growing wartime exports of Bolivian tin to the United States tended to keep down expressions of their anti-Americanism.

Mutterings of rebellion in the opening months of 1946 against the Villarroel government led to an abortive outbreak in La Paz in June

of that year. It was followed a month later by another that led to violent and bloody street fighting in the Bolivian capital. In this fighting, young students of the University of La Paz were among those most actively engaged against the police and soldiery mobilized by the government. On July 21, 1946, following more furious encounters in La Paz between Villarroel's adherents and the constantly growing forces of their opponents, the rebels stormed the presidential palace on the Plaza Murillo, the heart of central La Paz. There President Villarroel, after being cornered in one of the inner rooms, was assassinated by the infuriated revolutionists who came pouring into the building. His body was flung from a balcony and hanged to a lamppost on the plaza, together with the bodies of his secretary, one of his aides, and the editor of the leading local pro-Villarroel newspaper.

## 23: WORLD'S HIGHEST CAPITAL

**G**RINDING brakes herald the imminent stopping of your train.

"In two minutes we'll reach El Alto," volunteers one of your fellow passengers, a Bolivian. "And that," he adds, "is very near La Paz."

Another Bolivian nods assent. "El Alto," he informs you, "is so near La Paz that one might as well call it La Paz."

More grinding noises from the brakes. You look out the window. Surely, busy streets ought to be visible, and public buildings and business premises. For La Paz, you have been told, is a big city, the metropolis of Bolivia, the home of scores of thousands of Bolivians. Surely, if El Alto is practically La Paz, one ought to be seeing honking cars and warning traffic policemen and milling crowds and all the pomp and circumstance of metropolitan life. But from the window you can see nothing but what you have been contemplating for scores of miles—the monotonous, flat tableland of the Bolivian altiplano, stretching away toward a horizon of magnificent mountains, with Illimani, grandest of Bolivia's peaks, towering superbly over everything.

The train stops.

"El Alto!" shouts the conductor.

"He might as well say La Paz," remarks the first Bolivian.

"Yes," agrees the second. "El Alto and La Paz are just about the same thing."

"El Alto," growls a third Bolivian, who has remained silent all through the train journey, "is La Paz."

"Well, where in h—" you begin testily. And then, in an instant, you are struck dumb. For you have suddenly seen La Paz.

Not around you. Not ahead of you. Not behind you. Not above you. But *below you*. Thousands of feet below you, in a deep narrow gully, entirely surrounded by terrifyingly high mountains—so deep down that it has remained invisible up to the very moment when you were directly over it, on the sheer edge of one of the tremendous mountain walls that enclose it. Until you are right on top of it, La Paz is a buried city. It might as well be an unexcavated Inca city. It is a city in a hole. It is a city that has tumbled to the bottom of a dry well.

You rub your eyes. Still you don't believe that La Paz has suddenly appeared like a rabbit out of a hat. But—there it is!—with its huddle of gray and red tiled roofs, its myriad houses covering the floor of the gully that is their home, or straggling slyly up its encompassing sides, as if trying to escape from the hole they've got themselves into. There it is, imprisoned inside a belt of mountain that, instead of letting it rest in peace in its deep prison, sends out against it tawny spurs, which push fantastically right into it, almost to its center. This makes La Paz a place of outrageously steep streets, of plazas built all askew on grotesquely inclined surfaces, of church steeples that, you decide, must be ready to become at a moment's notice a bunch of leaning towers of Pisa, if they want to continue standing along the sky line of such a lopsided, uptilted, cockeyed metropolis.

The approach to La Paz is one of the most sensational things in travel. It is the supreme inducer of that ace among American expressions of shocked incredulity: "There ain't no such animal!" That is, if you approach it by rail. For if you come by plane the pilot cheats—he spirals downward toward the city from high in the air, letting you become conscious of La Paz in an almost normal manner, instead of sneaking up on it surreptitiously and throwing it at you, as Bolivian railway companies do, with the suddenness of a flash of lightning and the convincing effectiveness of a safe dropping unannounced on your head. In other words, arrive at La Paz by train if you like surprises.

From El Alto the locomotive slides cautiously around big looping curves—while brakes squeal in hot protest and passengers lean out of windows and goggle at the unfolding urban landscape—until it finally slides into its terminus, the main La Paz railway station. Passengers who arrive at El Alto by plane are whisked in automobiles down the mountainside, around many hairpin turns, right into



the city and to the door of their hotel. Once I motored from El Alto into La Paz by the light of a full moon, which, shining in spectral beauty over the topmost pinnacle of Illimani, bathed clouds and snowfields and houses in mysterious, unearthly hues. Try to do likewise. I'll never forget that experience. Neither will you.

La Paz was founded in 1548 by a party of Spaniards, largely noble folk, headed by Don Alonso de Mendoza, for whom one of the present city's plazas has been named. Besides possessing a rich assortment of titles of nobility, Don Alonso was a *capitán de los tercios de España*, which, boiled down into cold English, means that he had been an officer in the crack Spanish corps of the *tercios*, long the terror of Spain's opponents in her far-flung European wars. He and his companions were looking for gold, of course, according to the old Spanish custom (incidentally, they didn't find any around La Paz). The city got its name originally from the pious desire of its founder to honor Our Lady of Peace (*paz* is the Spanish word for that meritorious and rare commodity). But later the inhabitants decided that the name of their city commemorated the final reconciliation between the Pizarro and Almagro factions in the inter-Spanish civil wars in Peru, of which the present Bolivia was a part (as has been already noted in a previous chapter). Later still they resolved that the name was to be considered an approving allusion to the peace that came after the great victory of Sucre at Ayacucho, which brought to triumphant conclusion South American wars of independence and paved the way for the entry of Bolivia into the company of the world's independent nations.

From its birth La Paz has been an aristocratic sort of place. Even in its earliest years, right from the day of its foundation, in fact, it received a complete outfit of Spanish officials with impressive titles buttoned onto their names, such as *regidor*, *procurador*, *alguacil*, etc. Don Alonso de Mendoza and his noble comrades, reinforced by later haughty arrivals from Spain, built for themselves grand mansions and strutted about the streets of the town feeling immeasurably superior to lesser humans, particularly Indians.

Of course, La Paz, after the fashion of proud Spanish communities, felt naked without a coat of arms, so Charles V of Spain hastened to bestow one upon it. And he also declared it a "noble,

valorous, and loyal city." That must have put additional stiffness into the strut of local *caballeros*.

La Paz is the highest national capital in the world. Its altitude above the sea is over 12,000 feet. And you feel every foot of it.

"Do nothing on your first day in La Paz," I was advised by one who knew what he was talking about. But I neglected to follow his advice. Instead, I started out blithely immediately after my arrival to transact business at various places in downtown La Paz. I scorned the idea of a taxi. After all, the places where I was going were only a few blocks away, and I had decided that even people situated 12,000 feet above the sea must get some exercise every day to preserve their health.

Unluckily, the places where I was bound were all without exception near the top of streets tilted at an angle that ought to be forbidden by law. I climbed to one of these places. I even climbed to another. And then, with appalling suddenness, I plumped down on a bench in the Plaza Murillo and made plans to spend the rest of my life on it. There was a shortage of air in La Paz—of that I felt sure—and I decided that, since the supply on hand had been found far from enough to go around, the municipal authorities, being patriotic, were helping natives to continue breathing by holding out on visiting foreigners.

I gasped. I heard humming in my ears. I panted like a tired dog. I felt that the only thing I could do adequately—that is, provided I were allowed to remain seated and silent—was to receive congratulations on my 125th birthday. Glory hallelujah, what Bolivian altitudes can do to the greenhorn! He's all right as long as he lives exclusively on a mental plane, but the moment he stirs a foot or raises a hand he turns into a Methuselah. During my first three days in La Paz I became, at a conservative estimate, a Methuselah fifteen times. And that does not include the general state of Methuselishness into which I kept falling throughout my waking hours. I called what was happening to me during those breathless days "Heights Disease"—for which I know I should be shot, but really the provocation was great.

Here is a neat trick for beating La Paz at its game of robbing foreign visitors of the power to walk: Tell the driver of a taxi to

take you to some point several blocks *above* the Plaza Murillo, and then walk toward that plaza—*always downward or on the level*—and then beyond it, still downward or neutrally. The moment you feel the urge to ascend for a distance of more than a block, *hail a taxi*.

"Is this your steepest street?" I asked a taxi driver as we climbed one fit only for a fly.

"Oh, no, señor," he replied, tolerant pity in his voice. "The steepest street in La Paz is the Calle Pisagua. I will run you up it."

He did. It was like a perpendicular wall that happened to have been built of cobblestones.

"Now I will run you down it."

He did. It was like the descent to Avernus.

He then informed me: "When a resident of La Paz is thinking of buying a car he makes the dealer run it up and down the Calle Pisagua. If the up trip is O.K., the car is half sold. If the brakes hold on the down trip, the ownership of the car changes. If one or the other is a failure, there's no sale."

Around the Plaza Murillo are some of the city's principal buildings—the cathedral, Presidential Palace, Legislative Palace, Foreign Office, Police Headquarters; on adjacent streets are the Department of Immigration, Bishop's Palace, and several of the leading churches. In the middle of the plaza is a statue to Pedro Domingo Murillo, who led the uprising against Spanish rule in 1809.

The Presidential Palace on the Plaza Murillo was the scene of the bloody climax of the 1946 revolt against the Bolivian government headed by President Gualberto Villarroel (see Chapter 22, "Bolivian History").

The market of La Paz is one of the most picturesque in South America. It is a few blocks from where the old and new city join, on the handsome Avenida Camacho. Before you plunge into it, be sure to take a good look at Illimani. At the entrance to the market, that magnificent peak can be seen to perfection.

Inside the market building female vendors squat stolidly on the ground or sit enthroned, queenlike, behind counters, with their wares piled around them in such heaps that they have only a few square inches for their squatting or queening. Stonily silent, except for an occasional nod or grunt, they scorn all forms of propaganda

that might help to sell their stocks. "Some of them," I was told, "are very rich." They look it.

To crowds of milling marketers, mostly Indians, they sell meat and fruit and vegetables, particularly peppers. These last are displayed in sensational quantity and variety, for a true Bolivian adores food that is *picante*, highly seasoned, and nothing transforms raw materials into the piquancy that he craves like the pepper of his native land, which grows there in an extraordinary number of forms. They vary from each other in every characteristic but one—their capacity to ravage one's throat and burn up one's stomach with the conscientious thoroughness of a forest fire. "Bolivia's frequent revolutions," a foreigner in La Paz earnestly informed me, "are due to *picante* Bolivian food. No pepper, no revolutions."

Other commodities sold in the La Paz market are cotton and woolen garments, those funny derby hats that are the delight of Bolivian Indian women, tools, coca leaves all ready to be chewed, chicha ladled out of big tin cans. Also there are articles made of vicuña or alpaca fur, but for these the foreigner is advised to try in preference the city's downtown shops, which have bigger and better stocks.

That market in La Paz is most alluring. But La Paz has something in the same line that is more alluring still.

When you are in La Paz you will constantly find yourself going, no matter where you intended originally to go, to the Calle Sagárnaga. That is the official name of the street that climbs up beside the church of San Francisco toward the tops of the hills watching over the city. But I never called it by the official appellation that is painted on its lampposts and used for it on maps of La Paz and rolled off meticulously by sticklers for accuracy doing business at their desks in La Paz hotels and tourist agencies. To me, that thoroughfare was always the Street of the Indians.

Long ago it was taken over from curb to curb, from street level to the top of its tallest building, by the Indians of Bolivia's capital. On the Street of the Indians every complexion that is not coppery is out of place. Every garment not a gay, primitive shawl, or a bulging native skirt, or a grimy pair of pants fitting tightly around a pair of brown legs is an intruder. Every piece of headgear except those high-crowned, narrow-brimmed, dirty, dusty derbies of which the

descendants of the Incas in La Paz are hopelessly enamored is something amply justifying the insulting query: "Where did you get that hat?" The Street of the Indians is sacred to Indian features, Indian garb, Indian thoughts. All over Bolivia, native Indians, without saying or doing anything in particular, contrive to make foreigners feel that they don't belong, and nowhere more so than on the Calle Sag—I mean, on the Street of the Indians.

Most of its shops are in doorways. They are all small. One of the first things that strikes you when you circulate among them—*downward*, if you possibly can, for it is a street trying to be a ladder—is the profusion of empty bottles on sale: bottles that originally harbored wine, beer, medicines, Vermouth, whisky, brandy, and other liquids. Until I saw them here I did not know there was such an enormous demand for empty bottles among Bolivian Indians; it must be almost as big as the demand for full ones.

Every kind of garment beloved by Bolivian Indians is displayed on their street—close-fitting trousers for males, billowing skirts for females, gay blouses, rough shoes and sandals, stacks of those derby-like hats for women, cloth headgear for men coming down so far on the sides as to cover both ears, or provided with ear flaps for that purpose. In the side streets—for the Street of the Indians isn't wide enough or long enough to accommodate all its buying or selling aborigines—other vendors offer materials for dyeing cloth, put up in powder form, or in little receptacles like cigarette boxes, or as liquid in cans. Out of these last the saleswomen fish up gobs of dye on brushes and daub it as a sample on rags, while the prospective buyer looks on with a connoisseur's eye, and the sale hangs in the balance.

Also on those side streets are open-air eating places, which stock hot stewed messes of meat that smell good but look awful. And there are wax votive candles, big ones, for use by Indians seeking personal favors in churches from their favorite saints; and birds chirping in cages painted like rainbows; and coca leaves in big bunches for serious chewers, and brownish chicha in jars and bottles and glasses. You can spend hours on the Street of the Indians or its affluents and never have a dull moment.

One of the streets branching off from the Street of the Indians (just to remind you when you look for it: its official name is Calle

ſagárnaga) is devoted largely to grotesque masks, which Indians delight in donning at religious and other festivals. Here also are elaborate costumes for these festivals, both for men and women, of a variety making credible the boast of Bolivians that in their country there are three hundred different native costumes. Musical instruments are also on sale, some of them of conventional type, others peculiar to Bolivia. And you can buy big drums, the lusty pounding of which by Indian drummers, always thorough and often intoxicated, is an important part of Indian festivities.

First prize among things to buy in La Paz indubitably goes to Ekeko. He is the little Indian god of good luck. Sometimes he is modeled in plaster, but nowadays mostly in silver. The plaster figures of Ekeko are much larger than those of silver, but the latter, I think, are the more charming.

Ekeko always carries on his silver or plaster back a most variegated load of things needed by a housewife—pots, pans, kettles, diminutive packages of catables, a table, a hat, a flatiron, jugs, sandals, a guitar, a sack of potatoes, cups, measuring gadgets, and, as a climax, a miniature model of a house, with a tiny door and windows painted on it. The bigger his load, say the Indians, the more good luck he will bring to those who buy him.

When he is fashioned in silver, the many items of his load are of infinitesimal size, and every detail in them has been worked out by the Indian artificer who created him with admirable skill and incredible patience. Always he has a gay cap on his head and a funny grin on his face, which invariably reflects high good humor. Almost always he has typically Indian features. Now and then, however, he is supplied with the face of a white man, since, as the Indians pathetically remark, "all the good luck in this world goes to the whites."

A good place for buying Ekeko, both in his silver and plaster incarnations, is the Street of the Indians. On that quaint thoroughfare he is often seen smiling from among the numerous objects on exhibition in many a doorway shop. He is likewise on sale, possibly in plaster but certainly in silver, at shops on the main commercial streets of downtown La Paz, such as the Calle Comercio and Calle Mercado, as well as in the shop right beside the front entrance of the Sucre Palace Hotel.

Like all Spanish-built cities in South America, La Paz is well

sprinkled with churches. Some, with their venerable walls and ornate fronts, still recall the colonial era in the midst of which they were built, but others have been pretty well modernized, owing to damage suffered in the course of centuries or to changes in local taste.

First comes the Cathedral, occupying almost an entire side of the Plaza Murillo, which it shares with only one other building, the Presidential Palace. Natives of La Paz proudly tell visiting foreigners that it is one of the biggest churches in all South America. Those who look at its impressive façade and its long side walls running far down the Calle Socabaya, around the corner from that façade, are perfectly willing to believe this boast. There is little that is Spanish about the cathedral of La Paz. It was erected slightly over a century ago, long after the Spaniards had been thrown out of the city.

Indian women are in the habit of gathering in front of the cathedral on certain religious holidays to have their *santos*—i.e., the images of saints that they use for adorning their homes—blessed by a priest, who emerges for the purpose all dressed up in full ecclesiastical regalia. As he approaches, the women hold up their *santos* on white cushions, and he solemnly pronounces over them a few words of benediction. While this ceremony is going on, bystanders lustily throw confetti of many colors at the participants, until the *santos*, their owners, and the priest are liberally speckled with it.

A striking contrast to the cathedral, with its lack of age and traditions of other days, is the church of San Francisco. This is also a big structure, fronting on the plaza named for it, at the point where the wide and modern Avenida Mariscal Santa Cruz begins. San Francisco has the sort of ornate baroque portal that one expects on Spanish churches in Spanish America; and, inside and out, it is just as redolent of colonial South America as the cathedral is not. It is adorned with exuberantly carved altars, and by the side of it are fine old cloisters. San Francisco is a favorite place of worship among the Indians of La Paz, who are to be seen at all hours of the day kneeling in prayer along its dim aisles.

Another impressive old church is that of San Agustín, on the Calle Mercado, near the Plaza Murillo—one of the streets of central La Paz that keeps on the level without suddenly shooting upward or diving downward, as some of its colleagues in the vicinity persist in doing.

It dates back nearly three centuries to the time when the plot of ground on which it stands was bestowed upon the Augustinian friars who came to La Paz in its early Spanish days. Churches also worth visiting—and also in the downtown section of the city—are those of Santo Domingo, San Sebastián, El Carmen, and La Merced. This by no means exhausts the list. Other churches, old and new, are scattered all over La Paz, new and old.

There is not just one La Paz—there are three.

First comes Spanish La Paz, part of it clustering around the Plaza Alonso de Mendoza, replete with the grand mansions built by the founding fathers and their immediate successors. Down a narrow alleyway leading out of this plaza is a house reputed to be the first built in the city. (Usually your taxi driver requests you to go on foot to take a look at it, while he waits, in pensive detachment, on the plaza, because the Calle Goizueta, on which the venerable house is situated, is a narrow alleyway with dead-end proclivities, and he fears that if he once gets into it he'll never get out again.)

Another part of the La Paz of the Spanish hidalgos is its central section, around the Plaza Murillo. Here are some of the finest old Spanish houses, notably the former home of the Marquises of Villaverde, on the Calle Jenaro Sanjinés, with a grand old front and elaborate wooden balconies. Another house on the same street, of similar style, also looks as if it had been imported all in one piece from Toledo or Ávila or Segovia. Many other such solid structures are scattered over what is now the downtown business quarter of La Paz—where, as in other Spanish cities, Spaniards built as if grandchildren and great-grandchildren and even great-great-grandchildren were merely incidents in the history of edifices destined for eternity.

La Paz Number Two is the La Paz of the early days of the Bolivian republic. The houses dating from this era are less solid. Their lines are less severe. Their façades and balconies are lighter and more given to architectural frills, as if the early Bolivians, having just freed themselves from the rule of Spanish monarchs, wished also to shake themselves free from the rules of Spanish architecture.

La Paz Number Three is the La Paz of modernity. Here both the architectural principles of Spain and those of early Bolivia are flouted right and left; and new-found freedom and wealth have led



sometimes to beauty and sometimes to gingerbread. Taken by and large, the three guises in which La Paz manifests itself to the foreign onlooker merge into a meritorious whole. And whenever you gaze upon the Bolivian metropolis, down in the depths of its canyon or climbing up the mountains encompassing it, you decide that La Paz from Number One to Number Three inclusive, has substance and originality and a kind of sturdy, stocky charm.

And whenever you are within its limits, the imposing mass of the Illimani is always with you. Its snow-capped bulk frowns at you unexpectedly at the end of a street. It looks down on you as you stand on the Montículo, a small park on a hilltop in new La Paz, as a giant looks down on an ant. Its majestic protection is extended to the city at every point, in a gloomy take-it-or-leave-it manner. And the people of the city take it with alacrity, and bestow upon the superb peak something akin to worship, and delight in calling La Paz the "City of the Illimani." They sniff their unbelief when persons who rate accuracy above tact ungraciously assert that the neighboring peak of Illampu, also known as Sorata, is higher than Illimani—which it is. Don't talk about Illampu in the city of the Illimani. Instead, walk along the highly modern Avenida Camacho and treat yourself to a view of Illimani that is just about as magnificent a view of a mountain as can be obtained from the streets of a city anywhere in the world (Interlaken, Chamonix, and Darjeeling papers please copy).

The pride of modern La Paz is the wide avenue that has officially had several titles in the course of its lordly progress through the new city—Avenida 16 de Julio, Avenida Villazón, Avenida Arce—but is familiarly known (at least the central and most important part of it is) as the Prado. Along part of its length it has two lanes for wheeled traffic and a pleasant promenade down its middle, bordered by benches, trees, plots of grass, nursemaids, and children. On this avenue are statues of Simón Bolívar and Antonio José de Sucre, Bolivia's principal heroes (though they were foreigners). On Sundays a military band plays between the two statues, while the Paceños (as natives of La Paz are called) walk up and down in leisurely fashion, taking advantage of the morning sunshine, always welcome in this mountain city, and especially so in winter, when there is seldom

any of it left over for the afternoon. The Prado and its adjacent streets are lined with pretty houses of well-to-do citizens.

Here, too, is the university, the students of which played such a conspicuous role in the victorious revolutionary uprising of July 1946. That uprising was ushered in by a series of clashes between police and students, in which some of the latter were killed, and wiseacres conversant with Bolivian ways shook their heads prophetically and whispered: "No Bolivian government lasts long after it has killed a student." A few days later the government was overthrown and the president assassinated.

For the university a new building is being put up that will be the highest in La Paz, a regular skyscraper in relation to the rest of the city's sky line. It is hoped that it will be finished in time for the celebration of the city's fourth centennial in 1948.

As a preliminary to an excursion to the famed pre-Inca ruins of Tiahuanaco (see next chapter), travelers should visit the Tiahuanaco Museum in the new section of La Paz. This is a building in a style inspired by that of the ruins, in which are housed valuable collections of pre-Inca relics, some of them brought from Tiahuanaco. The museum is on the Calle Dom Bosco, leading off the part of the Prado known officially as the Avenida 16 de Julio. Before going there it is imperative to ascertain on what days and between what hours the museum is open to the public. When I was last in La Paz it was open only a few times a week and only for a few hours each time.

The airport of La Paz, at El Alto, is perched high above the city. The main railroad station, known as the Estación Central, is near the Plaza Alonso de Mendoza, about ten minutes by car from the central part of La Paz. Here one arrives from or starts for Argentina, Chile, and Peru and points in Bolivia served by railway, including Tiahuanaco, Oruro, Cochabamba, Potosí, and Sucre.

Foreigners in La Paz must register immediately after their arrival at the Department of Immigration on the Calle Junín, one block above the Plaza Murillo. There officials will stamp their passports and make solemn personal entries concerning them in big books. Before leaving the city they must obtain a *permiso de salida*, or permission to depart, at police headquarters on the Plaza Murillo, across the Calle Ayacucho from the Presidential Palace.

Among hotels in La Paz the only one that is really up-to-date from the point of view of travelers accustomed to travel in comfort and cleanliness is the \*\*Sucre Palace, on the Prado. It is under European management and conforms satisfactorily to modern requirements. Rooms can be had at this hotel with or without bath and including full board at daily rates ranging from 225 bolivianos (about \$3.80) for a single room to 325 bolivianos (about \$5.50) for room with private bath. (All the foregoing applies to late 1946.)

Other La Paz hotels not up to the Sucre Palace in charges or anything else include the following: Paris, an old-established house on the Plaza Murillo; Torino, in an old Spanish mansion close to that same plaza; Italiano; and Savoia. Late in 1946 a new hotel, the Yugoelavo, which, it is expected, will be modern in all its appointments, was still under construction. In the suburb of Obrajes, where the weather is often warmer than in La Paz itself, there is the Hotel Nacional.

Those who prefer adventuring at meal hours to eating at their hotel will probably like the Grill Utama, on the Avenida Camacho, where the cuisine is popular both with foreigners and Bolivians.

In addition to its restaurant and bar-café, the Sucre Palace Hotel also has a night club, the Boîte, with a floor show. The Grill Utama also turns itself into a night club after dinner.

Owing to its great altitude, La Paz is a place where most foreign visitors will find even the smallest amount of walking uncomfortable and the hailing of something on wheels not only advisable but at times imperative. Fortunately, the city is well provided with taxis. In 1946 the fixed tariff for a point-to-point drive in the main part of La Paz was 10 bolivianos (about 17 cents). Tipping at that time had not as yet become practically obligatory, as it is in most cities of the United States. For longer trips arrangements must be made beforehand with the driver. In 1946 one could drive within the city limits for three quarters of an hour at a cost of 70 bolivianos, or about \$1.20.

Several lines of streetcars are operated between the central section of the city and outlying districts. They are usually badly overcrowded and are not to be recommended to the average foreign visitor except possibly at times of day when traffic is slack.

Cables may be sent from the offices of the All-America Company

(Western Union) on Calle Socabaya, near the Plaza Murillo, or from the West Coast Cables office, Avenida Mariscal Santa Cruz. It is customary to entrust cables to the desk clerk at one's hotel.

Foreigners addicted to sports will have opportunities while staying in La Paz to play tennis and golf, the latter on what is claimed to be the highest golf course in the world, at El Alto, 14,000 feet above the sea. Soccer football, basketball, and other games are played in the fine modern stadium in the suburb of Miraflores, where there is also a big swimming pool.

At the Incatur tourist office and at the Sucre Palace Hotel, affiliated with it, arrangements may be made for railroad travel in Bolivia, also for excursions by car to near-by points, including Tiahuanaco. Another agency, the Amasa-Langer, specializes in arranging trips to Sorata, Tiquina, and Copacabana, at all of which it operates hotels.

Full information about air travel can be obtained at the office of the Panagra, covering international services to Argentina, Chile, Brazil, and the United States, also Panagra flights within Bolivia, and at the office of the Lloyd Aéreo Boliviano (intra-Bolivian services only).

Both the embassy and the consulate of the United States are on the Avenida Camacho, in the most modern section of downtown La Paz.

## 24:      ROUNDAABOUT LA PAZ

**O**N THE list of goals for excursions from La Paz, first place belongs of right to Tiahuanaco.

This famous group of pre-Inca ruins is about sixty miles from Bolivia's capital. At Tiahuanaco thousands of travelers have gazed through successive generations on prehistoric remains, strewn over a big plain near the shore of Lake Titicaca, which remain enshrouded in a mystery that has never been dispelled by any historian. There they stand, those ruins, gaunt, melancholy, and imposing, defying all research and arousing in all who see them silent admiration for the mysterious men who reared the mighty edifices of which these broken fragments formed a part, and, having done so, disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared. Since their day, nothing approaching their culture and architectural attainments has ever flowered again among their descendants.

Numerous theories have been advanced to account for Tiahuanaco. But, up to the present day, none of them has ever qualified as anything better than guesswork. In seeking to explain these awesome relics of a dead culture, the human imagination has indulged itself to the limit. But disciples of cold science, who insist on having facts as steppingstones into the past, have remained in silence on the side lines, frankly admitting their inability to tell who built Tiahuanaco—or when it was built, and why.

One thing is certain: these impressive and mysterious relics long antedate the civilization of the Incas, who ruled Peru and later extended their rule over what is now Bolivia. When the Inca armies, in their conquering progress southward from Cuzco—after they had already subjugated the pre-Inca empires of the Peruvian coast—

entered the region south of Lake Titicaca, they found Tiahuanaco already a ruined city. Already it was wrapped in the mystery that to this day still envelops it. From its ruins, as has been already stated, the Incas learned much about architecture, and this knowledge they later applied to their own grand structures at Cuzco and other places in Inca Peru. And they fastened upon the islands of the Sun and the Moon, in Lake Titicaca near Tiahuanaco, the basic Inca legend that it was on one of them that the mythical founders of the Inca dynasty made their first terrestrial appearance from the regions of the sun, before proceeding to Cuzco and founding there, by direction of the sun god, the holiest of Inca cities.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that practically nothing positive is known about those who created Tiahuanaco. Nearly everything concerning them is surmise and theory. Here is one story:

When the Incas reached the ruins, they found dwelling among them the Colla Indians—whose descendants are still there—a tribe possessing neither a culture resembling in the least that of the enlightened builders of the city nor any knowledge of those mysterious predecessors. Putting together the meager bits of information available, researchers have guessed that the forerunners of the debased Collas were themselves Collas who rose to a high state of culture about 600 A.D., and, at some time in the ensuing three centuries, built Tiahuanaco. Then, around 900 A.D., for unknown reasons, their culture collapsed and they reverted to the state of degradation in which the Incas found them around 1200 A.D.

It is further supposed that the ruins of Tiahuanaco date from two distinct pre-Inca periods, called by researchers Tiahuanaco I and Tiahuanaco II. The relics of the first are rough and primitive in comparison with those from the second, in which are included the best of the remains still to be seen.

Foremost among these is the great gateway, hewn out of a single colossal stone. On it is a frieze depicting many figures of humans and animals. Their significance is a mystery. One savant who has devoted years to intensive studies at Tiahuanaco has advanced the theory that this frieze is a calendar of the second (classical) Tiahuanaco period. But, as with many other archaeological theories, a leading ingredient of this one is imagination.

The gate formed part of what has come to be known as the Tem-

ple of the Sun—though some prefer to call it merely the Temple, which, in view of the paucity of reliable data about it, is doubtless the better term. Around the gate are relics of this structure, which in its heyday must have been a grand and glorious edifice.

Scattered all over the plain of Tiahuanaco are big stones, some of them admirably cut, and remains of buildings erected in one or the other of the two Tiahuanaco periods. These include some huge monoliths. There would be much more of Tiahuanaco for visitors of our day to contemplate were it not for the sad fact that for generations it was brazenly used as a quarry. The Incas probably and the Spaniards certainly appropriated many stones from its buildings for their own structures. Some of these were worked into Spanish houses in La Paz. The church of the village of Tiahuanaco and a considerable part of the village itself are obviously made of materials from the ruined city near by. Nevertheless, Tiahuanaco, despite all this vandalism, remains a place of grand and melancholy impressiveness.

The ruins can be visited easily from La Paz. There are four ways of doing so. Here they are enumerated in the order of their convenience to the traveler:

1. By automobile. The round trip from La Paz can be made by motorists in one day. It is best to arrange it through a local tourist agency or directly through the Sucre Palace Hotel. Lunches (which the hotel will put up if desired) should be taken along.

2. By train. The La Paz-Guaqui railroad runs an autocarril, or auto-rail car, which leaves La Paz weekday mornings around nine o'clock for Guaqui, stopping en route at Tiahuanaco station, near the ruins, which it reaches in about three hours. Returning, it stops at Tiahuanaco station around three P.M. and is back in La Paz about six P.M. This itinerary allows several hours for a nonarchaeological inspection of the ruins. Lunches should be taken along on the train.

3. A visit to Tiahuanaco may be combined with a rail journey between Bolivia and Peru. Travelers between these two countries can stop off at Guaqui (without staying overnight) and continue their journey after a visit to the ruins. This arrangement is somewhat inconvenient.

4. Same as above, with an overnight stay at Guaqui. From there the journey can be continued over Lake Titicaca to Puno, if one is

Peru-bound, or, if one is headed into Bolivia, it can be continued from Tiahuanaco to La Paz. Hotel accommodations at Guaqui are rather primitive, but, on the whole, satisfactory for a single night's stay.

NOTE: For a visit to Tiahuanaco it is also possible to use Puno, in Peru, instead of La Paz, as a base of operations. See Chapter 14, "Over the Andes," in the first part of this book, dealing with Peru.

Among places in the neighborhood of La Paz or in more distant parts of the district around it to which pleasant and interesting excursions may also be made are the following.

SORATA. This is a beautiful little town, ninety miles from La Paz, nestling at the foot of the towering peak of Illampu (or Sorata), which is even higher than Illimani and of a similar grandeur of aspect. Sorata can be reached from La Paz by a good motor road. Its delicious climate and general attractiveness make it a favorite resort of the Paceños, who delight in visiting it for short or long stays. Good hunting is to be had in the vicinity. In the town are several hotels, among them the Hotel Sorata, operated by a La Paz tourist agency (see preceding chapter).

In 1946 plans were afoot to arrange regular excursions from Sorata to the cave of San José, containing many small lakes and a maze of underground passages. To this cave, according to tradition, the monks of a near-by monastery (now in ruins) transported valuable treasures during Bolivia's wars of independence. These treasures, it is said, are still hidden somewhere in the cave.

THE YUNGAS. The deep and narrow valleys bearing this name, one of the most striking features of Bolivia's strange topography, may easily be visited from La Paz. An excursion over Yunga roads, plunging abruptly from the great altitude of La Paz, with its cold bleakness and thin air, to subtropical depths, where vegetation is luxuriant and the air actually hot at times, will never be forgotten by anybody who takes it.

One of the most rewarding Yunga trips is to CHULUMANI, a pretty town surrounded by coca plantations, whence come the leaves chewed assiduously at all hours by Bolivian Indians with pleasant initial but deplorable ultimate effects. Chulumani has a lovely climate, attractive gardens, and a swimming pool. It is set in the midst of delightful sylvan scenery.



Another place to which a pleasant excursion can be made from La Paz is HICHOLOMA, accessible by the Yungas Railway. It is on the edge of the Yungas and from it a tourist in a hurry can get an idea of what they are like without penetrating far into their depths. Hicholoma is surrounded by big forests and by vegetation that, though not so exuberant as that of regions deeper down in the Yungas, already shows subtropical characteristics.

COPACABANA. This celebrated shrine, the goal every August of multitudes of pilgrims from other parts of Bolivia and from Peru, and also visited by many at other seasons of the year, is situated at a considerably greater distance from La Paz than the places just mentioned, necessitating an overnight stay for those making the popular round trip to it from the Bolivian metropolis. Its principal attraction is the church in which is exhibited the renowned Virgin of Copacabana, an image of wood, profusely gilded, said to have been carved by a native artist in the sixteenth century. In front of it pilgrims are to be seen at all hours when the church is accessible, devoutly kneeling in prayer. They plead to the Virgin for all sorts of special personal favors, and the sanctuary is filled with testimonials from those claiming to have been the recipients of miraculous help as a result of such appeals. The church has also received generous donations in money from grateful persons who have asked the Virgin of Copacabana to intercede in their mundane tribulations. At times the image is sent on visits to other South American shrines, where it is hailed with pious joy and devout praying. And other times sacred images of the Virgin are sent to Copacabana from such shrines, to share in the devotion accorded to the Virgin of Copacabana in her home town.

In addition to possessing such a famous church and image, Copacabana is also a place of much natural beauty. From its picturesque lake front the opposite shore is invisible, since Lake Titicaca is a veritable inland sea. Other prime attractions are the quaintly costumed Indians, some residents and others visitors from outside regions, who throng the town's streets. Their costumes reach a climax of variety and picturesqueness at big festivals in honor of the Virgin, notably those held early every August, which include elaborate processions and ritual dances, in which great numbers of Indians participate.

A good way to reach Copacabana from La Paz is by auto to Tiquina, on a strait dividing the two sections of Lake Titicaca. From there tourists are ferried across the strait on a quaint balsa, one of the round craft typical of the Titicaca region. On the other shore the journey is continued by auto to Copacabana.

Another route is by rail from La Paz to Guaqui on the lake and thence by steamboat to the famous shrine.

Still another is by car to Guaqui, onward via Desaguadero to Puno, on the Peruvian shore of the lake, and thence along that shore to Copacabana.

For all three of these, especially the first two, arrangements can be made with one of the tourist agencies in La Paz (see previous chapter). These agencies make up regular personally conducted tours for a number of persons, at an inclusive rate covering transportation, hotel rooms, meals at Copacabana, and various incidentals. Those not wishing to join such regular tours can arrange at La Paz, through the Sucre Palace Hotel or a tourist agency, for the hire of a private car to Copacabana and back.

The Amasa-Langer tourist agency at La Paz operates hotels both at Tiquina and Copacabana. And there is a hotel at the latter place run by the Bolivian government. In addition, several other hostleries are available, belonging in a lower category and charging lower rates.

One can include on the excursion from La Paz to Copacabana and back a stop at the ruins of Tiahuanaco. For this it is best to go into a serious huddle with an expert at a La Paz hotel or tourist agency.

Copacabana, like Tiahuanaco, can also be visited by foreign travelers using Puno in Peru as their base instead of La Paz. (See Chapter 14, "Over the Andes.")

## 25: SILVER AND TIN

**B**EFORE the Spaniards discovered Bolivia, Bolivian Indians discovered the cocktail.

At least so I was told with perfect solemnity by a descendant of Spaniards and Indians in Potosí, famous in the days of Spanish rule as Spain's fabulously rich Silver City. He acted as my guide there in the museum of the Casa Real de Moneda (Royal Mint). Among a lot of relics of Inca and pre-Inca times he called my particular attention to an earthenware contraption with three openings. Into each of these (according to his solemn asseveration) one of three liquors—wine, pisco, and chicha—was poured. After all three were inside the contraption, the latter (still according to him) was violently shaken by an Inca or pre-Inca bartender, who thereupon served the mixture to Inca or pre-Inca barflies. And if that, he exclaimed in conclusion, throwing himself into a dramatic Spanish-Indian posture, wasn't a cocktail, what was it?

Other stories, less raffish and more decorous, had made me resolve, when I was in La Paz, to lose no time in paying a visit to Potosí and contemplating the Cerro Rico, the celebrated mountain of silver and tin at the foot of which it sprawls. And I had resolved also to combine that visit with sojourns in other Bolivian cities of credit and renown, foremost among them Sucre and Cochabamba.

Intensive perusal of railway time tables and other such things soon turned me into an expert on Bolivian travel—or, anyhow, I thought it did. I figured out that Potosí and the rest of the principal goals for travelers in Bolivia outside of La Paz could be visited to good advantage by a combination of rail and air lines, on what I dubbed the Bolivian Circuit. The more the air is used the less time will be consumed; and the less of Bolivia will be seen.

And how about travel by road? Well, I studied that too—and my studies aroused no enthusiasm in me either for indulging in such travel myself or wishing it on other visiting foreigners in Bolivia. There is road connection between La Paz and Potosí, and from Sucre to Cochabamba, and back from there to La Paz—the Bolivian Circuit. But foreign visitors are urgently advised not to try motoring on that circuit. For one thing, the roads, bad at best, are sometimes practically impassable over long stretches. Moreover, they traverse many miles of loneliness, where often only llamas are encountered. Because of this, a breakdown may become extremely serious, since anything like a garage is utterly unknown, and llamas are not, to put it mildly, mechanically minded.

Here the Bolivian Circuit is outlined in the way, I think, that it can be covered by foreign travelers to their best advantage. The arrangement given can be varied, of course, to suit individual tastes or requirements. For instance, the last lap, from Cochabamba to La Paz, can be negotiated in one hour by air instead of in twenty-four hours by train. But if you do it that way you will miss the railway ride from Cochabamba to Oruro, which gives an excellent idea of one of the most attractive sections of Bolivia.

Sniffing at flying and sneering at motoring, I took the one P.M. express train from La Paz on the first lap of the Bolivian Circuit.

That is a lordly train. It runs all the way to Buenos Aires in Argentina. It circulates only a few times a week. It has a dining car and sleepers. And it is called *tren internacional*, which means that it crosses frontiers with impunity and looks down on mere intra-Bolivian trains with a hauteur comparable to that which used to be felt by Spanish hidalgos for the untitled hoi polloi cluttering up the landscape around them. Onto this impressive train cars headed for Potosí were hooked.

After climbing slowly to El Alto (life in La Paz is constantly getting mixed up with El Alto) in a series of zigzagging loops, the train began its long journey over the altiplano of Bolivia—bare, grim, and monotonous, yet curiously haunting, encircled by superb mountains, of which the most magnificent and richest in garments of snow was Illimani, towering over everything in unforgettable majesty.

On the altiplano, Indians, llamas, and vicuñas live and roam in

large numbers, and deceiving mirages often display on the horizon nonexistent lakes and islands and headlands. Many villages with little mud churches and wretched mud hovels are passed. Indian women, bent under heavy loads, ignore the puffing, whistling train, or, at most, give it a short, incurious glance. Indian children squat or roll in the swirling dust by the trackside. Llamas stand beside the train or lope away from it with ungainly strides, looking at the locomotive with the startled disapproval aroused in them by every single thing brought to their attention during their lives. At Viacha, twenty-five miles from La Paz, the tracks of the La Paz-Arica railroad diverge to the right. Some twelve miles beyond is Ingavi, where the Bolivian general Ballivián defeated an invading Peruvian army in 1841. At Viscachani there are hot springs; and a station some miles farther along bears the surprising name of Eucalyptus.

At way stations, men and women, especially women, huddled impassively on the platform, offer variegated wares to passengers, mostly food and drink, the latter including big, uninviting mugs of lukewarm, yellowish chicha, and the former whole lambkins dressed ready for cooking, which second-class passengers purchase, after protracted haggling, and take back with them into the train. There they put them in the racks overhead, whence drops of lamb's blood fall on their clothes and those of adjacent passengers. But nobody minds in the least. That sort of thing is considered by Bolivians one of the natural consequences of not staying at home. The Indian vendors also sell onions and cheese, produced on their little farms near by—also hot, unattractive stews, cooked by the side of the track and served in steaming greasiness to nonfastidious travelers.

Eight hours or so after leaving La Paz the train reaches Oruro, an important junction and tin-mining center. Before it was either it vied with Potosí as a silver city, since the mountains around it yielded that metal in great quantities through many years after Oruro's official foundation by the Spaniards in 1606. In its heyday it had an estimated population of 75,000. Later, with the dwindling of silver mining, it declined steadily, until about half a century ago tin began to pump new life into it.

Today Oruro is a city of about 45,000 people. It exudes a distinct air of modernity in its central sections. These have broad streets, tree-shaded squares, and up-to-date business and public buildings.

Tin mining has brought to Oruro a considerable foreign colony, including Americans and their families. For them an eighteen-hole golf course has been added to the city's attractions.

Oruro is set squarely in the midst of the great Bolivian altiplano. Its weather is predominantly wintry. Sometimes the cold at night is bitter. Piercing winds sweep through the streets from the surrounding mountains, making overcoats and furs most welcome.

Oruro is the junction of the railway line to Cochabamba, which branches off from the main line a few miles from the city. (For details about this line see Chapter 27, "City of the Big Tin God.")

Hotels in Oruro have not kept pace with the modernity that has invaded other manifestations of the city's life—at least, they hadn't in 1946. Among them are the Edén and the Hispano América. They are nothing to write home about—except in sorrow or in anger.

From Machacamarca, fifteen miles beyond Oruro, a sixty-mile railway operated by the widely ramified and powerful Patiño tin-mining concern climbs into the mountains fringing the altiplano. It ends at Uncía-Llallagua, where the world's most valuable tin mines are located. These were owned by the famous Simón I. Patiño, the tin king, one of the richest men who ever lived. His holdings in this region comprised, besides the Llallagua and Uncía properties, others at Catavi, etc. When all are running full blast they employ around 10,000 workers, who, with their families and the inhabitants of the district not employed in mining, make up a total population of about 60,000.

Around Llallagua and other villages, still unchanged despite the tremendous industrial activity encompassing them, the Patiño interests have built for employees and their families several complete little towns, consisting of dwellings of improved abode construction with corrugated iron roofs and a touch of modern conveniences that, when local conditions are taken into consideration, compare favorably with similar developments in the United States and European countries, though they are still below the usual standards there. But they are better than the dwellings of most Bolivians of the same class as Patiño's workers.

These communities have Bolivian officials and are policed by the Bolivian *policía minera* (mining police). For their inhabitants the Patiño concern has provided a hospital with outstandingly excellent

modern equipment, general stores selling a variety of foods, clothing, and other necessities at prices sometimes below cost, a church and chapels, schools, moving picture theaters (one named Teatro Luz Mila after a daughter of the tin king), a dental clinic, tennis courts, golf links, fields for sports, children's playgrounds, and several clubhouses for workers. Uncía, one of these developments, is dominated by the La Salvadora hill, where Patiño dug tin ore half a century ago, helped only by his wife. The house is still standing there in which they lived for years, while he was laying the foundations of a fortune estimated at from three hundred million to half a billion dollars.

Beyond Machacamarcá night enveloped us. In pitch blackness we got to Río Mulato. There our Potosí cars were unhooked from the residuum of the *tren internacional* for Buenos Aires, which puffed away haughtily on its international course. In freezing cold we waited for its side partner, the train from Buenos Aires for La Paz, to reach Río Mulato, in order that we might pick up passengers, packages, and mail on it destined like ourselves for Potosí.

The night got colder and colder. Outside the car windows, shunting, whistling, yelling, and swearing proceeded with an intensity that made us think that we had strayed by mistake into a big American freight yard. Finally the train from Buenos Aires came booming in. Transfer of some of its contents, human and otherwise, to our train was effected, amid a hell of mechanical din and human profanity. We got away at last into the mountains towering over Río Mulato and shutting it off from the high plateau on which Potosí is perched.

It was July. In La Paz, just before starting out, I had received letters from New York complaining of the dreadful heat besetting cussing, perspiring New Yorkers. None of that heat, not one little bit, had seeped down to our train. Instead, we were perishing with cold, as we climbed slowly into the local branch of the Andes. To be sure, our sleeping-car compartments were equipped with big, impressive heaters, over which were tacked Westinghouse directions for making them work, couched in most eloquent language. But, unfortunately, it was impossible for us to implement those directions for the simple reason that there was no heat of any kind whatsoever.

After a while I got tired of sitting beside the window contemplating a bleak Andean landscape and listening to my teeth chatter, so, keeping on all my day clothes, I added to them a sweater, an extra pair of socks, an overcoat, gloves, and a hat, and crawled into bed under three thick blankets. The Sunny Southland. In the morning things brightened up a bit at breakfast in the diner—but I kept my overcoat on just the same.

We climbed at something like five miles an hour until we reached a place called Cónдор, the watershed between the region of Potosí and that around Río Mulato. Cónдор is 16,000 feet above the sea and claims to be at the top of the highest pass anywhere in the universe. To reach it we had traversed an expanse of utter desolation, swept by narrow-freezing winds, with hardly a thing on it, and yet attractive. Its air was crystal-clear, and it lay among tremendously high mountains, jutting upward miles away. Big patches of snow on the ground gave the day (July fourth) a bizarre atmosphere.

At little mountain stations the usual squads of female Indian vendors appeared, offering edibles—or what they thought were edibles. I resolved heroically to try one greasy mess, on the assumption that even if it wasn't food it was undoubtedly local color. But I was deterred by a fellow passenger who warned me that it was sure to be mostly pepper of that especially virulent brand known as *ají*, one bite of which, he said, was warranted to kill the toughest foreigner. I decided to lunch in the dining car. There food was copious, eatable, and amazingly cheap. A meal consisting of cold meat, hot lamb, hot roast beef, vegetables, dessert, coffee, and mineral water, topped off by a generous tip, cost the equivalent of seventy-five American cents!

Beyond Cónдор the scenery got perfectly magnificent—fantastic rock formations; narrow, wicked gorges crowding us on both sides of the track, and seemingly planning to annihilate us; horseshoe curves; llamas (as sniffy as ever). After several hours of this, we reached Potosí at four-thirty P.M. Total distance about four hundred miles. That means fifteen miles an hour. But don't forget that we had waited two hours at Río Mulato for that connection with the train from Argentina and subsequently had toiled painfully up the side of a steep and nonco-operative chunk of the Bolivian Andes.



Potosí is a Castilian city that has somehow strayed into a Bolivian mountain valley. It was founded in 1546 by Spaniards thirsting for easy money. Under Spain it was a boom town, a place of frenzied profit-making, a realization of gamblers' dreams.

It has narrow streets and noble old Spanish mansions, with carved portals surmounted by grimy escutcheons and worm-eaten balconies. Everything about these palatial houses is chipped and crumbling, but they are still as stiff-necked in this twentieth century as the dons who built them in the sixteenth; they hold up their heads, undaunted by the disappearance of the age that created them and the advent of an age in which they are misunderstood and forgotten.

Through the narrow streets of Potosí trudge Indians in the costumes of the district—men with bright-colored short ponchos over their shoulders and braided jackets like those of European peasants and top boots; women with high hats, usually brown, green, or black, sticking up a foot or so above their foreheads, wide skirts, many-hued shawls, blankets tied over their backs like bags, and dirty sandals on their feet. They eye non-Indians, Bolivian and foreign alike, with the same impartial indifference, and they exchange remarks about them with one another that are doubtless nasty in the extreme, but perfectly mysterious to the objects thereof, since they are always couched in the Quechua language. A young foreigner living in Potosí told me that the Quechua Indians there have an extraordinary talent for seeing that their language keeps up with the times. They graft onto it words and phrases to describe modern things with which their pre-Inca and Inca ancestors never were bothered. For instance, they call a golf player—my informant was one—"young man who makes holes in the air."

Potosí is nearly 14,000 feet above sea level, yet, for some reason, I did not feel the altitude there as much as at La Paz, which is only 12,000 feet high. Perhaps by the time I had got to Potosí my insides had become hardened to a shortage of air for breathing purposes.

The Cerro Rico, a triangle of such perfection that you can hardly believe it is not artificial, rises over the city another 2,500 feet. If ever a city was dominated by a mountain, Potosí is by the Cerro Rico. It is a grim, dour monster. It seems not so much to protect the city as to resent it, growling apparently to itself: "If I could only

have my way, I'd fall on this product of unwanted interlopers from across the ocean, who came here to bore into my vitals for silver, and I'd grind it into powder and bury it forever, deeper down in the earth than any of the silver they dug out of my entrails." That's the sort of thing the Cerro Rico seems to be muttering to itself. It is about as friendly as a porcupine.

Its sides are bare. They look as if they were made of metal, not of stone. Over their entire surface are big gashes, signs of countless shafts sunk into them by delvers after silver or tin. At night, lights glimmer over the entrances to some of these, for on the Cerro Rico night as well as day shifts still dig for tin as they did under the Spaniards for silver.

Near the base of the mountain are many ruins, giving an idea of the size of Potosí when it was the silver queen of Spain's South American empire. In its heyday, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the city is said to have had 200,000 inhabitants. Then its bubble burst. Its population went down to 8,000. Now it has climbed back to 40,000.

El Dorado, the Gilded One, that fabled statue of a god of the South American Indians, supposedly made of solid gold, which lured thousands of Spaniards across the Atlantic to Spanish America, and brought to many of them, as they frantically quested for it, death from exhaustion or disease, starvation or violence, never existed in reality. It was merely a synthesis of the avaricious imaginings of those Spanish adventurers. But there was nothing synthetic or imaginary about the riches of the Cerro Rico, the Rich Hill of Potosí. Without too much shock to reality it may be described as having been made of solid silver.

The Spaniards who worked it might well have deified it. Appropriately they might have erected shrines to it; and most fittingly they might have named that incredible mass of precious metal El Plateado, which is Spanish for the Silvered One, and bowed down to it with a reverence akin to that supposedly shown by the Indians of Spanish America toward El Dorado. For, from its discovery in the sixteenth century through nearly three centuries of Spanish rule, the Cerro Rico of Potosí was an apparently inexhaustible source of riches for Spain.

For generations, every one of the hundreds of thousands of silver coins put into circulation in the vast Spanish empire was minted from silver dug out of Potosí's Cerro Rico. It is reputed to have yielded over one billion ounces of silver to greedy subjects of greedy Spanish kings. To this day, Spaniards and Spanish Americans, when they want to give an idea of somebody of great wealth, say: "He's a Potosí!" To this day, when they want to describe in a nutshell a business yielding fat profits, they tell you: "It's a Potosí!" Long ago the fabulous riches of Potosí vanished; but in those phrases they remain enshrined forever.

Today the Cerro Rico of Potosí no longer yields silver to Spaniards or Bolivians or anybody else except in quantities so small that they would have aroused contempt in the haughty breasts of those who first dug into it. But the rich treasure veins crisscrossing its insides have brought to Potosí new fame. From them, as well as from other veins at other places in the region roundabout, now comes a new wealth-creating metal—tin—which in the last few decades has been as much the main support of the republic of Bolivia as the silver of the Cerro Rico was the richest asset of the Spanish colony that preceded the Bolivian republic.

In the bowels of the Cerro Rico, which used to be exploited by Spaniards, through Indian slave labor, with heartless cruelty, descendants of those Indians now grub and hack and tunnel in quest not of the silver that most adequately took the place of the gold of the Spaniards' early dreams, but of the tin that the whole world, especially the United States, craves every year in increasing quantities. Today Dr. Mauricio Hochschild, tin king number two of Bolivia, employs thousands of Indian miners in and around the Cerro Rico (the interests of tin king number one, Simón Patiño, didn't happen to conflict with those of Dr. Hochschild in the Potosí district). Today Dr. Hochschild, instead of Spaniards, exploits the erstwhile mountain of silver. On his periodic visits to Bolivia (interrupted for some time recently, because on one of them the Bolivian government almost had him shot, and on another he was kidnaped and held for ransom) he may be seen, built like a football fullback, with broad shoulders and humorously twinkling eyes, standing among tunnels and ore cars, watching Indian women pick glistening particles of tin from

stone and mud and gravel. But mostly he lives at the Ritz Carlton in New York, interspersing his stays there with trips to London or Amsterdam, whence he and the other tin kings assert their royal authority in the kingdom of tin.

Potosí's Casa Real de Moneda (Royal Mint), where the silver from the Cerro Rico was turned into Spanish coins during more than two and a half centuries, is a grand example of the genius of Spaniards for stern and solid architecture. It was built in the eighteenth century by a well-known Spanish architect named Villa. It has walls of extraordinary thickness, reared over grim vaulted foundations. Of rectangular shape, it covers a big plot of ground in the very heart of the city, and is considered one of the best Spanish structures in all Spanish America. Around the roof are little sentry boxes, whence Spanish soldiers with loaded muskets watched over the courtyards of the great building night and day, lest some of the unhappy Indians employed inside it should seek to escape.

At one time there were two thousand of these unfortunate wretches enslaved in the Mint. They could never leave it all through the long term of their employment (or rather life imprisonment) except when their racked bodies were hustled off to the cemetery. Down among the grim vaults of the Mint is a large room, with walls blackened by smoke, which served as a kitchen for these pitiful slaves.

Machinery for coining metal, of primitive design, going back to the reign of King Charles III of Spain and to the reigns of "los Felipes," the Spanish kings called Philip, are shown in the Casa de Moneda, as well as the more modern machinery that later superseded it. There are also many Indian relics in the Moneda's museum, among them that cocktail shaker already mentioned. In the upper story are paintings by European and native Indian artists. Those of the latter that are on religious subjects are not signed by the artists, since (I was told by that same guide who sang to me the epic of the Inca cocktail) the Pope forbade them to do so.

Other canvases depict spirited scenes of battle drawn from the wars of the kings of Spain in Europe. They were sent over the ocean to Potosí by King Charles III of Spain—not entirely as a compliment to the City of Silver, my guide related, but partly for the purpose of

overawing colonials by showing them examples of Spanish military prowess and stifling thereby whatever rebellious anti-Spanish thoughts might be simmering in their brains.

In the Casa de Moneda there are three big patios. Over the first is a huge laughing mask. Its origin and the reason for its being where it is are a mystery. Some say it represents the face of a highly unpopular director of the Mint in Spanish days.

The wood for the construction of the great building was hauled to Potosí largely "*a lomo de indio*"—on the backs of staggering, sweating Indians, from forested valleys deep in the interior.

Ranking in the same class as the Casa de Moneda as a leading "sight" of Potosí is the church of San Lorenzo, which has a justly celebrated façade. It is extremely ornamental—rather too much so for those who value simplicity and sobriety in architecture. Its extraordinary intricacy and profusion of detail have placed it high among the masterpieces of the Churrigueresque style in South America. Here, as elsewhere in Bolivia and Peru, the artist has woven into his work, mostly imitated from Spanish baroque, original bits of a distinctively native Indian character.

Near by is another one of the principal things that must be seen in the Silver City—the Tower of La Compañía. Built by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century, it is a miracle of grace, lightness, and beauty. Its shape is peculiar, since two of its sides are much narrower than the other two. It replaced the original tower of the Jesuits' church in Potosí, which, to the consternation of its builders, toppled over suddenly, killing several Jesuits.

At the height of its importance and wealth Potosí boasted many churches, of which twenty-seven still exist, some practically in ruins. On the main plaza, in the center of the city, is the handsome and spacious cathedral, typically Spanish colonial. The church of Jeruslén, in process of restoration (1946), has paintings along both of its side walls all the way from the main doorway to the altar. They are badly faded. Altar and pulpit are elaborately gilded. This church has a ceiling, extending from the altar down the aisle, of which part is elaborately ornamented and the rest done in plain wood without adornment—as if the money for it had suddenly run out.

San Benito, another venerable church, is in such a lamentable

state of ruin that it is kept locked. Mass is said in it only once a year. Intensive search by those wishing to get inside will probably unearth an Indian sexton in the vicinity who has a key to the church. San Benito's several domes give it a mosquelike appearance. It has a gorgeously decorated altar.

San Bernardo, also almost in ruins, is surmounted by a big dome topped strikingly by a small square tower. Other interesting churches are San Martín, La Concepción, San Francisco, and La Merced—the last named a charming old shrine with a rather assertively restored portal in what Californians would call the mission style.

Potosí's main square, the Plaza 10 de Noviembre, reeks of restoration. The heavy hand of modern fixers, endowed with more zeal than taste or respect for tradition, has fallen heavily on the old buildings encircling it. One is reminded of what Kaiser Wilhelm II did to the Wartburg.

To begin with, the Casa de Moneda, already described, peeking into the plaza from one of its corners, has been shaved, manicured, trimmed, and frizzled—but it is such a tough old eighteenth-century bird that none of this impertinence has impaired seriously its essential fortress-like, prison-like character. But the Cabildo and the Prefecture, also on the Plaza 10 de Noviembre, have been dressed up in superficial modern clothes that don't fit them. Over the Cabildo, the coat of arms of Spain still looks down on the plaza. In the middle is a statue to early patriots of Potosí, who staged the first anti-Spanish uprising at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Near by is an obelisk erected in honor of Simón Bolívar, on which are inscribed the names of all the regiments, anti-Spanish and pro-Spanish, that participated in the decisive battle of Ayacucho, won by Sucre, Bolívar's principal coadjutor, who proceeded after his victory to Potosí.

One of the streets leading out of the main plaza is reserved for pedestrian use exclusively, like the renowned Sierpes in Seville.

Potosí has a lively and colorful market. It is close to the Moneda and the church of San Lorenzo. Here Indians, quaintly garbed and permanently unexcited, deal in variegated textiles and foodstuffs, with pepper, as is usual in Bolivia, playing the leading role among the latter. Exotic herbs for dyeing are also for sale. And there are

strange things that look like dried berries, but are in reality bits of charcoal, which addicts of coca chewing combine with coca leaves when they chew.

Potosí's Indians have quaint customs. For example, because of a tradition that sixteenth-century differences between Spaniards and Indians of the region were officially terminated on one occasion at a grand festival, its counterpart is held to this day. It is called *Sangre y Chicha* (Blood and Booze), in allusion to the heavy drinking forming an important part of it, and to the custom of sacrificing a llama in the course of the celebration, and sprinkling its blood over the entrances to mines, to which it is supposed to bring good luck. A young foreigner who was working in the Hochschild offices at Potosí told me that he was approached one year, just before Blood and Booze began, by leading Indian impresarios of the fiesta, and asked to make a cash contribution in the name of the Hochschild concern, to pay for the sacrificial llama. He graciously donated 340 bolivianos, about \$6 American, which he carefully charged up to incidental business expenses. Later in the day he wandered over to where the festival was being held. At once he was surrounded by a crowd of Indians, who, having sacrificed and eaten the llama with accompanying serious drinking, were already in an advanced state of spifflication.

"*Patrón*, give us something for a *traguito*!" they clamored—that word means "a little swallow," which they were far from needing.

"But I thought everything was included in the money I paid you," objected the foreigner.

"Oh, no, *patrón*!" the crowd assured him with boozy solemnity. And he was forced to make another cash donation, unchargeable to his expense account, which saddened him for the rest of the day.

In Potosí the hotel situation is bad. One gets the idea that its hostleries are pretty much what they were under the Spaniards—assuming there were any at all in Spain's Silver City. When I was there, every local hotel was in a low category from the standpoint of cleanliness, comfort, and appointments; there was nothing at all like what an American would call a hotel. It is good fortune indeed if a visitor to the city bears an invitation to stay at the Rancho Hochschild, a modernized old residence maintained as a guest house by Dr. Mauricio Hochschild, the tin magnate.

Among Potosí's "hotels" are (or were) the Central, Londres, Splendid, and España. In 1946 a hotel was being put up that, foreign visitors were assured, would be of really modern type. It was to bear the name of Hotel Teatro, since those building it intended to include a theater right on the premises. This hotel, it was announced, was to have two hundred rooms, some of them with private baths, also a swimming pool.

From Potosí you will probably travel by autocarril to Sucre, on a railway that drops abruptly some 6,000 feet in little over 100 miles. It affords glorious glimpses of snowy peaks and awful precipices, of rivers foaming through narrow mountain defiles, toward the bottom of which the autocarril descends with jarring wheels and screaming brakes.

The ride is just one hairpin turn after another. Down the slopes you slide, while the scenery gets wilder and wilder. For miles the railway hugs the side of an especially grim mountain, with its tracks cut right into the solid rock. Just before reaching La Cumbre, about forty-five miles from Potosí, a beautiful tiny lake comes into view on the right, in a fantastic setting of precipitous Andean peaks. After winding around sharp curves and screaming through short tunnels, the autocarril runs along the top of a ridge from which there are magnificent glimpses of the river Pilcomayo, meandering thousands of feet below. A bridge over it (which you will reach in due course) is just a speck.

At Vila Vila station, a shack on a sharp curve, you can get a primitive but satisfactory lunch. Meat dish, mineral water, and tip come to about twenty-five cents in American money. Part of the service is supplied in person by the frowsy impresario, without extra charge.

After lunch the scenery gets greener, the air warmer. Big haciendas fringe the track as it comes spiraling down the mountainside. Country residences belonging to citizens of Sucre peep out from groves of tall trees. You pass the big pinkish, turreted and towered La Glorieta, the country seat of the rich Argandoña family, whose members can tack onto their names (if they want to) titles of Spanish nobility bestowed on their ancestors by Spanish kings before Bolivia was a republic.



In a few minutes the autocarril comes to a halt in the handsome new brownstone station of Sucre, opened in 1940 and named after one of Bolivia's most pleasantly remembered presidents, Aniceto Arce. It is at one end of the Bolívar Park, about ten minutes by car from the central part of the city.

## 26: WHITE CITY

**S**UCRE is a white city. Its churches are predominantly white. They have graceful white towers, sticking up far above the city's low, white sky line. Many of its public buildings are white. White, too, are many of the mansions of its old Spanish-descended aristocracy, sprinkled all over the city.

Sucre is a learned city. Its university, one of the oldest and most celebrated in South America, diffuses an academic calm worthy of ancient Athens, of Oxford, the Sorbonne, and Salamanca. On the benches of Sucre's pretty parks, young students bend over big volumes on philosophy and anatomy and Latin and Greek. One lad I observed was reading a tome formidably labeled *History of the Universe, Complete in One Volume*, never looking up from it, ignoring the children playing and the birds singing around him, as if he had determined to memorize every fact in that tome before he got up from that bench.

Sucre is a city of beautiful weather. Its perennially clear air sharpens the outline of its surrounding mountains and the verdant valley in which it stands. And, unlike Potosí, it has plenty of air for the foreign visitor's lungs.

Sucre is a proud city. It is still officially the capital of Bolivia—and it doesn't let you forget that fact. Since 1899, when the Bolivian government was transferred to La Paz, it has been in reality the capital only in the hearts of its citizens. But most of them still stubbornly refuse to recognize the validity of the *fait accompli* forced upon them by La Paz. Their home city remains the seat of the Bolivian Supreme Court. That, however, does not console them for the rough deal they have received.

To this day, when they write letters to friends they do not start them with "Sucre, June umptieth, 19—," but "*The Capital*, June umpteenth, 19—," which makes them feel that they are showing La Paz where it gets off. But it must be admitted that La Paz seems to thrive under the treatment.

Sucre was founded in 1538 by a cavalier of Spain with one of those grand Spanish get-your-money's-worth names—Don Pedro de Anzures, Marqués de Campo Redondo. He also founded Arequipa in Peru, but he quit city-founding after his second stab at it, fearing, maybe, that it might become habit-forming. Both Sucre and Arequipa were launched by Don Pedro on their career of being cities by direct order of Francisco Pizarro, conqueror of Peru.

Sucre is a city of four names. First it was called Charcas, an Indian word also applied to the surrounding district. Then it became La Plata, because of the wealth of silver in its district (*plata*, in Spanish, means silver). Next it was Chuquisaca, under which appellation it attained its greatest fame, since while it was called that, its university reached the pinnacle of its renown as a center of culture and learning. Finally, its present name was given it in honor of Antonio José de Sucre, Grand Marshal of Ayacucho, who sojourned in the city for some time after administering decisive defeat to the Spaniards in Peru. During his stay Sucre was chosen as the first president of the new republic of Bolivia, named for Sucre's chief, the liberator Simón Bolívar, who also visited the city.

Sucre's university dates back to the days when the city was called Charcas. Its record during the time when Bolivia was a Spanish colony is a pleasant reminder that there were among the conquerors from Spain, and among those Spaniards who came after them to Spanish America, some who were not vowed to war and greed and cruelty, but to the propagation of the things of the spirit—just as there were, and still are, in the republics that rose on the ruins of Spanish power in the New World, men of like stamp and vision, a welcome relief from the bloody *caudillos*, from the oppressors and exploiters and looters who have sullied so many pages of post-Spanish South American history.

Sucre's university is in a building that used to be a convent. It has a noble old patio, ringed by venerable cloisters with blue and light yellow pillars and arches, over which rises the fine tower of the

adjacent church of San Miguel. Encroaching modernity has pre-empted part of this patio for basketball, which is popular among the university's students. What would the nuns, who used to saunter prayerfully in those cloisters, and the Spaniards, who transformed them into the center of a temple of learning, say to that?

The full official name of the university is a grand rush of sonorous Spanish: Universidad Mayor, Real y Pontificia de San Francisco Xavier—meaning High, Royal and Pontifical University of St. Francis Xavier. It was founded in 1642, six years *after* the foundation of Harvard—a detail that I herewith offer to alumni of the latter as a consolation for the fact that the University of San Marcos in Lima, as has been already pointed out in this book (and as an army of volunteer informative Limeños eagerly point out to Americans) was founded in 1551, eighty-five years *before* Harvard.

Sucre has a charming main square, the Plaza 25 de Mayo, adorned with a statue of the man from whom the city got its fourth name (be sure to pronounce the word in two syllables, thus: Soo'creh—with the "e" short). It has pleasant garden plots, pervaded by diminutive bootblacks and their cronies, other street Arabs, who are the same sort of lighthearted little scamps that street Arabs are in Arabia and everywhere else.

On one side of the plaza is the imposing Palacio de Gobierno, considered the finest public building in Bolivia. Its portal is surmounted by the Bolivian coat of arms, surrounded by the coats of arms of the departments of the republic, including that of Chuquisaca, of which Sucre is the capital.

Beside this imposing edifice is the cathedral, a large and dignified structure. It is not white like most of its colleagues in the white city of Sucre, but dark pink and light yellow. Its entrance on the plaza is exuberant in its ornamentation. Another, around the corner on the Calle Nicolás de Oritz, is architecturally calmer.

The interior is lavishly decorated with gold and silver. Particularly conspicuous are several immense silver candleholders, holding candles of great height and girth. Two pulpits, white and gold, one on each side of the high altar, are adorned with striking silver figures of vicious-looking condors. The cathedral's square tower has sixteen statues of saints on four different levels, four saints to a level, and an aggressively modern clock.

Next door, in the Guadalupe chapel, is the pride of Sucre, the famous monstrance, a gleaming mass of jewels and gold usually kept under lock and key except when it is taken through the streets in procession or exhibited to the public on important feast days. In this chapel is also an image of the Virgin studded with brilliant gems.

On the Plaza 25 de Mayo, across from the Palacio de Gobierno, is one of the main "sights" of Sucre, the old Palacio Legislativo (Legislative Palace). In Spanish days it was the Cabildo, or seat of the Spanish government. This is the most celebrated public building in Bolivia, for in it the Bolivian Act of Independence was signed in 1825. It is now the headquarters of the Sucre Geographical Society, from a member of which one has to get the key for admission to the building's great hall, a veritable sacred shrine for all patriotic Bolivians. I had the honor of being admitted by no less a personage than the president of the Geographical Society, a delightful octogenarian Frenchman who went to Bolivia in his youth and has lived there ever since, a matter of sixty years. As he unlocked the door of the hotel and motioned to me to enter he said:

"Do me a favor, please. Walk straight up the aisle without stopping. Don't turn around until I tell you to."

I obeyed. At the end of the aisle I stopped.

"Now!" he commanded.

I turned around. Overhead, in a dazzling splendor of bright gold paint, was a beautiful balcony, elaborately carved and gracefully proportioned. It was used in the days of the Spaniards by spectators of the meetings of the royal Spanish Audiencia, which helped govern the city and region of Chuquisaca when they belonged to Spain. Later it accommodated those privileged to contemplate the doings of the Chamber of Deputies of Bolivia during the opening decades of that republic, when Sucre was its capital not only officially but in reality. Other American visitors are advised to follow the instructions given me by my delightful French guide—if they do, that balcony will simply leap out at them in all its golden splendor as they face it suddenly.

Below it, the great hall of the building is 100 per cent Spanish colonial. On each side of the aisle are severe pews, where, first, grandees of Spain and later legislators of Bolivia used to sit in solemn fulfillment of their official duties. In the center of the wall facing

these seats is a portrait of Bolívar, inscribed with this signed statement by him: "Portrait of me made in Lima with the greatest accuracy and resemblance." Near it is a painting of Sucre, with his sword beneath it. On the other side of the wall is a sword that belonged to Bolívar. In front of the latter's portrait, locked up in a wooden case, is the original copy of Bolivia's Act of Independence.

Another prominent building, not far from the main plaza, is the Teatro Gran Mariscal Sucre, a handsome theater, surprisingly large for so small a city. It fronts on the charming little Plaza de la Libertad, where you can sit on a bench while looking at the theater's façade and breathe deeply of the benign air of Sucre before embarking on further sight-seeing.

As one would expect from a pious city of Spanish lineage, Sucre has a large number of churches. Their interiors shine in gold and silver like the inside of the cathedral.

Venerable San Francisco is locally revered not alone for religious reasons but because its bells have pealed forth on every big day in the city's history. Their culminating feat was to proclaim in tumultuous joyful notes the decision of the citizens of what was then the city of Chuquisaca, on May 25, 1809, to take the initial steps toward independence from Spain. The church of San Miguel, with the tower dominating the university's patio, has a fine ceiling; and that of San Agustín boasts a profusely ornamented front.

Sucre is a city of enchanting little plazas. You have to look for them, because they are tucked away, fast asleep, in out-of-the-way corners. It is a city into which, from the region around it, trudge Indians in clothes of many colors, sometimes bright and gay, but usually soiled by dirt and dimmed by age. Indian men from the near-by district of Tarabuco plod past you, wearing casques or small helmets strikingly resembling those that Pizarro and other Spanish conquistadors wore in the sixteenth century.

Undoubtedly it was from them that the ancestors of the present-day Indians of Tarabuco got the idea for their twentieth-century headgear. They love to decorate them with tassels and bows and ear flaps coming down to their necks. And they wear also wide leather belts, like the accouterments of Spanish warriors of Pizarro's period—and blankets, with red and white stripes, reaching from their shoulders to their waists or below them.

Sucre is a city of strollers. You can stroll there without fatigue, since it is a mere 8,000 feet above the sea, against the 12,000 feet of La Paz and the 14,000 of Potosí. Sucre's altitude is no trifle, but after the City of Silver and the City of the Illimani, it is something to snap one's fingers at. You stroll along straight, narrow streets in Sucre, lined with white walls, amid long rows of grand old Spanish residences. They are proud—all old Spanish houses are. But they are not cold. In the Spanish houses of Potosí, under the hard, grimly metallic Cerro Rico, you sense the Spain of arrogance and greed, of bigotry and cruelty. But the Spanish mansions of Sucre are an evocation of quite a different Spain, the Spain of dignity and courtesy, of aristocracy in the true and deep and human sense of that word.

Sucre is a calm city. But its calm is never stagnant. As you stroll along its quiet streets, pecking into the doorways of its old white houses, gazing at their noble façades, you sense that inside those doorways and behind those façades there is much gracious thought, much simple devotion, much ardent patriotism, much innate distinction.

Sucre is a charming city. And nowhere is its charm stronger than in its delightful little Bolívar Park. That park is not formal like most city parks; instead, it seems to grow spontaneously out of the city. In its tranquil paths, amid its slender palm trees, Indian women as calm as those trees sit on the ground behind heaps of fruit spread out before them, hoping to sell their wares eventually, but doing nothing vulgarly commercial to speed sales. In one corner is a miniature Eiffel Tower. It doesn't add to the park's beauty, but the children love it. With joyous shrieks they scamper up and down its little spiral stairway, while Indian nursemaids charged with protecting them sew and gossip on near-by benches.

Sit in the Bolívar Park for a while. Absorb some of its philosophical placidity. It epitomizes Sucre. Perhaps you will be fortunate enough to catch a fleeting glimpse of something there that will suddenly illuminate the city's soul.

I had that good fortune.

As I sat on a bench, a little girl, nine or ten years old, all dressed up in spick-and-span white clothes, was brought by the grownups of

her family to be photographed by one of the photographers who make the park their office.

He carefully posed her. Her grownups carefully smoothed her white ribbons and white veil and white gloves. Stiffly, solemnly, she clutched in her little hand a big white candle.

"Ready!" cried the photographer.

The little girl and the grownups held their breath. The photographer squeezed the bulb of his camera.

"That's all!" he said.

The grownups clustered around the little girl in white. Dropping her stiffness, she smiled an enchanting smile, bestowing a bit of it even on me, the strange visiting gringo, while her family and the photographer went into a business huddle around the camera.

I'll never forget that mite—she was so solemn, so conscientious, so charming, so grave, yet so obviously endowed, under her gravity, with gaiety of heart. Like Sucre.

Like Potosí, Sucre is deficient in hotels—that is, in modern hotels. The best of them in 1946 was the \*Hotel Siegel, close to the Plaza 25 de Mayo, which is small, clean, and attractive. It is (or was) run by a German refugee and his wife. In 1946 its charge for room and full board was around \$2 per day. Other hotels include the Central and Londres.

From Sucre planes of the Lloyd Aéreo Boliviano fly to the old and attractive little city of Tarija, situated in a pretty and fertile valley where the vegetation is so exuberant and the climate so pleasant that it has been called the Andalusia of Bolivia. Resemblance to Andalusia is further heightened by the city itself, since many of the descendants of the original Spanish settlers, most of whom came from Andalusia, have preserved their Spanish blood without mixture. Some of them still have a marked Andalusian accent. In addition, the river on which Tarija stands was named Guadalquivir by the Spaniards who first peopled the city, in honor of the famous stream that flows through Seville, the metropolis of Andalusia in Spain.

Tarija was founded in 1574 by the Spanish pioneer Luis de Fuentes who named it after another Spaniard who had been the first to venture into the region. Its population is around 25,000. It is a place



of considerable commercial activity, and some of its ambitious citizens have great hopes that the rich oil deposits in the vicinity will before long greatly enhance its importance as a place of business. It has parks vying in attractiveness with those of Sucre.

During the Chaco War between Bolivia and Paraguay, Tarija was the scene of much military activity, since large bodies of Bolivian troops were quartered in it or passed through it on the way to or from the front.

Besides being accessible by air from Sucre, Tarija can also be reached by a good ninety-mile motor road from Villazón, on the Bolivian-Argentine frontier, an important station on the trunk railroad between La Paz and Buenos Aires.

Tarija has no first-class hotel, or anything resembling one. The best of those existing there is the Atenas, on the Plaza Luis de Fuentes, the city's principal square. Others are the Savoia and the Plaza.

For negotiating the section of the Bolivian Circuit from Sucre to Cochabamba the airplane is best. Between these two cities there is no railway, and for stretches of a considerable number of miles the road was conspicuous, as late as 1946, by its absence from the picture. Your car, if you have the temerity to charter a car, will occasionally bump along what is sometimes not even a trail, at imminent risk of breaking down, leaving the world to darkness and to you. So don't motor between Sucre and Cochabamba. Fly.

Planes of the Lloyd Aéreo Boliviano provide a regular Sucre-Cochabamba service. In 1946 they did not circulate every day, but only a few times a week. Complete details about their habits can be obtained in La Paz, Potosí, and Sucre—also in Cochabamba, if one is traveling the Bolivian Circuit in the reverse direction of the one outlined in these pages.

## 27: CITY OF THE BIG TIN GOD

**A**LL over Bolivia and all over other parts of the world where tin is mined or marketed they tell a story in a number of versions, of which my favorite is this:

About half a century ago a young man employed at a store in a Bolivian city was ordered by his boss to go on an arduous journey into the interior, in order to collect for him a long overdue debt. After covering many weary miles, mostly on muleback, the young clerk tracked down the debtor.

"Listen," said the latter, "I'll make you a proposition. If your boss will let me off my debt I'll turn over to him some land I own. There's tin underneath it."

The young man accepted the offer on behalf of his employer. He returned and made his report. His boss was furious.

"A fine way to collect a debt!" he stormed. "Keep that land—and the tin you say is under it—for yourself. I make you a present of it, you young idiot! You're fired!"

Broke and out of a job, the young clerk went back into the interior of Bolivia. He found that there *was* tin under his land. With nobody to help him but his young wife (he had married shortly before, not expecting to be fired), he began to work his property. It was situated on a bleak, wind-swept hilltop, jutting up over miserable, tumbledown villages with names unknown a few miles beyond their limits—Llallagua and Uncía and Catavi.

Every bit of food and drink needed by the young couple to keep themselves alive had to be hauled to the top of the hill on the backs of llamas. Every bit of tin they laboriously extracted from the ore they dug out of the hillside had to be crushed with their own

hands under a big stone, which they had rolled to the entrance of the rough tunnel scratched by them out of the mountainside. And every particle of tin had to be loaded on the backs of those same llamas and sent to the buyers of metals in Oruro, many miles away. The two toiled around the clock. Their hands were soon dirt-caked and blood-encrusted. Beside their rude tunnel they built a cheap, single-story shack, with the profits of the sale in Oruro of their first llama-loads of tin.

At first profits were pitifully meager. Most of the ore dug from the insides of the hill was worthless. Only here and there tin glistened from it—tin for which the traders in Oruro would pay the money needed by the two young diggers for buying the bags of food and casks of water brought up the mountain trails to feed them and their children. For to that young couple two babies had been born on that wind-swept hilltop. Disappointments dogged them; bills from storekeepers piled up; but they just gritted their teeth and spat on their hands and dug and dug and dug.

As they dug deeper the ore got better. It showed a constantly higher percentage of tin content. Finally one day they dug up some stuff that, after it had been assayed, proved to be richer in tin than any ever found by them before—than any ever found by any diggers anywhere in those parts.

They had struck it rich. The young man branched out. Quietly, little by little, he acquired other properties in the region roundabout. No longer was his wife his only helper. He hired Indian workers—a dozen, scores, hundreds. For them, on the slopes below his shack, he built rough dwellings, to which droves of llamas, steadily growing in numbers, hauled bags of corn meal and beans—also bundles of coca leaves and barrels of fiery chicha, since unless they chew the one and drink the other, Bolivian workers refuse to do any work.

Stories of the youth's luck spread over the countryside. One day he suddenly got an offer of one million dollars for his holdings. *One million dollars*—within the grasp of a youth who shortly before had been a poor clerk to whom one thousand dollars had seemed a fortune! He consulted his wife.

"Refuse the offer," she said.

He took her advice. Soon his tin properties were worth millions of dollars more and he was launched on one of the most spectacular

financial careers ever known in South America—or anywhere else, for that matter.

He became known as Simón Patiño, the tin king. His bank account got so swollen that he and his wife and their children moved away from the hilltop that had so magically turned tin into gold for them. They settled in a big house at Oruro. But on the summit of that hill Simón Patiño ordered the building of a little chapel, and to that chapel, to this day, by the tin king's order, a priest toils up once every year from the valley far below and says mass.

Year after year Simón Patiño grew richer. His deals got steadily more ambitious. Money poured in on him in a golden stream. He became acquainted with Paris. He did business with the biggest tin men in London. He journeyed to New York, where he dealt with powerful American magnates in Wall Street and entertained them at the Waldorf Astoria in a fine suite of the most expensive rooms available.

He married his son to a princess of the royal house of Bourbon, a niece of King Alfonso XIII of Spain. He married one of his daughters to a French nobleman, and another to a grandee of Spain of such grandeur that he was entitled to keep his hat on when he talked to Alfonso.

Long before World War I, Simón Patiño was one of the richest men in the world. And World War I consolidated his already immensely strong financial position. He became one of the richest men that had ever lived. In 1935 a French writer with a taste for statistics classed Don Simón—as friends and foes called him—as seventh on the list of the seventeen wealthiest men in the universe. The Patiño fortune, according to that writer, was surpassed only by the fortunes of the six following multimillionaires: Edsel Ford, Edouard de Rothschild, the Duke of Westminster, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm Hohenzollern, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and Sir Basil Zaharoff, monarch of munitions. Incidentally, the other nine on the Frenchman's list were Lord Iveagh, the Aga Khan, the Nizam of Hyderabad, G. De Wendel (French industrial magnate), John D. Rockefeller, Sr., John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Louis Louis-Dreyfus (also a magnate of France), Andrew W. Mellon, and Fritz Thyssen, German industrial overlord of the Ruhr.

At the end of World War II, Simón Patiño stood at the pinnacle

of his dazzling climb to supreme power and limitless wealth. He was not only tin king of Bolivia, but tin king of the world. And somewhere in the course of that sensational, incredible climb, a visiting card was sent in to him. It was that of the man who had been his boss in the days when Patiño hadn't a penny.

"Show him in," ordered the Big Tin God. The man was ushered into Patiño's presence.

"It isn't fair," he complained, "that you should have millions and I should be broke."

The tin king thought that over for a while.

"No," he agreed, "it isn't fair."

From that day until the day of his death, the man who had fired Simón Patiño received a generous salary from the man whom he had fired.

The city where Simón Patiño used to work for that man and where that man afterward fired him, thus starting him on the road to amassing one of the biggest fortunes ever amassed by anybody anywhere, is called Cochabamba.

Cochabamba is the garden spot of Bolivia. It cuddles against a grand range of mountains, one of which, El Nevado, glistens over it in snowy garb even in summertime. It has attractive green parks and venerable churches, from whose steeples clanging bells call the devout to worship. In its narrow streets, grave, courteous men bow to pretty, dignified women. In its market place, bronzed Indians, male and female, speak to one another in mysterious Quechua; and those female Indians, some of whom are very good-looking indeed, balance on their sleek black hair white hats a foot high, and wear shawls of gay hue, and carry bags containing most variegated loads, including babies. Cochabamba has a main plaza that could pose as a model for artists wishing to express in paint just what a Spanish-American plaza ought to be. It has haughty old houses and handsome new ones. And it imports its climate from Paradise.

Natives of the city—who have coined, to describe themselves, the delicious adjective Cochabambinos—are inordinately proud of Cochabamba and its history. When strangers from the outside world drop into their midst, they lose no time in taking them to the top of the hill of San Sebastián, jutting straight up from the middle of

the city. There they watch with rising pleasure the expression on foreign faces in contemplation of the enchanting panorama of red tiles and pink churches and blue skies and white mountains. And those strangers on that hilltop are promptly shown the noble monument to the women of Cochabamba—the Cochabambinas—who at the beginning of the nineteenth century fought beside their men in the first street combats in the city against local upholders of Spanish rule, and fought with no weapons except sticks and stones and the glowing wrath in their hearts.

Cochabamba's main square is called the Plaza 14 de Septiembre, because on September 14, 1810, patriotic heroes of the city first rose against the domination of Spain. It is flanked by an impressive cathedral and a handsome municipal building, and by police headquarters and other structures of importance, all built over arcades that entirely girdle the plaza in true Spanish style. In the middle, embowered in palm trees and forming the converging point of pleasant paved walks—where the Cochabambinos idle and read papers and gossip while having their shoes shined by Indian urchins—stands a monument that, instead of having on top of it the figure of some Greek goddess of high mythological but negligible local standing, is surmounted by a big condor with outstretched wings and clenched beak and truculent mien—just the kind of bird you would expect to find in the mountains around Cochabamba, where the presence of Greek goddesses has never been reported.

In the plaza's arcades and the narrow, busy streets radiating from it are Cochabamba's leading shops. In these, as in the shops of La Paz and other Bolivian cities, specimens of silverwork by Indians of the neighborhood can be bought cheaply. Ekeko is also to be found here—that quaint little Indian bringer of good luck, with his load of tiny pots, pans, etc., wrought in silver. There is a place for buying such articles (Intercontinental) on the Calle Santiváñez, just off the plaza; and another on the plaza itself, in the arcade between the Calle Santiváñez and the Calle Acha. Woven Indian bags may also be bought in Cochabamba, likewise Indian shawls and the high, stiff enameled hats that are the delight of Cochabamban Indian women. But how these are to be packed for transportation to the United States except in a special hatbox is a problem that I leave to the purchasers.

The cathedral, on the city's main plaza, is a typical old Spanish-American church, with a handsome façade that looks newer than the rest of it. It contains some paintings of which Cochabambinos and Cochabambinas are proud—as they are also of those in the near-by church of La Compañía, some of which they attribute to the famous Spanish painter Ribera. Whether they are right in this I am not competent to determine. La Compañía's façade is replete with rich adornment. And on its front portal is (or was) a placard announcing that masses will be said and sermons preached in the Quechua language at eleven-thirty.

The church of San Francisco—is there a town in Bolivia or Peru without a church of San Francisco?—has good colonial sculptures. Adjacent to it are some dilapidated old cloisters surrounding a bedraggled old garden, filled with wistful melancholy. In these cloisters hang some curious paintings, the work of painters who have been dead for centuries.

Cochabamba was founded in 1574 by a Spanish don rejoicing in the mellifluous name of Sebastián Barba de Padilla. Due to the delightful climate of its valley, other Spaniards who followed him looked upon it with high favor, and it soon grew up to be a place of size and standing and quiet wealth. The district around Cochabamba is one of the most fertile in Bolivia, a fact reflected in the obviously comfortable circumstances in which many of its inhabitants live. In the Cochabamba district crops of fruits and cereals are abundant, and pasturelands are most beneficial to the thousands of cattle contentedly grazing on them.

In addition to these blessings, the city and some of the towns in the vicinity have embarked on various lines of manufacture, so that they have made themselves practically self-sufficient. Everything ordinarily needed in the way of food, drink, clothing, and shelter is home-produced. Including, of course, the most striking ingredient of Cochabamba's street life, those foot-high white hats of the Indian women.

At busy street intersections, Indian traffic cops stand on little raised platforms. They wear bulging trousers and big kepis with overhanging visors and boots almost as tall as themselves. In Cochabamba's bookstores, among the books displayed are copies of *Oliverio Twist*, by Carlos Dickens—do you recognize it?—and *El*

*Vicario de Wakefield*, by Oliverio Goldsmith. One cannot help wondering why those who translated the Oliver of *Oliver Twist* and Oliver Goldsmith into Spanish Oliverio did not finish the job by doing likewise for *Twist* and Goldsmith, which would merely have meant very little extra trouble.

Indian women when they pass a church take off their high hats as respectfully as the men remove their less conspicuous headgear. Cochabamba's old Spanish houses make a specialty of big, overhanging tiled eaves, some of which are profusely ornamented and gaily painted. In Cochabamba's market you can get a square meal for the equivalent of fifteen American cents, and the *plat du jour* for seven cents. And at the main police station modernity has got the better of old-time Spanish politeness to such an alarming extent that there is a sign reading: "For hygienic reasons kindly do not shake hands in greeting."

Cochabamba lacks the signs of abject poverty so common in other places in Bolivia. Compared with Indians elsewhere, some of its Indians are positively sleek. They smile more frequently. They wear better clothes. The women keep those tall hats of theirs in a state of dazzling whiteness. At slight provocation, they dress up in immaculate striped skirts and multi-colored bodices and decorative shawls that simply knock the visiting gringo's eyes out.

Once I was approaching Cochabamba on an autocarril courteously placed at my disposal by officials of a tin-mining company in kind collusion with officials of the Oruro-Cochabamba railroad. At a way station an Indian woman in grand sartorial plumage clambered aboard. She sat beside the driver. She never said a word. All the way to Cochabamba she simply looked stolidly at the scenery. On straight stretches and upgrades and steep descents and sharp curves she just sat there—dignified and stately. After she had been my fellow passenger for some miles, the driver, having decided, doubtless, that some explanation of her presence was due, since my private autocarril was not in the business of picking up passengers like a regular train, turned to me, jerked his thumb apologetically in the direction of the woman in purple and fine raiment sitting in silence beside him, and said:

"My wife."

"Fine!" I exclaimed—or words to that effect. If he thought I was



going to register hauteur or something like that he was disappointed. As a matter of fact, that grandly caparisoned spouse of his shed a noble luster on the autocarril and him and me. She looked like an Inca queen.

Up to and including the last day of 1946, Cochabamba had the best hotel in Bolivia, the \*\*Gran Hotel Cochabamba, situated on the edge of the city, just under its wall of mountains. It has a most attractive central patio, with grass plots and paved walks and a full-size bandstand. Behind the patio are spacious private gardens, a swimming pool, and tennis courts. A bus belonging to the hotel maintains a private service for guests to the main plaza, which it reaches and leaves at short intervals.

Charges at the Gran Hotel Cochabamba in 1946 for room and bath and three liberal meals ran to 220 bolivianos, or about \$3.75.

Other hotels in the city are the Plaza, under the same management as the one just mentioned, Colonial, and Ambassador. Also among those present are the Majestic and Roma. None of these is in the class with the first on this list, but their rates are cheaper. A new hotel, to be called the Bolívar, in one of Cochabamba's most modern buildings, was still unfinished at the end of 1946.

Cochabamba has a vice-consulate of the United States. In that year it was on the Calle Baptista.

How did the most famous of all Cochabambinos, Simón I. Patiño, Big Tin God of Bolivia, Tin King of the World, spend his hundreds of millions of dollars? Well, for one thing, he spent some of them right in his native Cochabamba. When he stood at the apex of uncounted riches and unlimited power in 1929, he decreed, from Paris or London or New York or wherever it was that he happened to be sojourning when he got the idea, the creation of three stately pleasure domes. These would be amazing anywhere. But in backward and poverty-ridden Bolivia, in remote and hidden Cochabamba, where he called them into being, they are things to make all who sight them rub their eyes and think they are seeing mirages.

First, in the heart of Cochabamba, next door to his private bank there, he had built for himself and his family an apartment of unbelievable luxuriousness and splendor, in an astonishing blend of styles—French and Turkish and Spanish and Moorish and Chinese—all subtly blended into surprising harmony. In it is an oriental bil-

liard room enshrining a billiard table of ivory and precious stones, intricately arabesqued, with inlaid cues worthy of a match between Aladdin and Harun-al-Rashid.

His next creation was Portales, a grandiose palace (it is right behind the Gran Hotel Cochabamba). It is set in the midst of grounds as big as a city park and is surmounted by a roof of solid copper that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. Inside, beautiful Gobelin tapestries (of these there are also several carelessly draped over his downtown apartment) arouse in gaping visitors memories of the finest museums in Europe. And a noble stairway, leading up to a noble entrance hall, causes them to think that they are in one of the grandest ducal mansions in England. And the breathtaking magnificence of multicolored walls and ceilings decorated with munificent lavishness transports them in imagination to the Vatican in Rome.

Third comes Pairumani, about fifteen miles from Cochabamba, a lordly domain of over five thousand acres of cornfields and orchards and pastures and groves and flower beds, with a model farm and a model dairy and a model cattle-breeding establishment, and a spacious and graceful Spanish-American country mansion. In front of all this splendor Don Simón placed the big stone that crushed for him and his wife half a century ago their first chunks of tin ore—as if to show his daughter-in-law, the Bourbon princess, and his son-in-law, the grandee of Spain who could keep his hat on in the presence of King Alfonso, that he was not ashamed of his humble beginnings.

At Pairumani, Don Simón's grain is fed to his prize cows and turned into pasteurized milk, in the hope that the Indians around his native Cochabamba may learn that this is a better use for corn than turning it into health-shattering chicha. And anybody desiring his prize bulls may have them at ridiculously low prices in order that the breed of Bolivian cattle may be improved.

On his Pairumani estate the tin king ordered the construction of a magnificent mausoleum and decreed that his body and those of his wife and children were to be interred in it. Concerning that mausoleum they tell this story around Cochabamba: Some years ago, Don Simón wanted the Pairumani accounts audited, so he imported for the purpose an American employed by a well-known New York auditing firm. One day that American, who had got deep into the

Pairumani accounts, had also got very hot. Wherever he went he simply could not keep cool. At last, after much earnest searching, he found a cool place for his auditing—the mausoleum!

From the Avenue Foch in Paris, or the Waldorf Astoria in New York, or the Plaza Hotel in Buenos Aires, Don Simón Patiño superintended every step, every move, every detail in the creation of those dream palaces in Bolivia. And when all was ready: "I want them to be kept up as if I were to move in at any moment." And so they were kept up by obedient subordinates; distance detracted nothing from the tin king's quiet assertion of despotic authority.

"That big tree in the grounds is directly in the path of the stone wall you ordered built around the estate," those who were creating Pairumani wrote to him. "Therefore, it must be cut down."

"Never!" he wrote back.

"Well, what shall we do?"

"Have the wall make a detour around the tree."

And so it was that the wall was built. I have seen it.

On the road before Pairumani dusty Indians drive flocks of llamas, turning dull eyes for a moment on the tin king's wrought-iron gates, shaded avenues, and terraced gardens. On the lane skirting Portales other Indians, ignoring his roof of burnished copper flashing in the Cochabamba sunlight, plod toward a near-by dramshop, to drink chicha and try to forget misery. On the street outside Don Simón's Cochabamba apartment Indian women in sandals stained with dirt shuffle wearily on their way, unconscious of the fact that only a few inches of brick and masonry separate them from the *Arabian Nights*.

These three creations of Simón Patiño's old age are said to have cost him thirty million dollars. Yet in 1946, seventeen years after he had decreed their creation, he had never made a long stay at Pairumani or Portales or at that gorgeous apartment in his native city. He had never made a short stay on that magnificent estate or in that superb palace or at that gemlike abode next door to his Cochabamba bank. He had never stayed overnight at any one of them. *He had never even seen them.*

At the time I was last in Bolivia, in 1946, Don Simón had not been there for twenty-two years. Doctor's orders. And there were other reasons. Shadows were creeping around the great Bolivian tin mines from which he had dug so many tons of tin and transmuted them

into so many millions of dollars. The shadows of coming troubles. The shadows of rising costs of production. The shadow of Catavi—where, a few years ago, Bolivian soldiers, called in by a Patiño manager to quell a strike, had fired into a crowd of striking miners, killing some of them. The Catavi massacre sowed bitterness and hate; it epitomized all the rest of the shadows darkening Don Simón's last years: increasingly ugly labor troubles in Bolivia; increasing hostility of Bolivian governments toward tin magnates; decreasing profits. Shadows. Dark shadows. Sinister shadows.

But as I stood on the hilltop above Llallagua and Uncía and Catavi, the richest of all tin mines, the treasure from which started the tin king on his fabulous march to boundless wealth—as I was being shown his fabulous Cochabamba apartment and his fabulous Cochabamba town palace and his fabulous estate and country mansion outside Cochabamba, I reflected:

Why, after all, should worries have beset Don Simón Patiño in the closing years of his long life? Were they not rather the concern of his daughter and her spouse, the Spanish grandee?—of his other daughter and her noble French husband? Were they not the concern of Antenor, his son, who sits on the boards of directors of a dozen Patiño companies? Were they not the concern of the Bolivian subordinates who, under Don Simón's masterful orders, had long woven and unraveled the intricate Patiño tapestry of big business? And of the American officials of the biggest Patiño enterprise of all, incorporated under the laws of the state of Delaware—the company operating the Llallagua and Uncía and Catavi tin mines—as they frowned and deliberated and schemed in their New York offices just around the corner from Wall Street? Why should Don Simón have worried any longer in those closing years about multiplying shadows and their ominous implications? After all, he was worth at least three hundred million dollars. And he was at least eighty years old.\*

At Cochabamba, as has been already stated, those traveling the Bolivian Circuit must decide whether to complete it by flying back to their starting point, La Paz, or devote an extra day to returning<sup>1</sup> to that city over the Cochabamba-Oruro-La Paz rail route. If they elect to go by plane they will be in La Paz about an hour after

\* He died early in 1947, in Buenos Aires.

leaving Cochabamba. If they choose to proceed by train, it will take them a full twenty-four hours. Sleeping and dining cars are provided on the through train between the two cities. The difference in time will be amply offset by the engaging beauty and unflagging variety of the railway journey.

When I was last in Bolivia the through Cochabamba-Oruro-La Paz train left Cochabamba at eight o'clock in the morning, thus enabling passengers to see by daylight the magnificent scenery on the stretch between that city and Oruro.

After passing Quillacollo the train stops at Vinto, the nearest station to Tin King Patiño's splendid Pairumani estate. Soon it begins to ascend steadily, hugging the bank of a stream that usually has little or no water but sometimes comes roaring down the mountains to flood the countryside. Chancolla, seventy-seven miles from Cochabamba, is the station for another big Patiño estate. The puffing engine seems to have growing difficulty in negotiating the steepening grade. Again and again several bits of track are visible simultaneously, one above the other; at some points there are five of them.

Sinister gorges are threaded. Strange rock formations succeed one another in a continuous fantastic chain. Some are like ruined Inca citadels; others resemble crumbling old castles in Europe; still others seem to be gigantic caricatures of humans and beasts.

Each time the train stops at little wayside towns, hidden deep down in rocky defiles, it touches off immense excitement in and around the station. Indian women in the gay costumes of the region—and still with those high hats, always spotless, no matter how dirty the rest of the Indian may be—crowd around the windows of the cars, particularly those filled by second-class passengers, selling fruit and empanadas and drinks, including chicha. (Note to visiting Americans: don't drink any.) Passengers inside the train wave worn shreds of Bolivian paper money and eagerly snatch the delicacies handed to them in exchange for it by the vendors outside. Then, suddenly, the engine whistles and neighs and snorts. Passengers who have gone out on the station platform to stretch their legs come tumbling back to the cars. And off the train steams through the next wild gorge toward the next excited station.

At San Pedro the mountainous part of the journey abruptly ends. Now the train jogs and jolts across a flat plain. It passes Paria, a

partly ruined town, largely built of mud, which once had considerable political importance in the land. A few miles beyond it reaches the main Bolivian railway line at Oruro (described already). From that busy place it crosses the silent, bleak altiplano, also already described, until it arrives at El Alto and slides down the mountain-side into La Paz. The Bolivian Circuit has come full circle.

## 28: ELSEWHERE IN BOLIVIA

**I**N BOLIVIA the same paradoxical truth exists as in her neighbor Peru: a big section of Bolivian national territory remains almost unpopulated, largely unexploited, even to some extent unexplored. Just as the great Peruvian Montaña is almost cut off, from the point of view of those engaged in business and from that of the tourist, from the rest of Peru and the world, so also, in Bolivia, the vast regions of Santa Cruz, El Beni, and the department of Pando are still, for most practical purposes, *terra incognita*. They are a land of the future.

Eastern Bolivia, with its broad rivers and dense forests and immense natural resources, is certain to bring wealth to future exploiters, provided they can get those resources out of eastern Bolivia and into the rest of the world. Already a trickle of its products flows into world markets. But only a trickle. And at times the difficulties in the path of exporters of eastern Bolivian products have become so formidable that, instead of expanding into a mighty stream, that trickle has shown alarming symptoms of drying up completely. Nevertheless, Bolivian optimists are right when they speak of the gorgeous days in store for Bolivia's Golden East—as are their brothers in Peru when they talk about the glittering future sure to open up someday for the Peruvian Montaña.

Eastern Bolivia's three departments comprise over 60 per cent of the republic's area, yet their population is less than 15 per cent of the total Bolivian population. Through these departments flow long rivers, some of them navigable for many miles. In their soil is untouched mineral wealth. In their dense forests are millions of dollars' worth of valuable woods. Their fertile valleys are ideal for

agriculture and the raising of cattle and other livestock. But—between them and the Pacific coast lies the grim wall of the Andes. Between them and the Atlantic coast lies a wilderness of jungles, where savage Indians are only too willing to place every obstacle, even murderous attack, in the way of pioneers of world trade. As for what they would do to the tourist . . .

Of course, the above applies only to the wildest parts of eastern Bolivia. Its western fringe contains thriving towns and cultivated areas, which have already wormed their way into the markets of the world. And they did not do it yesterday either. Those regions were penetrated centuries ago by Spain's indefatigable and ubiquitous conquerors. They founded some of those towns and first appraised the potential riches of the vast surrounding area. But though three centuries have gone by, the railroad from Cochabamba in western Bolivia to Santa Cruz in eastern Bolivia is still far from finished. Three hundred years have come and gone, yet the railway eastward from La Paz into El Beni still has its terminus disappointingly close to its starting point. And travel in eastern Bolivia remains a thing of discomfort and privation and hazard, fit only for the most venture-some of travelers.

Some of the principal towns in eastern Bolivia can be reached by air in a few hours from the western part of the country. But these towns, in themselves, do not constitute goals for the average tourist or even for travelers considerably more adventurous. Eastern Bolivia is primarily a place of mystery and wilderness, of hardship and peril.

Easiest of access and most rewarding to the average traveler among the various sections of eastern Bolivia is the department of Santa Cruz. In area, it comprises nearly one third of Bolivia. On this department the dreams of many optimists are fondly concentrated. In Santa Cruz, they are convinced, crops can be grown that will eventually liberate Bolivia from dependence on the tin mines in the western part of the republic. Vegetation in Santa Cruz is exuberant; and various valuable metals have been discovered in its soil.

Among its most important agricultural products is yuca, also known in South America as cassava, cassave, mandioca, and (in Brazil) *aipim*. It is used for making a locally popular kind of bread. Other agricultural products already grown in Santa Cruz—of which, undoubtedly, much greater quantities can be grown as soon as



adequate transportation facilities for export are provided—are rice, sugar, bananas, wheat, and tobacco. In the forests there are immense resources in valuable woods; and the big plains of the department provide pasturage for far more cattle than are grazing on them at present.

Here is a detail that will give an idea of the Santa Cruz transportation problem: Thousands of head of cattle, roaming wild there, are rounded up and sent to Argentina, where they are corralled and fattened. Then they are dispatched back to Bolivia by rail—not to eastern Bolivia, though, but to western Bolivia, which is connected by railway with Argentina—where they are marketed and eaten in La Paz and other cities.

The capital of the department of Santa Cruz is the city of Santa Cruz (also called Santa Cruz de la Sierra). It has about 25,000 inhabitants. It was founded in the sixteenth century by the Spanish explorer Ñuflo de Chávez. It has broad, level streets and houses with wide corridors, to help protect the inhabitants from the extreme heat of their climate during some months of the year, and their domiciles from the effects of the torrential rains that scourge the city in the rainy season. Santa Cruz has considerable commercial importance and is sure to have much more when the railway from Cochabamba reaches it. In 1946 that railway had been pushed as far as Vila Vila, 80 miles from Cochabamba and 225 miles from Santa Cruz.

Regular airplane service, operated by the Panagra and Lloyd Aéreo Boliviano, connect Santa Cruz with Cochabamba, La Paz, and other leading Bolivian cities, with El Beni and Pando departments, and with Brazil.

Hotels in the city of Santa Cruz include the Continental, Comercio, and Londres.

Those who believe most firmly in the bright future of the department of Santa Cruz have even gone so far as to call its metropolis by the proud name of "capital of South America," because they feel that, commercially at least, it is bound to acquire tremendous importance from its position on trunk lines of commerce running through it from north to south and west to east. On the latter, particularly, they pin high hopes. Already this trunk line exists as a highway of air transport—the one from western Bolivia through Santa Cruz to the principal cities of Brazil via Corumbá. And al-

ready the Brazilians are pushing westward the railway that, also running via Corumbá, will eventually connect at Santa Cruz with the Cochabamba-Santa Cruz railroad. Thus a South American east-west transcontinental rail route will be provided that will be invaluable to the vast and practically untapped regions in western Brazil and eastern Bolivia that it will traverse and open up to trade and cultural contact with the rest of the world.

Northwest of Santa Cruz and northeast of La Paz is the department of El Beni, named after one of the big rivers that cross it. It also is rated by patriotic Bolivians as a land with a dazzling future. It is a region of long and wide rivers, broad plains, jungles, and forests. Like Santa Cruz, it is confronted with an extremely serious transportation problem. No railway as yet has penetrated into it. The rail route projected from La Paz to some of its richest sections had reached in 1946 less than forty miles beyond the Bolivian capital.

El Beni comprises more than 20 per cent of Bolivia's total area. Yet its population is less than 2 per cent of the total Bolivian population. Its climate, for much of the year, is tropical, characterized by heavy rainfall and sweltering heat. It grows rubber, cotton, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, and cinchona bark (quinine)—also many vegetables, including rice. Cinnamon and vanilla are also produced in El Beni. Among the fruits grown there, first place goes to bananas. Still other products are medicinal herbs in great variety, and valuable woods. Big herds of cattle wander over the broad plains of the department.

Industry there is in its infancy. Articles manufactured include hammocks, blankets, ponchos, rubber goods, leather bags, and high-grade straw hats resembling those made around Jipijapa and Montecristi in Ecuador, and known all over the world as Panamas.

The capital of El Beni is Trinidad. It was founded in 1556, when two indefatigable Spanish explorers, Tristán de Tejada and Juan de Salinas, penetrated to the remote site where the city now stands. Trinidad has about 10,000 inhabitants. Its houses, mostly one-storied, have wide corridors to protect them against heat and rain. Trinidad is under the constant menace of inundation; again and again its streets have been converted into waterways when the rivers of the region, swollen by torrential rains, have overflowed their banks.

Trinidad has regular air communication with Santa Cruz, Cochabamba, and, via the last named, with La Paz and other Bolivian

cities. Accommodation for travelers is to be found at the Hotel La Paz—at least, that hotel existed very recently—and at the Hotel Fiscal—that is, if the latter, under construction a short time ago, has been completed.

Among Bolivia's departments, the remotest from the regular routes of travels is the department of Pando, named after a Bolivian president. According to recent statistics, its population was under 20,000. Its capital is Cobija, with about 3,000 inhabitants. Among its other towns one is called Puerto Rico, and another, surprisingly, Filadelfia, which is the way South Americans spell Philadelphia.

Some day the Pando region will probably be important commercially, particularly as a producer of rubber, in which it is rich. Agriculture ought also to assume importance there. A strange product of the district is an oil extracted from the alligators that infest its rivers, which is reputed to be valuable in the treatment of lung troubles.

Cobija and other places in the department are connected by air with Santa Cruz, Cochabamba, La Paz, and other Bolivian cities.

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